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By the same Author

**THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY
OF MARGOT ASQUITH
2 VOLS.**

PLACES AND PERSONS



Margaret Asquith

PLACES & PERSONS

By

MARGOT ASQUITH

(Countess of Oxford and Asquith)



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**A LITTLE JOURNEY
TO EGYPT 1891**

A LITTLE JOURNEY TO EGYPT

CHAPTER I

TO BRINDISI

Victoria Station—Rheims Cathedral—Champagne making—Milan Cathedral—Rome—St. Peter's—The Vatican—Sistine Chapel—Lord Dufferin and the Embassy—Naples—The Museum—Pompeii—Harry Cust.

13th November, 1891.—We settled it impossible to let papa off—though he objected to the last moment, and when asked by Arthur Balfour on Wednesday, 11th, at dinner, how he felt, he said, "As well as a man going to be executed can feel."

Having filled a bag and basket with every sort of thing—from old letters and books to powder and a button-hook—Lucy and I drove to Victoria Station together, and Evan Charteris, Spencer Lyttleton, Sir Algernon West, Ernest Crawley, Charty, and Ribblesdale said good-bye to me.

We had a fair crossing and an excellent meal with M. Bocher. He had a reserved carriage locked up for me from Calais. Papa read a book by Amelia Edwards on Egypt, Mamma perused Dante, and I finished *Madame de Rémusat*. We slept on and off.

RHEIMS.—We arrived here at 8.15 this morning. Mamma told me she had left her purse and diary behind her, but this did not annoy her except for a moment. We went to the cathedral when we finished our coffee and rolls. It is very beautiful, and finer outside than anything I ever saw—except, perhaps, Lincoln. I have seen finer environments and finer interiors; but for imagination, boldness and detail, I hardly fancy anything more wonderful. It is so strong and so in its decay as a skull, and has all the elegance and refinement of old Venetian point lace on the wedding gown of some great lady. There was a wailing funeral service going on and a large congregation of praying people and mumbling priests. The altar was hidden by black merino, and much of the architecture was swathed in black. The coloured glass starring the roof flashed like gems upon our eyes. Mamma and I knelt and said our prayers. I felt far from home. Papa looked at many very poor pictures of Christ upon the Cross, objecting in a critical spirit to the way they were hung.

In the afternoon we went to see a Monsieur Bauer, whom we had had a letter of introduction from a great wine merchant. He was a courteous and intelligent German, who spoke all languages, and took great trouble to show us the cellars and the whole process of champagne making. After this, he took us to his office, and insisted on our drinking two bottles of exceptionally dry champagne, which I thought excellent. We drank to his health and asked him to join us in a drive round the town.

Rheims is old and scattered, with a fine [redacted] and some interesting churches. It trades largely with England, and has woollen factories. Papa would [redacted] his French, which [redacted] not half as good as M. Bauer's English. He told [redacted] that the last two *good* years for champagne were 1880 and 1887. He said [redacted] me, "Although I have been twenty-five years in France, I have [redacted] met one *entirely sincere* Frenchman."

MILAN, 16th November.—We arrived here [redacted] 9 to-night, having left Rheims for Lucerne yesterday [redacted] 9.20 a.m. It was a glorious night: the lake shimmering in [redacted] ecstasy of [redacted] and stars; the town misty and breathless, and the high throbbing electric lights added to the blue darkness. I stood on the balcony of the Grand Hotel and watched the reflections in the flat lake. I finished the first volume of the *Memoirs of Marbot*—an interesting and direct account of Napoleon's engagements.

Had it not been for the scenery, I should have got [redacted] with the second volume; but it is a big book, though quickly read. It was a relief to get [redacted] the other side of the St. Gothard Tunnel and find the country steeped in a snowy fog. One hundred interruptions of castles, churches, ravines, "bits" here, "openings" there, "torrents" and "lakes" everywhere had kept [redacted] in a continual dance. We were also under obligation to a civil and enthusiastic fellow-traveller, who knew every inch of the route, and [redacted] supplied us with maps. Papa had been foolish enough [redacted] try several languages on him asking if the railway paid, [redacted] "We [redacted] be the only first-class travellers," he said.

Mamma was deep in a book on Egyptology, given me Papa by Ribblesdale. She was awed and attracted by the dimensions of the obelisks, of whose feet alone she said me measured six foot. "It seems frightful! Just think, Margot, it is bigger than you!"

Dimensions are always puzzling, and convey nothing at all in my mind, and I was deep in Austerlitz. Papa pleased me more by telling me that the second book Caxton had printed was a rhymed treatise upon hunting (translated by Berners), but this was a serious interruption, and conveyed my thoughts to Easton Grey and my horses, from thence to Leicestershire, ending with Mashonaland and Peter Flower. He soon tired of this, and being in great form began pointing out the beauties of Como, and a sky which was, unfortunately, clearing up. He pretended he would like to live in "a little house just like that," pointing to the white unpretentious architecture which was constantly passing. I retorted that none of them would hold even his letters. Mamma teased him very deliciously. We dined at 6.15, and read till bed-time.

ROME, 17th November.—We got up early to the Milan Cathedral. It is white and spiritual-looking outside, but it is largely faked inside and the roof jars upon me. Papa spoke at the top of his voice while all the people were praying. I have come to the conclusion that he has really immense moral sentiment, a good deal of artistic sentiment, and no religious sentiment whatever; he is unknown to him.

We got into the train at 9, and arrived here at 11.30. I finished the second volume of *Marbot*,

which is long. I read the ~~the~~ fifty pages standing up near the lamp ~~it~~ it shook less, and the daylight had been considerably diminished by forty-nine tunnels ~~the~~ the sea-coast. Papa said, "Oh! those envious tunnels!" As ~~my~~ eyes squinted first with the dazzling sunlight and dancing water, and seemed ~~to~~ fade and become extinct with the dim lamp and stuffy interior of our compartment, ~~we~~ began ~~to~~ feel irascible and exhausted. Papa told me about ~~the~~ Devon and Consul Copper Mine, whose shares ~~were~~ from £1 to £1,000, which interested ~~me~~ enormously, and he told it extremely well.

ROME, 18th November.—On arriving ~~at~~ 11.10 a.m., tired and dirty, I wrote to Mr. Rennell Rodd and Lord Dufferin to tell them we ~~were~~ here, and in the morning Harry Cust and Rodd ~~were~~ to fetch us and show us Rome. Lord Dufferin asked ~~me~~ to dine with him, but, luckily, ~~we~~ leave the day he invited us, as dining out after sightseeing is trying. I made ~~an~~ appointment to ~~see~~ him the next day, and ~~we~~ had a long, excellent talk.

We started our touring by going to see St. Peter's. I have been fortunate enough to hear Rome poorly described, ~~but~~ I ~~am~~ enthralled by it all. I had no idea that the approach to St. Peter's ~~was~~ ~~so~~ splendid, the colonnade and steps so vast, and everything such a beautiful colour. St. Paul's in London has more quiet, and many cathedrals have more reverence; but ~~none~~ of them could express ~~the~~ triumph. It is ~~the~~ prayers but cheers, ~~a~~ kind of golden hurrah shouted up ~~to~~ heaven. ~~It~~ is too large to love, too bright to see, and ~~too~~ big to criticize. People have their ~~own~~ architecture ~~and~~ their ~~own~~ colour, and mine

■ ■ Roman ; but I have no fetters in ■ ■ and with all its faults I still ■ the greatness of St. Peter's. The high altar is the ugliest specimen of tortured ■ ■ that I ■ saw in my life. The finest thing in the whole church is Michael Angelo's Virgin holding the dead Christ in her lap. Such a lovely little *woman's* face, such unquestioning resignation and sorrowing sympathy, and the long bony body of Christ full of feeling !

As usual, I passed ■ funeral : I am pursued by funerals—which is ■ unnecessary, ■ I ■ forget death, not for ■ moment of the day. The chants of monks and the thud of the long procession woke me up. I ran ■ to the balcony in my dressing-gown, and saw the cross carried down the flaring Parisian street of modern Rome by white-cowled brothers, brown monks, and sisters of charity ; the coffin followed, and a host of mourners, and carriages of wreaths and flowers rolled out of sight.

After seeing a service at St. Peter's, and hearing fine music, ■ went over the Vatican. At first, it looks like one row of cottages ■ the top of the other—little yellow houses put upon each other ■ different angles, with small windows, the whole building peering above a strong wall. But when you walk past the striped guards, up the stairs, and ■ the amount of courtyards, and ■ of frescoes and statues, you cannot connect the interior with what you see looking up from outside. The Sistine chapel and Michael Angelo's ceiling ■ feasts of beauty, but ■ difficult ■ ■ that it made my eyes ache. The figure of Adam in the Creation is a perfection of line, and the little squatting woman ■

his feet with prophetic eyes and light green suit ■ very fascinating. Michael Angelo's imagination ■ almost too male and muscular, and though ■ as beautiful as ■ men, he makes ■ women. He looked upon men as athletes and ■ as mothers. Of the sculpture I liked the torso with "Apollonius" printed underneath it ■ of all. There is benediction in the attitude and yet power enough to kill, and nothing but one's fancy to decide which he is doing. I don't care for the Apollo Belvedere, but there is ■ beautiful young athlete ■ the end of a long hall which is called the Apoxyomenus.

We lunched ■ a pothouse off macaroni and salad, and then drove to the Colosseum, the Forum, and the Capitol. I ■ spellbound with wonder and depression at the ruins of such greatness and glory. The earth ■ to have sighed ■ deeply that she shook off all her ornaments. A few fine columns, like tiaras ■ faded faces, some remnant of joyous nobility—still stand erect and beautiful ; but there is ■ look of fatality about the whole place which haunted me, and I ■ saw ■ *sadder town*. Not all the noise of newness, or ■ the remade gaiety of modern buildings and boulevards, theatres, and promenades can really touch the central current of Rome, the deep "noiseless current." It is dead and only the ghosts live. At every ■ you feel the futility of men, and hear the faint, repeated echoes of laughter. A little child gambols over the broken pavement, and you feel the greatness of God. We walked up the steps ■ the Capitol, and ■ the equestrian statue of Marcus Aurelius, with his

kind old face, and hand stretched out to the town.

We drove out to St. Paul's, a very fine, modern church, with four rows of grey marble pillars, and no more—all—more like a banqueting hall than a Senate house.

Harry Cust and Rennell Rodd were with us all the time. I discussed modern politics with the latter and the Rape of the Sabines with the former. Then we drove up the Pincian Hill, and looked at the outline of Rome against a scarlet and saffron sky. There was a black ilex avenue and a round stone fountain; then a low wall, which we leant over, and gazing at the dome of St. Peter's, I said my prayers.

We called upon the Slades on our way home; and found the Colonel tired out with nursing his little girl, and a governess who had gone mad. The room was dark, and full of photographs. I saw an old photo of Charty and one of me, and a lot of Woolwich and Aldershot groups of officers, etc. Mamma and I drove home and we dined alone. After dinner, at 11.30, our guides called for us and took us to the Colosseum, to see it by moonlight. We were silent with its beauty and size, and I could hardly sleep when we returned to bed.

19th November.—I went to see Lord Dufferin, and was much struck with the hideous beauty of the Embassy and the beauty of the garden. I had a delightful talk with Lord Dufferin. He advised me to marry; said I was too nice to be alone, and too clever not to be helping some one. He begged me not to be led away by personal attraction, and said respect was the first thing and love the second. He is very wise, but,

LONDON TO BRINDISI

like all deaf people, pretends ■ hear, and has lost much of ■ social *éclat* ■■ reply in general ■■■■■ tion. He said he could ■■ look forward ■ the coming Radical Government, and asked ■■ about my Glad-■■■ visit. Papa and Mamma picked me up, and ■■ went on to the Capitol with Harry and Rennell Rodd. There ■■■ fine things there, notably the heads of the emperors. I ■■ disappointed with the Gladiator, admired the bronze centaurs, bas-reliefs, bits of scrolls, and some of the tombs with stolid faces weighted with sorrow. We then drove along the Appian Way, and saw the Campagna and the Catacombs. I knew I could not escape the latter, though I hoped ■ cold in my head would protect me. I ■■ not much of a tourist, but, after all, it is better to ■■ everything.

We had glorious weather—not ■■ bad day, nor, indeed, since ■■ left London have we ■■ ■ cloud. Mamma, Papa, and I dined with the Slades. I ■■ next to Dr. Axel Munthe, whose *Letters from ■ Mourning City* were translated by Maude White. I found him original and interesting, full of fancy, with a kind of lurid humour. We got on well as I recognized quickly what he ■■ like.

20th November.—Dr. Munthe called, and drove ■■ to the Pantheon, which ■ thought remarkably ugly inside. We went to two or three other churches, and then he took me ■■ ■■ the room in which Keats died. The doctor lives in a regular rabbit ■■■■■—■ mixture of his early ■■■■ in stuffs and velvets and ■■ latter fancy for simplicity. Books, bronzes, religious relics, and medical problems, square chairs and morbid French landscapes make up ■■ interior. He

is an artist and a poet ; he said I had flown across his path like a little brilliant flame that came quite close and then flies away ; that I surprised him and brought him back to life ; but that he wished he had seen me before I was spoilt. I assured him I was quite unchanged ; as I was born with what he guessed he minded in me and had in no way improved ! He said my brain worked at lightning speed, and added that I could not think his indifferent English precluded him from being an excellent judge either of character or intellect. He took me to the station where he kissed my hands.

We arrived in Naples at 7.30, and were joined by Cust and Rodd who were staying in the same hotel, having left Rome by the night train. Our hotel was on the quay, and I woke up to the sound of waves blown up in the night. I went out on the balcony, and nodded to the jabbering flower boys below, holding up large bunches of yellow and pink roses to me. This greeting brought one of them upstairs, and he gave the little blackguard two francs for roses, which we observed were sold at the same price for fourpence.

I never saw such a compound of squalor and idleness, gaiety, dirt, noise, and colour, in Naples. Everything is done in the street—dressing, cooking, washing ; milked, boots cleaned, men shaved, girls sewing and singing, men brushing each other's hair. Everyone begs ; match-girls, flower-boys and cabmen run after you ; lava, coral, tortoiseshell, are all shown and thrust at you with monkey gestures, and in a harsh voice they shout : " Var' cheap ! var' cheap ! ! " The clothes and cloths that hang

out of the windows play and plait in the wind across the narrow slums. The harness of the ponies is lovely—and there is a little figure to keep off the evil eye in the centre of their forehead bands. The drivers each other and together, stop to get a light from each other's cigars, quite regardless of either you or time. We drove to the Museum, and for hours I intensely happy. The Narcissus thrills by his grace; and the Mercury with his serious, alert face and lovely darting figure. Every bronze is a masterpiece, and would appeal to quite ordinary people. You nothing your side to such asserting beauty; all criticism is silenced, and you can only wonder people tolerating anything ugly them again.

There are disadvantages as well as advantages in being sensitive to form and to beauty as I . Want of grace influences my opinion of people, and nervous clumsiness makes me cold with impatience. I am fairly quick myself, but I don't think I upset things. I don't step on dogs, trip over carpets, waste a hundred matches before lighting a candle or a cigarette, nor do I spill champagne, or prick my fingers. It is caution, but accuracy and scrupulosity. Papa tries me very highly with lunch in the train and all meals, he is so hasty: he drops his pear upon the railway floor, and coffee on his clothes. He everything except what he doesn't like, and then says, "I am obliged to be a little careful, you see" (when rejecting some Continental contrivance of rice and indiarubber). chaff him about this; he the quickest, but the most generous temper I . Mamma and I had a slight in the

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Cameo of the Museum. I said I felt nothing seeing cameos they appeal to my sense of beauty, which she replied—in a nursery formula—"If you had to make you would admire them soon enough." I pointed out that manual labour, while commanding my respect, in way increased my admiration, and would indifference into dislike if I the toiler. I felt quite and hated myself for it afterwards. Apart from this, we have been perfectly *d'accord* and wonderfully happy together.

In the afternoon Harry and Rennell took to Pompeii. It rained a little, and rather tiring walking on the flagged streets; but it is wonderful to One room painted that lovely earthy red, and decorated like a Louis XVI *escritoire*, with wreaths and bows in green and gold. In another—all fragments, with no roof, and the rain blowing down the court—I a rose-tree in full blossom. We picked maidenhair the foot of a Corinthian column and I some of it in a letter to Evan.

We waited hour at the station, the trains in Italy keep the fantastic times. We all dined together, and I quarrelled with H. Cust Victor Hugo; I rather gave away my by exaggeration. We the defensive with each other literature, he thinks a fool, and this is irritating; but he nothing really seriously—above all, his friends. He is seriously in love, but does love seriously.

CHAPTER II

BRINDISI ■■■■■

*We ■■■■■ P. ■ O. ship Bokhara—Travelling Companions—
Alexandria—The Khedive's Palace—Life ■ Cairo—Sightseeing—
Mosques and Bazaars—A polite dragoman—The Feast of Hasain
and Husain.*

Sunday, 22nd November, 1891.—We left Naples ■
6.30 and had ■ endless journey to Brindisi, starting
with eight in a carriage. ■ heard ■ Neapolitan Jew,
after gazing at me, say to his friend that I ■ charm-
ing. He spoke in dialect, but one wants no interpreter
for this kind of language. I had a cold in my head
and chest, and my hair felt heavy. Thanks to Papa
preferring to listen to Cook's man, who met us ■
the station, instead of ■■ courier Corelli, ■ ■■■■■
bundled into ■ 'bus with eight people in it, and there
we waited an hour till everyone had reclaimed their
luggage. As there ■■■■ two ships and several 'buses,
■ stormy confusion raged between the passengers.
Oaths in every language, and ■ jumble of Italian,
French, English, and American voices reached ■■■
■■■■. We all ■■ passive, while the porters peered
into the railway carriages. At last, after ■ tedious
wait, we drove ■ the P. ■ O. ship *Bokhara*—a long,
jolty drive. We climbed ■ the slanting board of a

moderate-sized ship, and I was greeted by the old familiar smell of and oil, and noise. A highly-fringed stewardess, with a superior manner, showed me berths—a small, ugly, room with three beds in it which Mamma and I had to ourselves. A row of mustard-coloured wooden basins on an upper shelf above my head did restore my confidence. The water-bottles and the washhand-stands looked dirty, and the beds iron-hard. We washed well could, and turned into an endless dining-room, where sat down each side of the first officer—the sort of I never meet—small, with clear eye and yellow hair, indifferent and civil, with a scanty laugh and business-like way of eating refusing. He was neither stupid nor vulgar, clever nor refined, just a simple everyday man. After eating soup and chicken we went to bed, arranging shawls under the sheets. My bed, which under the window, commanded a searching draught, and our door shut imperfectly; but the ship still and were tired, dozed off: suddenly we were awakened by the most awful noises; doors banging, people talking, every voice each side distinctly heard—only thin planks between the cabins—porters, people, and baggage overhead, which on most of the night. Huge boxes and were dragged along heads, and bumped down sometimes one bump, sometimes three or four for each box; there have been least a hundred, and feet going all the time, with shouts and screams. That night my idea of hell! At 6.15 I felt a longer drag than the others, then three little muffled bumps, and I knew the ship started on the smooth

harbour water. By this time the sun was flooding the water, and illuminating my cabin, so that sleep was out of the question. Then the plates were laid and breakfast began to be prepared, more feet moving, china smashing, and, thanks to the motion of the ship, the door was perpetually bursting open.

Monday, 23rd November.—Our stewardess came in at 7.40 with tea, and I felt as if I had never been in bed at all. We got up after 10; the ship was still, and I went to have a big bath of hot salt water, with a strong smell of oily steam in it. I had a foot-pan of fresh water to soap with. The screw below the bath made me feel as if I had no inside worth mentioning. We all went on deck, where I tried to read; but the wind was just enough to make this tiresome, and whichever side I chose to sit on was smutty; so I walked up and down and examined the other people—a tiresome lot of faces of the type one sees at stations, or *table d'hôte*, or in the English churches abroad. One nice-looking man—Captain Martyr, in the Egyptian army, and rather a pretty, airified American gentleman with a challenging walk and complacent face. After walking up and down with Papa, I went to my cabin and wrote this Diary, sitting on a low box, and putting my ink and paper on the bed, a shrill draught all around me, and the throb of the engine underneath. We lunched at one, and Papa talked with an American lady, while Mamma and I ate curried eggs. I began to feel ill in the middle of lunch, and went to bed directly after, without exactly undressing. There was hardly a motion; but my head ached, and I lay still for two hours, then making an effort went on deck and found Papa with a huge cigar, playing quoits, and

■ A LITTLE JOURNEY TO EGYPT

introduced ■ his new friends—Captain Martyr, in the Egyptian army, who cursed ■ voyages, and a nice Mrs. and Major Fenwick, in the Cairo police. I made myself agreeable, but ■ felt too ill ■ stay, ■ went ■ bed and talked to the stewardess, and soon found out all her history. It ■ a curious one, reminding me of ■ Whyte-Melville's novel, *The White Rose*. A flashy garrison girl, who ■ to ■ poor end. She had been engaged to ■ man, "hev'ry hinch the very hessence of ■ gentleman"; but she ran away from him, and married ■ good-for-nothing who had attracted her. He beat and ruined her, and died of a "g'y life" (gay life). He was ■ splendid-looking man, "big-grown with ■ black beard"; and an awful blackguard. She had "a hodd thousand or more," but he had spent it all, etc. With this kind of talk I got through the evening of the 23rd.

Thursday, 26th November.—We arrived in Alexandria at 7 a.m., after ■ hot, sleepless night. Lovely sunrise; the Khedive's palace, a white building with flat roof, rising out of ■ violet sea, looked particularly Oriental. Fearful jabbering and confusion of dragomen and luggage, fly-men, pilots, soldiers, policemen, children, screams, and perspiration! We gave up the first train, and drove round the town to a garden full of ■ and date-palms; passing a lot of handsome white donkeys, Arabs, and people of all sorts, ■ in white hoods, others in turbans and fezzes, ■ tarbouches, ■ I think they are called. They are ■ nation of great ■ here. The bow the gardener ■ me, ■ ■ apologising for his gift of roses, ■ splendid, full of grace and dignity. But the poor ■ hideous!—the women ■

mummies covered with ~~the~~ and children like dolls of rags. We passed a tent in which an Arab wedding ~~was~~ going on, and long, low, minor music ~~accompanied~~ ~~it~~ accompanied it. Our dragoman, whose English wanted interpretation, said, "One Arab take one ~~music~~—music—you see."

Masses of dirty earth and cabbages ; horrible dogs wandering disconsolately about ; dromedaries, goats, buffaloes, starved cows, and skeletons of horses ; men and ~~women~~ smoking, squatting, and washing, and I ~~was~~ ~~in~~ grass. We had lunch ~~at~~ the Hotel Khedive. I took up the *Egyptian Gazette*, and read the death of Lord Lytton ; ~~was~~ much shocked and wrote to Lady Betty.

We travelled to Cairo, leaving Alexandria ~~at~~ four ; arrived in Cairo at eight and drove in ~~a~~ char-à-banc to the hotel. My eyes, though extinct with fatigue, dwelt with delight on so much that ~~was~~ beautiful and unexpected in the Hotel.

Luigi, the proprietor, is a genius I ~~was~~ ~~was~~ I found three letters for ~~me~~ from Sir Algy West, Mr. Asquith and Mr. Milner.

CAIRO, HOTEL CONTINENTAL, 27th November.—I slept badly, ~~as~~ I hate coarse, unbleached sheets, and iron-hard pillows, and mosquito nets—make me feel hot. Got up ~~at~~ 3 a.m., found nothing ~~to~~ do ; opened the windows and went to bed again ; slept fitfully till six. Mr. Milner called and took us to a mosque ~~at~~ 10.30. I like to talk to him, though he makes ~~me~~ feel a little too dependent on information to talk really well. Arthur Balfour ~~has~~ precisely the opposite effect. The fact is, I do ~~not~~ know enough, and all the imaginative insight in the world will not serve

instead of knowledge ■ eighty out of ■ hundred people. I had ■ fascinating drive through the big ■ and bye-ways, under the highest of light blue skies and ■ lovely sun ; groups of graceful, idle, slovenly Arabs ■ or lolled, with lithe limbs, and folded gowns gathered round their ■ and legs in coloured beauty of violet, blue and white. White here ■ to have brown shadows, like Munkacsy's pictures. Sloping, shuffling camels with tragic faces slipped silently past with men on their backs, carrying babies and bundles, all wrapped in dust. The people here ■ always tired, and always dirty. The riders seem to be part of their mounts ; they move with the uneven paces of camels or donkeys, and sit on their backs with or without either reins or stirrups. The white donkeys with their poor heads tightly tied up are magnificent. I went up to one grinning Arab boy and loosed his donkey's head, to his vast amusement ; he bowed—touching his head and breast—and I smiled my apology.

The Mosque ■ curious and savage. A stone stair outside (such ■ you ■ in ■ English granary), with steep steps—four or five—and wide, sloping, dark stone passages, with badly-paved floors and odd dark corners. I passed a few beggars sitting with their heads ■ their knees, and ■ with their faces turned to the wall, and their babies sitting straddled ■ their shoulders. We came to ■ wooden bar about two feet off the ground, and ■ row of Turkish slippers under the bar. These ■ tied ■ over ■ shoes by squatting black men of no distinguishable race, after which ■ went into the interior of the Mosque. It was a wild-looking place, open ■ the roof, with ■

round ■■■■ fountain, or pond, covered in by a sort of baldaquin with three steps round it where the worshippers ■■■■ washing their feet and stomachs : farther ■■ there ■■■■ single step leading to ■ sort of alcove, showing the road to Mecca, inlaid with Moorish marble of faded colours, originally, I dare-say, very fine, but all out of repair, broken off with ■ streak of turquoise stone, like an ember in ■ dead fire. No altar except this corner, but a pulpit for the preacher, and ■ raised square place like an idealised cabman's shelter, where ■ ■■■■ reads from the Koran all the time. It ■■■■ Friday—the Arab Sunday—and service ■■■■ going on. Men, on bits of matting, kneeling with their foreheads upon the ground, turned towards the east, and the brown soles of their feet made a long line.

In the afternoon Mr. Milner took us to the pony races, where we saw Cairo society, and ■■■■ introduced to the Barings and Grenfells, etc. Sir Evelyn struck me as a man of stature, and I am ■■■■ Lady Grenfell is a great lady. She is wonderfully agreeable, with a small waist, and her husband big, genial and oriental in appearance. The race-course is lovely, surrounded by palm trees ; and in the evening the citadel above Cairo looked peach colour, with the faint afterglow.

28th November.—We went to the bazaars and bought silks and embroideries. Papa became rather impatient. I don't ■■■■ about shopping with ■ ■■■■ ; although I ■■■■ not very feminine as regards shopping. I don't like it, and never go except ■ ■■■■ accompaniment to ■■■■ else. ■ bought a Sais's dress to dance in, and a little blue savage-looking ornament.

In the afternoon I rode on Captain Martyr's pony with Major Fenwick. It ■■■ a funny little pony, ■■ Arab, with short shoulders, ■ hard mouth and the stumbling gait of ■ thoroughly bad hack. It trotted as if it had ■ cart behind it. We rode through the town to the race-course, which ■■ galloped round. Papa played golf on bad ground, and I got home late and hot, to find Mrs. ——— anxious to take ■■ to Lady Grenfell's "afternoon." I dived into ■ bath and my clothes, and went ■ write ■■■ ■■ the Barings'. Mrs. ———, a ■■■ good-natured sort of woman, told ■■ several times she ■■ not ■ "big person in Cairo, but enjoyed herself all the same." I listened absently. She asked ■■ what I should do if I were placed in the same dilemma ■■ she had been—the General's wife had, or had not called on her, should she or should she not, call upon the General's wife, or some such problem. I felt ■ if I had been translated into a society novel such as those sold for "light reading" ■■ a railway stall—*Cut by the County or Ought ■■ Visit Her?*

Mr. Milner took ■■ to the Opera in the evening, and we ■■ a French company perform *Le Barbier ■■ Seville*. Italian music is insultingly obvious, and has no argument whatever. Between the airs—which are pretty—there is insignificant padding, which is irritating ■■ a musical person.

Sunday, 29th November.—I got up late, having had ■ bad night. Nervous of the animal world, hot and exhausted, I lay awake, thinking of ■ hundred things, till four ■■ I ■■■ to church with Mamma and Papa in the morning and soldiers showed ■■ into ■■ pews. We heard ■■ excellent sermon. The

clergyman said the reaction from a Puritan hell into modern heaven turned God from good into good-natured ■ words to that effect. He quoted Buckle and Tennyson and yet spoke quite simply and directly. After lunch, Captain Martyr drove with ■ to the University Mosque—quite the most marvellous sight I have ever seen. Thousands of ■ and boys in groups on the floor, learning the Koran, ■ learning by themselves, others round ■ professor ; ■ speaking ■ once, and swaying to and fro ; rings of children that made me giddy to watch, all jabbering their lessons. Some men, entirely covered up, ■ graceful corpses, sleeping on the floor ; others ■ their little matting or piece of carpet, praying. It was large and low, full of pillars like a crypt, with flat stone roof and straw matting, and ■ alcove to Mecca. It was ■ religious University, and not one word of what they learn there, ■ am told, is of the slightest use to them ; but the ■ teaching has gone ■ for generations and generations. The effect of light from the openings in the roof between the grey pillars ■ these myriad of sitting figures ■ immensely striking. I ■ fine intellectual faces among the teachers ; they looked clean, interested, and un-selfconscious.

Mr. Alfred Milner took ■ for a long drive up the Nile. The loveliest effect I ever ■ the sailing-ships, with their bent poles, and sails furled round them, like the petals of a flower when the ■ goes down, all closed round in ■ kind of close virginity, white and beautiful ; the ■ shooting up into ■ red-rose sky, with purple bars ■ and, as it were, preventing the palm trees from catching fire. We walked and drove in ■ and had ■ memorable talk.

He has a very **■** mind. Without being a humorous man, he has **■** fine **■** of humour **■** and if he likes you enough to forgive your spontaneity, you expand and feel remarkably **■** your ease with him. The Nile **■** full of twinkle, reproducing the sunset with **■** smile.

Monday, 30th November.—Mamma not well. There is something in the Cairo air that is **■** trifle upsetting. She stayed in bed, and Papa went to a gun shop with Captain Besant, to **■** about his gun and cartridges for the Nile. I don't know what he will shoot unless **■** camel or **■** crocodile! I took the opportunity to buy some Arab silky cottons for my maid to make me a shirt. I took my dragoman, whose face reminded me of my groom, Frost; rather darker in colour than the regular Egyptian; very clean and well dressed. He bargained for me, and said I was so "fine and kind" because "I smile **■** the natives, and they all loved me"—which was a sort of blarney. He took me to a scent shop, and the man—squatting, **■** they all do here in their open booths—begged **■** to sit down. It **■** like a little stage, and I sat where the footlights ought to have come, and dangled my feet over a raised edge. He opened several big bottles, and, taking my hand, turned my sleeve up, and rubbed my wrist with **■** pungent smell of violets and syrup, and then kissed my wrist with infinite grace. I bought violets and attar of **■** in pretty bottles, and bowing low he gave me incense for **■** present. I departed, holding my white skirt rather close, **■** the jostle of children, donkeys, women, flies, watermen, and beggars in the native bazaar is stifling, and you have **■** idea that **■** much



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hot dirt ■■■ beget disease. The children ■■■ and touched me, and stared, and ran away, ■ if I ■■■ too clean to be real. They ■■ all like great babies and very easily amused.

After lunch, I went for ■ ride with my friend of the boat, who kindly mounted me on ■ Arab three-year-old—small and slippery, but full of vitality, and moved like oil. He took me to the desert, beyond the powder-magazine, through the suburbs of Cairo and stray buildings to the Khedives' tombs. We seemed to be riding on rock sprinkled with sand, very hard, uneven and dull; loose stones all over the place. Major Fenwick was not prejudiced by this; and when we were ■ little less upon the rock and ■■ upon the sand, we started full tilt, passing a travelling party of donkeys, right up ■■ a rise of the ground, till we got to ■ flattish top, from which we had ■ marvellous view of the Nile stretching below us in a tan-coloured desert. We saw three foxes, two like cats, sunning themselves in the rocks, and the third, stealing along under the tombs. I could not have "halloed" to ■■■ my life, though they were just like English foxes, big and swift, with grey hairs in their coats. We had to pick out our way here and there, as the ground was cut out into chalk pits. The Jewish cemetery from a distance looked rather pathetic, ■ Arabs do not allow a Jew to be buried in Cairo, and sometimes the police have to protect Jewish funerals. There is ■■ extraordinary fascination galloping silently along the desert—a feeling of warm, still desolation. The palm-trees thrust their copper lances into the sky, and burst into green as they get ■■■ the ■■■ The citadel looked like the

background of a religious picture, with a pink and lilac setting, each angle reflecting a different colour, like the facets of a jewel. An occasional camel and group of Bedouins slipped noiselessly past, and I felt as if I had intruded upon the Old Testament.

In the evening Mr. Milner and Captain Besant dined with us, and then Papa, he, and I drove in an open carriage into the bazaars, where there was a feast they called Mulid el Hasain,* which was most curious. The native population was in the streets, and every shop, booth and stage (as I call them) was illuminated; the houses were joined by small, square red flags, with a white pattern.

As there are no pavements to distinguish where to walk and where to drive, and the crowd was immense and highly excited, driving was dangerous. The people work themselves up by swaying to and fro, beating gongs and singing monotonous chants, which tone in well with the native colouring; everything is in a minor key with endless repetition. I can imagine being hypnotised by the sound and the swing of an Arab crowd. The sharp, sudden movement of a lunatic as he passes with his arms up and his mouth open makes you start. He will stop and smile at you, with an air half savage and half friendly. We saw women dancing in a revolting way, shaking their stomachs and bosoms, while keeping their heads still; their eyes were painted till they glowed like snakes; naked to the waist with a sort of heavy broidery skirt caught up to show a cotton-stockinged leg which gave an air of squalor. They hold themselves beautifully, and their necks were straight and strong from carrying

* The feast of Muhammad and Hussain.

weights. We got out of the carriage and walked down a dark alley to look at a Persian carpet-shop. Mr. Milner knew the man, and they handed us up to the stage, and offered us tea. I had my short, red Spanish gown on, and a diamond at my throat, which I saw two Israelites staring at. I wore a black hat and my blue and sable cloak. We all sat in chairs. Mr. Milner in his tarbouche looked quite Oriental. We had glasses of strong black tea—very good—and I felt as if I were acting the heroine at amateur theatricals, only the people passing at our feet were not taking any interest in the play. We shook hands, and smiled, and went away. When Mr. Milner asked how trade was going on, the old shopman answered, "Much business—small profits." The usual Cairo lie, as I hear they coin money in the carpet shops.

CHAPTER III

THE NILE

The Nile—Cook's steamer "Rameses"—Donkey rides—Memphis—English and Foreigners compared—Assiout.

THE NILE, COOK'S STEAMER *Rameses*, 1st December, 1891.—We embarked ■ ten, armed with ■■■■ presented by the hotel-keeper. The Continental Hotel is the best I have ■■■■ seen in any country—bathroom, bedrooms, lighting and ventilation perfect. Our *salon* was beautiful, hung with satins and ■■■■ broideries that filled my eye. I wish I did not set so much store by beauty ; I could look at ■ bright colour ■■ a fine design for hours.

If I ■■■■ surrounded by the right colouring and allowed to ride, read and make love in the sun, I could be intensely happy. I was born out of doors, but, though a gipsy in ■■■■ ways, I know ■■■■ upon whom dirt, ugliness, discomfort, and unpunctuality jar so much. A mixture of city clerk or post-office ■■■■ and ■ wandering circus girl.

I felt in watching my parents what ■ wonderful cross they made. As a family, ■■ ought to be ■■■■ remarkable. The refinement and gentle unworldliness—mixed with originality—of Mamma ; her

sensitive shrinking from moral responsibility and decisions of any kind ; her social diffidence, unselfishness, and reserve—all fit and modify Papa's abundant vitality and fearlessness ; his push, un-selfconsciousness, and unreflecting remarks are too simple to offend. He has the sweetest and most generous temper, and the finest kind of nature—incapable of hurting anyone's feelings—too busy, too healthy, too fond, and full of life to feel anything morbidly. His activities have through circumstances developed sides of which his children know nothing ; but ■■■ all ■■■ like him than Mamma in our energy and geniality to strangers and servants. The boys have more of Mamma's self-effacing reserve, but we have Papa's confidence and hope ; I regret to say we have missed the beauty of my mother's family, and I cannot share her view that this is ■ good thing as —“ it protects one from temptation.”

This ship or boat is a model of clean, wise arrangement ; good berths, a fine deck, and shaded from the sun. It is expensive and beautifully done. As there are about thirty passengers, with room for eighty, ■■ each have ■ double berth to ourselves.

The Nile is still, nothing upsets ■■ it, not ■■■■ my interior, which is saying a good deal. My temples rumble a little, but, ■■ the whole, I feel well. The air is like Scotland on a September day—clear, strong and lively. Though I trembled in anticipation of this journey, I know I shall enjoy myself. You cannot escape draughts ■■ ■ ship—of that I ■■■ ■■■ ; and I doubt if people read much ■■ ■ yacht. I wrapped up warmly, and read Wallis Budge's book on the

Nile (with which Mr. Cook presents all his passengers), which teaches one a great deal. I also read an article in *Blackwood* ■■ evacuating Egypt—extremely reliable and sensible. As a party cry it is wicked, ■ well as foolish, to talk of evacuating Egypt. Gladstone is ■ ignorant of the true state of this country as a child is of matches ; and his foreign policy is insular to ■ degree. What with Salisbury's want of ■■■ and Gladstone's party squibs, Egypt is likely to become a great difficulty to us.

After ■■ early lunch, ■■ landed ■■ Bedresheyna, and mounted on donkeys to ride to Memphis and Sakkara. The row and crowd of donkey-boys, all keen to tell you of their donkeys' merits ■■■ deafening. "Ah! Ha! Here! Var' good—all right, gallop fast! Yah! Ha! Speak English, he," etc.

I selected ■ small white donkey, with his mane painted orange, that proved to be an angel ; quick and sensitive to my heel, he threaded his way along a towing-path, between two cultivated swamps, where men and boys were working without clothes. We rode many miles, a party of twenty off the ship. I was quite happy, on ■ comfortable saddle of Cook's, riding my fleet little donkey.

We ■■■ the remains of Memphis, and the colossal ■■■ of Rameses II, forty-eight feet in height, but it was lying down, and we climbed a scaffolding to ■■ its gigantic face, and the serpent, which is the symbol of Royalty, on its diadem. We passed some old, ugly, and not very high pyramids, and the Sakkara—the burial-ground of the ancient Egyptians—which ■■■ like ■ many sandy holes. One donkey fell, and the

gentleman flew over his head. At first I thought mine would, as the ground ■■■ too rough for his little pattering feet ; but he never stumbled once, and we went on to the Serapeum, ■■■ Apis Mausoleum, where the sacred bulls at Memphis ■■■ buried—great granite sarcophagi, which ■■■ descended underground to see. We walked down endless corridors in a stifling atmosphere breathed by thousands of tourists (unchangeable ■■■ the catacombs) and quite unventilated. The place ■■■ lit by the tallow dips, which ■■■ held.

The only beauty I ■■■ was ■■■ tomb of ■■■ great Ruler (3500 B.C.), ■■■ stone room covered with faint bas-reliefs of him and his wife and various animals. The Ruler, very big, and his wife sitting at his feet clasping ■■■ of his calves, with little figures of his retainers all round him. The donkeys, geese, birds, crocodiles, cats, etc., all beautifully drawn ; they might have been done yesterday ; every nostril and claw ■■■ raised in fine stone. The Ruler and his wife ■■■ coloured ; ■■■ sort of Pompeian red ■■■ smeared all over their wide-shouldered, slim-waisted bodies.

We returned at four, and as I ■■■ full of desert sand, I had ■■■ bath. I went ■■■ deck and watched the wonderful river. It is full of turns and bends, and the banks ■■■ beautiful, with strips of emerald where the ground is cultivated. High pampas grass ■■■ orange sand, ■■■ plantations of palm trees standing in the water. We keep in the middle of the river, which is wide ; but ■■■ ■■■ see the banks and country clearly. The Bedouins camp in ■■■ or sugar canes, their camels lying down round them. They live in

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mud huts with ■ windows, like the old nursery picture books—*Beavers ■ Home*, ■ any other animal that raises mounds over its back.

The hilly outline of the horizon is what surprises me, ■ I always thought the desert ■ ■ and uncultivated. The boats, filled with green rushes, have pointed sails and are wonderfully picturesque. The men standing up lazily rowing ■ single oar, between high bending masts. The hills on the horizon are sand, and take curious shapes. They look ■ if they had been made by the Egyptians, who were artists in everything except in their ■ ■ and women, who lack grace and variety.

Sometimes the villages are superior—square, low, stone houses with windows, and in front of them herds of goats, donkeys and starved-looking dogs, all the colour of sand and revelling in the mud at the edge of the Nile. We ■ ■ a flock of pelicans flying into the sun, and flocks of turkeys.

I can't do anything in a draught, except walk and smoke cigarettes, or lie ■ ■ chair and think. We have breakfast at eight, lunch ■ one, and dinner at seven; electric light goes out at eleven, and the ship does not ■ ■ night, ■ I look forward ■ sleeping well, which I seldom did in Cairo. The air here is really creative and I feel well and happy.

Wednesday, 2nd December.—A quiet day; ■ expedition. I wrote my Diary, played the piano, and spoke to a French lady, but grudge ■ time wasted in talking to people that I do not feel I ■ ■ listen to. I speak without saying anything, and listen without understanding. I ■ glad of this ■ I shall have

time to read and write. I began to long for England, and the grass and rain.

I go abroad without feeling pride in my country. We are honest and trusted; we are brave, and inspire courage, and we are cultivated and clean. If you want to flatter a Frenchman or an Austrian, you have only to say you took him for an Englishman. We get the taste in clothes from Paris, but the French and Austrians get their clothes in London, and their tastes in sport from us. We might do well to copy the manners of the Austrians or Arabs, and imitate the French in their enunciation and cooking of vegetables. Beyond this, I never see a country that did not tempt me to say, "Thank God I am English," or a religion that did not make me pray for others and bless my God.

There are things we lack, and perhaps always will lack—artistic enthusiasm and industry. The French are far ahead of us in these. Also, there is a fashion in our literature for confused form. We have humour, philosophy, morality and poetry in our novels, but no style. Meredith cannot be said to have *l'oreille juste*. The French are monotonously fond of one subject in their literature, but their method and style are perfect. They begin and finish at the right place; they choose happy epithets, and do not repeat themselves or weaken their vocabulary by slang. There is no opening in France for a healthy novelist with imagination and humour. Their books want filtering; they need condensing.

NILE. OFF ASSIOUT, Thursday, 3rd December.—Woke up feeling dull. Wrote letters to England.

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We stopped and went on land to see the small tombs. My donkey, odious brute ! fell twice. I slipped off successfully each time on to my toes. Our dragoman wanted us to walk up a hot, sandy hill to ■ an ancient tomb, and most of the party went, but I remained, sitting ■ the rocks, looking over the landscape—high and green corn below and a silver line of Nile beyond, with rock hills above us ; all the donkeys and Arab boys in lazy groups waiting for their riders.

4th December.—Landed ■ Assiout ■ three, and went for ■ donkey ride. We rode through the bazaar, and I bought two yellow silk sashes, a bunch of roses, and ■ large dirty coffee-pot—savage and handsome, made of copper. There was a marvellous sunset, like flocks of gold birds disappearing into hell.

In the evening an old reverend gentleman challenged me to dance with him. I always thought he ■ ■ little touched in his head, and he told ■ that after ■ heavy fall he had lost his memory. He danced foolishly, but actively. I ■ persuaded into dancing alone with my castagnettes. I got no letters in Assiout, and could have sobbed with disappointment and boredom. My twenty-five fellow-passengers looked ugly and common, and I execrated travelling. I hate the idleness, monotony, and helplessness of ■ ship : the up and down ! up and down ! noise of paddles, and the unchanging ugliness of the ■ ■ If it ■ not for the Arab servants, and the outlook, I should go into a consuming melancholy. Not ■ ■ here ever opens a book, except ■ wall-eyed professor, who speaks to no one, not even ■ his wife. The general talk is whether the boat *Rameses the Great*

■ ■ has not better food, ■ people, or accommodation, and whether the old gentleman does not drink to inspire such activity. ■ assured them that he was mad enough to make him independent of any restorative.

CHAPTER IV

ASSIOUT, LUXOR AND ASSOUAN

Assiout—Denderah—Luxor—Karnak—Assouan—An amusing dialogue and a gay party.

ASSIOUT, 5th December, 1891.—No letters ! How slender one's hold upon one's friends is ! I believe, if I ■■■ to stay in Egypt ■ year, and die of any of the many disgusting sights here (donkeys' wounds pricked with pins ; babies' eyes eaten out by flies ; boys beaten ; horses starved, etc.), no ■■■ would miss me. One makes ■ much impression ■ people ■ a fly on ■ bun. When I read of Parnell or Lassalle, ■ smaller men who have arrested attention, I feel full of envy, and wish I had been born a ■■■. In ■ ■■■■■ all one's own internal urging is a mistake ; it leads to nothing, and breaks loose in sharp utterances and passionate overthrows of conventionality.

We walked up a hill to ■■■ the view of the town this morning, which ■■■ repaying, though I felt ■■■ with disappointment ■ getting no letters. It is one of the drawbacks of ship life that, unless you lock yourself in the bathroom, ■ lie in your berth, you ■■■ never alone. It is ■ necessary for ■■■ to be alone

part of every day, as wash, dress, read, ride.

Sunday, 6th December.—I hardly realized it Sunday, but read the morning Psalms in Laura's prayer-book, and wondered if God did much for me. Read Duntzer's *Life of Goethe*. Extremely hot day. Papa finished *Eothen*. Hated myself for feeling bored and depressed. Unable to write or read for wind and people. Read review of Rosebery's *Pitt*, and Traill's *Salisbury*, and allusion to George Curzon in the *Review of Reviews*. Felt happy at thinking of my friends' advancement—Arthur Balfour and George Curzon. Read quotations out of Monsieur Filon's article J. Morley; much struck by several things, especially the last saying, "Truth is quiet." It seemed to heal me. The French admire J. Morley immensely. This summer M. de Vogué raved about him to me—if you can imagine the praise of so stiff and grave man being called raving. I can quite see how thoughtful Frenchmen must be struck by Morley; his austerity and healthiness must almost wound the majority of them, while exciting their highest admiration and respect. He looks at life from height, quietly, objectively, and a little greyly. His philosophy steps in between him and political power. He lacks faith. There is thin veil between his principles and his personality. One knows—without asking why—that he will be Prime Minister. M. A. Filon says of Morley's *Compromise*, "It is a very frank book; little blunt; not very conciliatory; and imperious as summons." He says of his *Rousseau*, "It is in this book that find those alternations between

disdain and indulgence, that shrinking disgust, and returning out of pity, which characterize him, and which his subject, alas ! ■ well justified."

Monday, 7th December.—Saw Denderah, the finest temple ■ have yet seen. The top of each column is caught up like ■ curtain, and coloured turquoise blue; they ■ covered with bas-reliefs of kings and prisoners, ships and serpents. I noticed ■ finer type of face—Nero ■ one wall and Cleopatra on another, and ■ lovely panther—with ■ dead figure lying ■ it—Greek in design.

LUXOR, 7th December.—We got to Luxor in the finest sundown I ever saw ; no trace of brown river, merely ■ sheet of molten, undulating gold, verging into copper towards the banks. All the inhabitants turned out to see ■ arrive—dignified, graceful figures, in long chemises of brown or green, blue and white ; handsome superior men, for Luxor is a big town. They stood, or squatted, or leant against their donkeys, with ■ background of the massive granite blocks of the Temple of Luxor. The many columns were in long avenues, a colossal figure of a god or king between each, and a finely cut obelisk stood out violet in the dead sunlight.

Mr. Harris, my nice ex-railway director, took Papa and m ■ to the hotel to ■ if there ■ any letters. We walked through the garden and the old gentleman stopped, and, picking ■ a pink rose, said, " I know ■ genuine article when I ■ it—I ■ too old to flatter : young lady, you ■ charming." I found eighteen letters, three of which were quite incomprehensible, to ■ from Mary Drew ; " Risking mischief-making, I cannot resist this enclosure (I need hardly

say there ■■■ no enclosure); but if you ■■■ and see him, you will ■■■ be on the best of terms," etc. Who "he" is I have ■■■ notion whatever! I ■■■ wrote ■■■ ask. The next ■■■ from E. C.: "I regret having ■■■ you my letter. Why can I ■■■ trust you?—Yours in nothing but haste, E." Having ■■■ heard from E., I could not understand this and felt vexed ■■■ the stupidity of my friends, but proceeded to devour charming letters from Mr. Asquith, Ribblesdale, Oscar Wilde—dedicating ■■■ story to me, *The Star Child*, one from Mr. Rodd sending me the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, and one from Mr. Algernon West, sending ■■■ Lord Rosebery's *Pitt*, which I read into the night and early morning.

LUXOR, 8th December.—We crossed the Nile to see the tombs of the kings, and lunched in "Tomb 18." Much as I respect Cook, and despise people who think it vulgar to go and see places of interest in company with strangers, I felt a faint shudder ■■■ the announcement of our lunching spot! Most of the tombs ■■■ thirty to forty feet underground, and the colours wonderfully preserved. Some of the ceilings most beautiful. I ■■■ immensely pleased with ■■■ yellow panther surrounded by stars, and a snake with three heads, four legs, one tail, and two wings.

After lunch ■■■ climbed up a wild, sandy, stony hill, to see ■■■ view of the desert and Nile; lonely, savage and strange. I ■■■ reminded of some text in the Old Testament about the shadow of ■■■ great rock in a weary land. After ■■■ long ride, we sailed back ■■■ the river to ■■■ steamer in the ■■■ light of sundown.

Sitting ■■■ to Mr. Harris ■■■ dinner, I had ■■■ good talk. He ■■■ discussing French poetry, and I abused

the *Messieurs* and *Mesdames*, and general poorness and stiltedness of Corneille and Racine. He told me that Byron had called French poetry "monotony in wire"; and I delighted him by telling him of a gentleman who had never known Platonic affection till he married. Apropos of Dizzy, and his power of cut and thrust, he said that after a speech of Lord Salisbury's he had said, "The noble Lord's invective lacks finish." Mr. Harris is a subtle-minded, clever old man.

LUXOR, *Wednesday, 9th December*.—I read Rosebery's *Life of Pitt*, in bed, and watched the scarlet sun rising over the hill. My berth is close to the water, and the moon slants over the blankets, casting a light on my modern purchases of scarabs, mummies, and blue "usabli" figures, neatly arranged on the uninhabited bed.

We rode from Luxor to see Karnak (date about 1600 B.C.)—perhaps the finest temple on the Nile. The type of face on the walls is magnificent, and all is in perfect preservation. It rather damps my enterprise being in a small dark room full of fellow-passengers holding tallow dips in front of their noses, listening to the monotonous voice of the dragoman telling lies about Rameses or Seti, with bats whirling round their heads.

After lunch, we were photographed in a vulgar group, ruins in front, and columns behind, and two handsome savages imported from the hills. My face came out large and solid, and Mamma's looks like a heathen idol!

10th *December*.—Got up early, and saw the Temple of Medenet Habon—also two colossi, one of which

■ supposed to sing. They sit, large and faceless, looking towards Mecca, the green corn, and silver thread of Nile joining the horizon below them. We hired ■ sort of boat and went ■ the river : ■ sails swelled in the wind ■ ■ dipped and sped along the Nile. I took my shoes off and ■ on the edge, dangling my feet in the water and telling ghost stories over my shoulder to my fellow-passengers. I am looked upon ■ acquisition here, and ■ listened to, and laughed at.

In the evening ■ ■ invited by the Italian Consul to go ■ ■ "fantasia," or native dance. We went into ■ crowded, stone-paved room a step off the street. A few lanterns hung from the walls, ■ piece of Persian carpet ■ the floor, and ■ the end of the room several Arab men and women squatted on the floor. Before we were seated, a hideous female, in a long striped dressing-gown, with coins on her forehead, and elastic-sided boots, began to chink copper castagnettes and shake her corsetless figure, wriggling and gliding slowly round the circle. A dismal little gong and squeak ■ from the floor, repeating the same two bars of minor wailing for ■ hour without variation. Sometimes the ■ stopped, shaking her breasts and stomach, and, in shrill and wrangling Arabic, addressed two other ■. This ■ friendly and casual and ■ nothing in particular. Later on, the other two joined the dance in ■ exaggerated form. Papa was ■ shocked that he left the room. The bottle trick ■ clever : ■ thick-lipped, aggressive darkey rolled over and ■ like a large undeveloped fish, with ■ lighted candle in a bottle on her head. Her vast hips collected folds of bed-

gown round her, till her elastic-sided boots and white-stockinged legs up to her garters were exhibited.

Friday, 11th December.—We left early for Esneh where ■■■■ a magnificent Roman Temple underground. I ■■■■ accompanied by ■ student with books under his arm. I asked him what he ■■■■ reading, and found he spoke English beautifully, and the book was rather ■ stiff work ■■■■ mental and moral training. I thought him interesting. He ■■■■ a Christian, of the ■■■■ of Victor Gladius. I got a letter from him ■ Assouan, beautifully written, beginning: "Dear Miss—I ■■■■ in high spirits to write to you. As ■■■■ you left Esneh I ■■■■ thinking about you. . . . Suppose I may have a good mind, ■ sound judgment, ■ vivid imagination, or a wide reach of thought of views, believe ■■■■ I ■■■■ not a genius, and can never become distinguished without severe application; hence all that I have must be the result of labour—hard, untiring labour," etc. He wants me to get him ■■■■ appointment under "Hulner." ■ I went to see his neat little ■■■■; it was rather touching—a lot of books, among others Wallis Budge's *Nile*.

ASSOUAN, *Saturday, 12th December.*—We got to Assouan late, and I rode ■■■■ a camel for the first time through the bazaar. I was introduced on my return to ■■■■ English officers—Lord Athlumney and Major Lewis. I ■■■■ promised a mount by Athlumney and arranged to go to their parade next day. (Rather ■ relief to meet ■ gentleman.)

ASSOUAN, *13th December.*—The Soudanese soldiers ■■■■ tall, large-mouthed, and of nigger type, and ■■■■ dressed in tarbouches, loose, grey-blue cloth coats,

knickerbockers, high white "spats," like Highlanders, with red sashes round their waists. We breakfasted in the ~~mess-room~~. We ~~were~~ the first European women that had crossed the barrack-yard for eight months, and I could see courtesy and enthusiasm in every movement of these nice English-~~men~~. I looked at the mignonette sprouting at intervals in the hot sand amid large-leaved weeds, and told the young gardener that the weeds would choke the mignonette.

Lord Athlumney—"Weeds! Why, that's my mustard and cress. It does grow rather large here."

Major Lewis—"Praise our marigolds, Miss Tennant; they have come up in no time, and aren't they jolly colours?"

We heard a voice shouting—"Muggins! Muggins! how about those eggs and bacon?"

Lord Athlumney—"This is the mess-room. Let me introduce you to Hunter." (I bowed to the voice.)

Margot—"I think I heard you ordering a British servant to get our breakfast."

Hunter—"Oh! Muggins isn't British; he's an Arab. Funny name, isn't it? I suppose it is short for something or other!"

We all sat down in a bare, stone-floored, wooden-roofed room, with the walls distempered a chilly grey. I admired a lamp—

Major Lewis—"Oh! that's Drago's; he's a awful swell! He'll show you his room, and you must play the piano. We have only got one."

Macdonald—"And you pour boiling water in that to drive out the scorpions before you can make a sound on it."

Lord Athlumney—"I wish we'd thought of it, and I would have had it tuned."

Hunter (to Muggins)—"Hi!" (followed by I Arabic oath), "not cold turkey! grilled, you stupid, and look sharp. I'm afraid (turning I us) you are having I very poor meal. Would you rather drink Moselle cup or champagne? We can give you lots of that. I must say the I is rather earthy."

Lord Athlumney—"Hunter is such I Sybarite! If he had been weeks in the desert with nothing but salt wells and I chance of I Dervish bullet to pull you together, he'd find the tea I all right."

Lewis—"Come and see my room."

Lord Athlumney—"Mine is nearest; I and see mine. You dance awfully well, don't you, Miss Tennant? I'll show you a photograph of Letty Lind."

I delighted him by telling him she had given I lessons for two months. We adjourned to his room. Between photographs of ballet girls, soldiers, relations, courbashes, spears and swords I hung up, and a view of his Irish country place. He showed I everything, even to blood marks on an old bastinado. Our expression of horror delighted him, and Lewis added, "Oh! that is nothing; his servant is I murderer, and ought to be serving his time now—manslaughter they call it—and, if it hadn't been that his last master I I fiery-tempered chap he would I be here now."

Margot—"How?"

Lewis—"Oh! they came to I him, and S—said 'What the hell' (or words I that effect) 'do you I by arresting my servant?' And his

language ■ ■ ■ awful that the native police retired."

We left them standing up against the white barrack wall, touching their tarbouches.

In the afternoon, I put a judicious safety-pin into my white skirt, and put ■ ■ the smartest shoes and stockings I possessed, and skewered my straw hat. I was mounted by Lord Athlumney on a really beautiful Arab, about 15 hands, chestnut, with ■ turned-up nose, and the gamest eye I ■■■ saw; a little devil, and ■ swift as a swallow. I faced the dancing air and galloping plain of the desert. We went ■ fast ■ we could, and I felt I ■■■ showing more ankle than the safety-pin had guaranteed! Athlumney, seeing my efforts to keep my petticoats neat, said, with frank simplicity, "Oh! never mind. If you knew what it was to ■■ a well-turned leg after these Arab shanks, you would forgive ■■ for seeing beyond your ankle." We rode home past the Beshareen camp, with a white moon rising behind us, and the scattered colours of ■ gorgeous sunset. It was dark when ■■ reached Assouan, and the sky was spangled with stars.

ASSOUAN, *Monday, 14th December*.—Major Lewis, Lord Athlumney, and Mr. Hunter fetched Papa and myself for ■ ride, and, with the eyes of the entire Assouan population upon us, we started off ■ a gallop through the town, nearly colliding with camels and donkeys, ■ the groups of squatting ■■■ and smoking ■■■ My horse turned into his stable, going ■ hundred miles an hour, and, had it not been for the sand, ■■■ have slipped up. I thought he would brain himself against the wall, but, after an

oath from Athlumney, ■ reassured my friends, and ■ reached the rough ground. Papa did not like the rocks, but they amused me. I have heard ■ much of Arab ponies ■ rough ground, and I do ■ think they ■ over-praised—active, sure, and smooth ■ hot, slippery rocks. I would ■ them not to fall in places, where I certainly should be on my head.

We returned as the moon rose, and Major Lewis begged ■ to ■ and have tea in his room. As he had had ■ pick up my hat twice in the ride, I thought it was the least ■ could do. He ■ charming to us, and his bedroom a study. I felt translated into a Kipling story—the rough resource of his chairs and cupboards, the string bed in the open air, the neatly-kept boots, spurs and whips, hanging against ■ scarlet curtain on ■ bare wall. While Athlumney ■ showing Papa his Arab shields and spurs in the next room, Major Lewis ■ kissing my hands, and telling me I was the most wonderful person he had ever met—gay, kind and true, and a delight to be with. I told him, if he did not take care, I should believe that I had deceived him about myself, and that it ■ lucky I ■ leaving ■ daybreak.

The officers dined with us that night, and ■ had a regular orgie and “fantasia.” I danced with my castagnettes and I think ■ danced better than I ever did in my life, the audience acted like ■ stimulant ■ ■ The iron supports to the ship ceiling broke a little of the monotony of the deck, and scarlet frock and black lace petticoat ■ good service. I heard Mr. Hunter say it ■ the ■ lovely thing he had ■ ■ A crowd of Arab sailors watched ■ from a distance, Cook’s tourists sat against the deck railing,

and the five officers in uniform made a ring round me. We finished with Sir Roger de Coverley, and accompanied them to the shore to see them off. They looked like Bedouins as they galloped away, their black silhouettes clear against the white Assouan houses.

15th December.—We got to Luxor at tea-time, and received a batch of letters. Lord Lytton's name was not named officially. Prince Eddy's engagement to Princess May announced. I read Arthur Balfour's Glasgow address. The *motif* not distinct, and, though clever, left you chilly. To say "knowledge is not power" to students at a university, is discouraging in the first place, and a platitude in the second; it is one of the things one knows, but does not tell. I read an article in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* on Madame Ackermann, a rebellious atheist, who constantly rails against the God she refuses to believe in. There was a nice quotation from Madame de la Fayette:—

"La religion n'a pas à toutes les questions une réponse aussi précise que celle de l'immortalité en face de la mort; mais elle n'y a pas de douleur qu'elle laisse sans la soulager. C'est la différence entre une plaie qui est pansée et une plaie qui ne l'est pas."

After dinner we rode to Karnak. I had the fleetest donkey, Minnehaha (laughing water), and she flew, till the crupper broke, and my saddle collided with its back. While the strap was being mended, my friends caught me up, and remonstrated at the danger of galloping in the dark, where the shadows look like fences and cart ruts as black as graves.

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I left my party, and sitting under the piercing black shadow of one of the columns, looked at the obelisk. It stood aloof and penetrating, with a single column above it, and was so beautiful, that it filled my soul with ineffable bliss.

CHAPTER V

FROM LUXOR TO MARSEILLES

Farewell ■ Luxor—John Scott—Abydos—Princess Nasli—Wilfrid Blunt—The Barings—The Grenfells—The Khedive's funeral, January, 1892—Nubar Pasha—Lady Charles Beresford—Back at Marseilles.

16th December, 1891.—We left Luxor after many affectionate adieux to ■ friends. We sailed all day. I had a talk to ■ new and charming passenger, Mr. John Scott, the Chief Justice out here—a friend of Lord Dufferin—a very gentle, sympathetic, cultivated man, who lent Papa his *Times*, and ■ books of all kinds, and reviews. I read "Ribblesdale's Journey with Parnell" in *The Nineteenth Century*—very well done; also M. Filon on John Morley, and Traill's *Life of Salisbury*. I had a long talk with Mr. Scott about Egypt and Gladstone's foolish speech ■ Newcastle, and felt ■ convinced than ever of the impossibility of evacuation. The result would be ■ fearful state of things here; ultimate annexation.

ABYDOS, 17th December.—We all three got up early and rode our donkeys for twelve miles. It ■ splendidly plucky of Mamma. We lunched ■

Abydos, which is a grand temple; beautifully-preserved bas-reliefs, and the history of Egypt since heaven knows when, clearly cut in acres of wall. We rode home through beanfields, which smelt like England; Mamma, Bates*, and I ■ together, ambling along in the clear soft air, quite easy and happy. I got ■ telegram from Lord Athlumney—"To-day I find the world is hollow, and my doll is stuffed with sawdust; horse pining away; ■ seeking consolation in the desert.—A."

ASSIOUT, 18th December.—We got to Assiout in the afternoon and, accompanied by Mr. Scott, I went on shore. He received fifteen native judges, and gave them coffee. He ordered ■ carriage and pair to drive Mamma to the foot of the hill to see the finest view in Egypt. Papa and I rode donkeys, and had ■ nice *tête à tête* talk; he is well, and happy, exchanging reminiscences with Mr. Harris on old Bath days and early actors—Helen Faucit, Macready, and Malibran. He has ■ wonderful memory, and knows Byron, the Ingoldsby Legends, Shakespeare, Milton, and Tommy Moore, by the yard. He told ■■ that one day in Bath—when he ■■ about eighteen—while looking through ■ tobacconist's window, he ■■ ■ very pretty girl behind the counter, upon which he walked into the shop, and straight up to her, kissed her, saying ■ ■ excuse to her: "It is all your fault for being ■ pretty!"

We climbed slowly up the hill, and sitting down, looked over the valley of the Nile. The corn was greener than emerald, and the colour of the earth left by the overflow was a ■■■■ red chocolate.

* ■■ Bates, ■■ mother's ■■■■

Below ■ lay the town, built of mud bricks, but relieved by five or six beautiful minarets. The dyke along which ■ rode wound between ■ and the town, and was a busy thoroughfare of camels and donkeys. The groups of travelling Arabs and Bedouins, with loads of stone and corn, and sugar-■ ■ their donkeys, made ■ harmony of faded colours, like ■ Persian rug ; ■ ■ standing in the water, up to their middles, washing clothes ■ sheep, and one ■ singing, in ■ loud, soothing monotony, ■ song like Bizet's "A l'hautesse Arabe." The range of the view from Assiout Hill gives one of the most complete ideas of Egypt, I think.

19th December.—Sir Henry Roscoe and Mr. Darwin came to see us from the other ship, *Rameses the Great*. We discussed the evacuation of Egypt, and were all of one mind. I need hardly say that we got warmer over the discussion than if ■ had differed. I wrote this diary, and read *Collette*, and walked up and down with Mr. Scott, who remembered Posie and Charty ■ little girls going to Palermo in 1869. I asked Mamma what had decided her to send them to Palermo. She replied that she and Papa always looked upon the map to ■ how far south a place ■

After dinner, Mamma, Mr. Scott and I talked of life seriously. I began by saying that I could not have married ■ country curate ; that it would have stifled ■ Mr. Scott said very simply, "One ■ is much the same as another, if you forget yourself in your work ; in any case, you do but scratch the surface." This depressed me, ■ I felt its truth, and I tried to defend myself ; but I knew all the time that he was right. We watched a large

moon rise while we continued ■■■ talk which brought ■■ ache into my heart, though my friend ■■■ as hopeful ■■ Wordsworth in ■■ he said. He has gone through much, and life has assumed its right proportions with him. I found Mamma reading *Lead Kindly Light*, when I went in to say good-night ■■ her.

CAIRO, 29th December.—Mamma and I ■■■ taken by Lady Baring to ■■ the Vice Reine, ■■ the Khedive's wife is called. She ■■■ her dahabieh—a stoutish, fair-complexioned lady, with ■ Parisian dress of stone-coloured cloth and skunk fur. She spoke French, and ■■ all ■■ in ■ circle round her. An occasional remark ■■ made on the obvious—the weather, the Nile, the ship, or the teacups. We all spoke French. I sat next to Lady Alice Portal, who looked charming in a large black hat. We drank coffee out of jewelled teacups.

31st December.—Papa, Mamma, Godfrey Webb, Miss Fane and I visited Wilfrid Blunt, ■■ enthusiastic individualist and good poet, with an elaborate plan of living like a Bedouin, under the impression that people in the London world are saying, "Strange ■■■ that! buried in his wild desert life, writing and reading, etc." I doubt if they are! But he is one of the most beautiful ■■■ I have ■■■ met. We went in a dusty train to a little station, and ■■■ met by the great man, beautifully dressed, ■■ a splendid white donkey. A lot of camels waited to take ■■ to his house.

There ■■■ ■ strong contrast in Papa's neat, dapper person, dressed in Lovat mixture, with a green Tyrolese hat, and smart "spats"—energy and success in every movement—following this tall, artistic dreamer through ■ labyrinth of unroofed Arab

into an orange garden, and presented there to a *farouche* and good-looking daughter "Judith," also in Bedouin garments, with an ivory dagger stuck through a wide silk sash, and a long brown cloak paralysing to all movement, but graceful and pretty. The girl showed me her bedroom—a squalid mixture of rags and shields. A gun hung upon the wall. I asked its purpose, and she said it was to protect her from the Dervishes. I pointed out the civilized distance that separated her from such a probability, and she said, "Any animal, hyena, etc., might come at night." I replied, "Would not an umbrella be handier? Or would you shoot?" She blushed, and I felt I had said the wrong thing. Lady Anne was very nice to us, and gave us tea; and we then all rode off to the ostrich-farm. This was smelly, tiresome, and full of fleas.

We dined at the club, guests of Major Lloyd, Captain Beauchamp and Captain Martyr. I went to the midnight service with Mamma and Godfrey, and Papa went to the Walkers' party. I stayed alone for the Holy Communion, a beautiful service, which I shall never forget. The clergyman preached on the future. I gathered from his sermon that we should not find the continual new openings and opportunities which the word "future" implies to hopeful young people, but a chaos of consequences closely and inevitably woven with the past. I walked home with Alfred Milner.

CAIRO, 3rd January, 1892.—We have been here a fortnight to-day, and my impressions of Cairo society are quickly told. Lady Baring came to me to have the dignity—perhaps from nature, perhaps from

the importance of her position. She is aloof, and keeps clear of social factions and petty provincial disputes. Sir Evelyn has natural authority, and impresses all with respect. He is full of every English virtue, with ■ English sense of humour, and a great appreciation of literature of all kinds. Without being what I should call ■ intellectual ■ subtle man, he is ■ ■■■ of intellect, and has excellent commonsense. His determination might amount to obstinacy, and he has a directness of purpose bewildering to all the Orientals. He is youthful and simple in his domestic relations, loving little jokes, and telling good stories. Under ■ short-sighted, rather silent exterior, he really observes everything, and is *très convaincu*. Without having the fancy to be conceited, he knows the value of his own qualities. I like him much, and had some interesting talk with him.

Lady Grenfell is a very important and active member of society—a fashionable figure, with a small waist and a great deal of social energy. She and Sir Francis, ■ "The Sirdar," as he is called, ■ delightful together, most happy and understanding. He is a perfect dear—big, comfortable, authoritative, enjoying everything, arranging everything; fond of work, fond of military effect, and full of heart and nature. I often ran in before dinner to have ■ talk with him.

Mr. Milner is both practically and intellectually the first of our English officials; he is loved and trusted, and has done ■■■■ to make our occupation popular than anyone. I ■■■■ ■■■ Scott Moncrieff; but Garstin, his successor, is ■ dear man, sensible, unaffected, and intelligent. Mr. Money is the oldest English resident in Cairo. The pretty ■■■■ of the

place is the General's wife, Mrs. W——, a lovely elf-
 little face, with fresh colouring, good hair, eyes
 and eyebrows, and coral pink into a white skin—
 what Baron Malorti would call a "keepsake" face.
 General W—— is handsome and looks about thirty-
 five. Colonel Kitchener is of energy and
 ambition, a little complacent his defects, he has
 not got an interesting mind.

I have met while abroad only two natives of real
 intelligence and interest. One is Princess Nazli, the
 ex-Khedive's first cousin, a of European
 emancipation, receiving both and women un-
 veiled in her house, although outside her home
 she wears the yashmak. A woman of past forty,
 powdered and painted under the eyes, with the
 remains of beauty; a face full of experience and
 intelligence; a great talker, frightfully indiscreet, but
 graphic, and well taught in English. The other, an
 Armenian, Nubar Pasha, ex-Prime Minister, a man
 of sixty-eight, and extremely clever, with a subtle
 intellect, and unscrupulous political morality.

7th January.—I went to Princess Nazli's opera-
 box. She told me much of the education of
 and her short married life. She has *de
 beaux restes*, but is heavily painted. We spoke of
 her cousin, the Khedive. She said he was stupid
 and kind; and when I added, "He is good,
 I have heard," she said, "He has the virtue of
 his nature, and more." She brilliantly
 indiscreet, and told appalling stories of Oriental vice
 and ignorance. The Arab pashas are brutal, not to
 say bestial. She said she would rather die than be
 under the French, and raved about the greatness of

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England, and all ■■■ done for Egypt. She has many friends—the Dufferins, Layards, and other English correspondents. She put her cloak and yashmak ■ me, and begged me to be photographed in them. I ■■ assisted by ■ hideous old slave, whom the princess told me had been one of her husband's mistresses. She ■■■ brought up with her and thirty other slaves. One day, in a rage, she told me, she sold all these early companions of her youth ■ ■ public example, and gave the money to the Turkish army, which ■■■ in rags. Now, she tells me, she has to pension them off, and they live with her or about the house like vagrants.

8th January.—I rode to an early review on ■ smart-actioned chestnut of Captain Beauchamps. I felt happy in the glorious sunlight, racing and bounding along the short, sandy grass of the race-course, with the dust blowing, and the bands playing with a crude military rhythm accompanied by the rat-a-tat of little drums, all the staff galloping and curvetting round the dignity of Sir Francis Grenfell, who looked magnificent ■ his grey Arab.

After lunch, ■■ went in ■ steamship to ■■ the Barrage, with Alfred Milner and a lot of other people. It was a marvellous sight—perfect mechanism, and beautifully kept. Originally French, but practically adapted by us, the three great branches of the Nile ■■ entirely workable through the Barrage. Sir Colin Scott Moncrieff has done wonders for the irrigation of Egypt.

On our return, ■■ heard that the Khedive had died. The native doctors ■■■ almost entirely to blame, as they treated him for diseases he had ■■



TEWFIK PASHA, ■■■ OF EGYPT IN ■■

got. National prejudice kept all English doctors away from him. Sir Evelyn Baring told me that there were a certain number of people in Cairo who thought he had poisoned the Khedive. The sudden blow of the Khedive's death affected everyone very much, and ■■■ wore black that night.

9th January.—We went to the Khedive's funeral, a never-to-be-forgotten sight. Abdin Square, full of soldiers and a brilliant, coloured crowd kept in order by mounted police. Major Fenwick and Colonel Kitchener in cocked hats, using their batons with much violence. Godfrey Webb, Papa, Mamma, and I sat on the wall of the barracks, overlooking the great square. I frightened my friends by hanging my feet over, ■ the twist the ■■■ gave to my ribs, when sitting the correct way, ■■■ more than I could stand. The sun beat fiercely on our white wall. We were ■ much above the crowd, that the effect was more like a Turkey carpet, finely woven of beautiful colours, than ■ excited, condensed, swaying ■■■ of people. Shrieks and odd sounds rent the air, and an occasional Arab in orange ■ turquoise would break the lines of the police and rush ■■■ the open spaces like ■ Derby dog, hotly pursued by a mounted and perspiring officer. Carriage after carriage of white plumes and black bonnets drove into the square—ambassadors, ministers, and officials of all kinds, with grave faces. Everyone seemed to be waiting for someone ■ something. Out of the far corner of the square, before the front door of the Palace, where ■■■ the principal people stood, emerged ■ group of men carrying a coffin upon

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their heads. It ■ like ■ large primitive toy steam-engine. A little funnel with the Khedive's tarbouche placed ■ the top, and ■ his medals hung round it. Eight of Cook's steamboat men, in sailor jerseys, and with naked legs and turbans, walked in front, with vast wreaths of violets and laurels, and immediately following ■ fifty hired ■ in black, with long black veils, all wailing in loud, long shrieks, and throwing dust from the road into the air. They tore their black draperies, flinging gaunt ■ above their heads, and waving bits of fusty black in the wind. They ■ hirelings, and their shrieks and wails are a custom without soul, but bought grief is barbaric and impressive. After these came the procession of important people, headed by Sir Evelyn Baring and the French officials, etc.

I need hardly say that the crowd broke loose, and the confusion in the square following ■ the procession ■ terrific—the screams, scuffles and beatings and the kaleidoscopic colours—all riveted us—and appeared like a realistic picture of the Crucifixion, without the peace of the Cross. The silent guard of the sunburnt citadel, mosques and minarets were paying ■ greater tribute to death than the uniformed procession or yelling crowd.

12th January. We met Nubar Pasha, the ex-Prime Minister, ■ remarkable man, with a quick, subtle, Armenian mind. At first, the conversation hung. Nubar talked of Palmerston. Papa spoilt this by saying in a tone of surprised remonstrance, "I knew him," which did ■ advance us. I began to abuse the Egyptians in ■ half-laughing, half-serious way; but he stuck up for them in a light, quick,

effective ~~argument~~. He ~~said~~ he ~~was~~ ~~■~~ much ~~■~~ Egyptian ~~■~~ Goschen was an Englishman. I said that, from what I had seen of Egyptians, I would rather be ~~■~~ Armenian, ~~■~~ which he bowed. I asked why he should wish to claim their nationality, and went on challenging him, till I made him laugh by saying, "You know that if there ~~■■■~~ ~~■■■~~ Egyptians ~~■~~ clever ~~■~~ you, ~~■~~ should not be occupying Egypt." He smiled, and said my intelligence renewed his youth (he is sixty-eight), and asked why he had not ~~■■■~~ me before. He abused Sir Evelyn Baring, with whom I hear he had had a hot quarrel. He praised Milner highly. His hatred of the French amused me, but I expect he hates us just ~~■~~ much. I felt he was ~~■~~ wily, wicked old man, but his manners are imperial, and he has ~~■~~ fine head.

Wednesday, 13th January.—We were given ~~■~~ dinner at the club. I had a delightful talk with Tom Baring ~~■~~ early English literature; discussed the *Sentimental Journey*, *Richard II*, style in prose, and novelists in general. We played "Consequences" and "Telegrams." After dinner Godfrey and I did the best "telegrams," and gave the subjects:—
1. Trying to pass ~~■~~ to another lady a drunken maid. 2. An American husband warning his wife against Cairo society. I don't fancy the Turf Club in Cairo has often had a lot of people with pencils in their hands sitting round the dinner-table.

14th January.—I lunched with Sir Evelyn, and ~~■~~ drove ~~■~~ back. We heard of Prince Eddy's death. This cast ~~■~~ tremendous gloom over everyone. I wrote ~~■~~ the Prince of Wales, and feel deep sympathy for them both.

15th January.—A meeting at the Continental Hotel ■ sign ■ telegram of sympathy to the Queen. Sir Evelyn made a short and genuine speech. Mr. Money spoke for everyone, with a true ring of eloquence and condolence, alluding ■ Queen Victoria's letter to wives, mothers and sweethearts, ■ the time of the Crimean war.

Saturday, 16th January.—My last day in Cairo. I got up early, and went for ■ long walk with A. Milner, and had a memorable talk. I feel enriched by my affection for ■■ great and true ■■■ I found Papa packing up on my return, fussy and busy (he left out his night-gown in the end!), but very good and uncomplaining, considering his servant, our courier, was unable to do him the smallest service, being laid up with low fever.

Farewell visits ■■■ paid us by people, and presents of all kinds given. Major Lloyd begged ■■ to take a little old silver matchbox, which had been all through the ■■■ with him, also a cigarette case. He is a gentle soldier of the best British type. Captain Beauchamp drove us to see the arrival of the young Khedive. Sir Evelyn had ■ military escort, which caused ■ sensation. I thought it clever of him to ■■■ his authority ■ a critical moment. There was a small Arab boy in a yellow chemise climbing up a date-palm in the private gardens of the barracks below who fascinated me; he looked like a lovely little parrot in the palm-tree.

We had time ■■ our ■■■■ to change into travelling gowns and catch the evening train to Alexandria. Every friend came to see me off ■ the station with bon-bons, flowers, fruit, and presents. We steamed

slowly out of sight of our waving friends. Arrived ■ Alexandria; doubtful meal; iron pillow; Lady Charles Beresford reading a French novel on her bed ■ 9.30 p.m.; her child dangerously ill with pneumonia in the next passage.

19th January.—Started on the *Gironde*, the foulest boat that ■ ■ ■ called seaworthy—small, old, dirty, and rolling. Vile food ■ surprising hours—coffee ■ 7.30 | dinner with five courses, ■ 10.30 a.m. | cold ham and beef ■ 2; ■ ■ at 7; and a heavy meal ■ 9—all poisonous.

20th January.—My third day on the *Gironde*. I have got up for the first time, chiefly to please Papa and Godfrey, and get what is called “the splendid fresh air,” but what, ■ ■ a ship like this, means ■ searching smell of rotten tomatoes and ■ driving gale of little smuts, which go into one’s eyes whichever way ■ ■ sits, walks, or turns. I love Dr. Johnson ■ ■ ■ than ever, because he shared my loathing for the sea, and said that “no ■ ■ ■ with the wits to get into gaol need be a sailor.” Never a moment’s quiet; and this throb, throb, eternally felt, first in one’s temple, then in one’s stomach, echoing through the marrow of one’s spine; stale food, condensed sweetened Swiss milk, and ■ ■ possibility of fresh water or fresh anything; steam, smells, and cooking following the ship unceasingly. Papa and Godfrey are splendid sailors, good-humoured and happy, and smoke all day. Mamma and I have nice talks; she is ■ ■ ■ companion. She ■ ■ ■ down ■ ■ talk ■ ■ ■ to-night after dinner.

Mamma—“Godfrey asked ■ ■ if I played backgammon. I told him I ■ ■ ■ played for forty years.”

M.—“ Is it a nice game, Mamma ? ”

Mamma—“ My dear, I would I could run and kick a ball along the floor.” (Laughter.)

M.—“ Did you eat any dinner ? ”

Mamma—“ No, it was poor stuff. Your father said it was good, and I did not contradict him.”

M.—“ You’re so sensible ; but you know, when I hear people talked, it makes me physically ill not to contradict. Listening to Papa at times, when he quotes the last fool, and then adds, ‘ I am not saying one thing or another, but just telling you the opinion he gave me,’ is more than human nature can bear.”

Mamma—“ I too have been very impatient with him. He talks without going into the thing, and flies off about nothing at all.”

M.—“ You are very wise with him ; the older I get, the more I am it. Why didn’t you influence him to think less of material things ? His first questions about a woman are nearly invariably, ‘ *Est-elle riche ?* ’ (I don’t know whether he thinks French modifies his curiosity) ; and the second, ‘ Have they any children ? ’ ”

(Later on). M.—“ I’m so glad you taught us, by your remarks and example, the unimportance of one’s likes and dislikes, heat and cold, and whether people are vulgar or not.”

Mamma—“ It is cruel to make children precious, too concerned with themselves. They have little tolerance or unselfishness, and become odious to themselves and to other people.”

M.—“ I’m glad we were allowed to see and be with whoever we liked. It gives me courage, and I’m sure it makes one capable. Look at Charlotte.”

Mamma—"Her courage is marvellous in everything. I believe, if she were to go to New York to-morrow morning, she would pack up, and be quite ready to start."

M.—"I should be good for a journey, I fear!"

Mamma—"You see, you are a wretched sailor. I think you have more social courage than anyone I ever met in my life."

I said good-bye to Mamma and Papa at Marseilles station the night of the 23rd, and I felt my heart tighten as I kissed them both. I had loved my time abroad with them, and, whatever I may have said about trifling irritations, or any seeming irreverence of criticism, it does not touch or diminish my true appreciation, gratitude, and unchanging love for them both.

**IMPRESSIONS
OF AMERICA, 1922**

IMPRESSIONS OF AMERICA, 1922

CHAPTER I

THE TRAVELLER IN THE LONDON

Travel and Travellers' Stories—Newspapers in London and in New York, a comparison—American women and American men

I motored to Southampton ■ Saturday, the 21st of January, this year (1922), and after saying good-bye to my husband and my son, retired to my berth on the *Carmania*. I am ■ bad traveller, and had been laid up with ■ sort of influenza till the day before I left London.

Kindly Press people tempted me to confide in them ■ the ship. They asked me if I would be back in time for Princess Mary's wedding, where I ■ going to when I arrived in America, and if I looked forward to my trip. I sometimes wonder what questions I would put if I ■ obliged to interview ■ traveller. I would ask with reluctance where they ■ going, but ■ what they had seen, because I know I could not listen to their ■. Everyone knows what you ■ likely to ■ if you go for any length of time to London, Rome, Athens ■ the United States, and is there a person living whose impressions you would care to hear either upon the Colosseum, Niagara Falls

or any other of the great works of Art ■ of Nature | On such subjects the remarks of the cleverest and stupidest ■ equally inadequate and the superb vocabulary of ■ Ruskin will probably not be ■ ■ ■ illuminating than what the schoolboy writes in the visitors' book ■ Niagara, " Uncle and all very much pleased."

I ■ ■ ■ inclined to think it is ■ mild form of vanity that makes ■ certain type of rich person travel every year. I have heard these say that for ■ the interest ■ ■ ■ who are left behind take in what they have ■ ■ ■ and heard, they might as well have remained ■ Brighton. Nevertheless, the world is full of tourists ; and there ■ ■ a number of people who like to pick up pieces of unimportant information without effort. The foolish majority of these read the *Daily Mail* ; the political, *The Manchester Guardian* ; the Liberals, *The Westminster Gazette* ; the intellectual, *The New Statesman* ; and to pass the time on Sundays there are always the long columns of *The Observer* ; or, for the credulous, the *Secret History of the Week*.

In America, it is rather different. On the front page of one of the most important papers, you read : " Kardos has hopes of Father's aid," " Men faint in public and lose 153,000," " Death note writer caught in Capital," " Losses of Women duped by Lindsay," " Iceland Cabinet falls," " Tokio diet in uproar ■ ■ ■ snake ■ ■ ■ floor," " Saddle horse from Firestone Harding's favourite mount," and short notices on Ireland, Paris and London ; you ■ ■ ■ encouraged to turn to ■ ■ ■ 6, column 5, or column 8, page 5, and finish with " Dazzling display of Princess Mary's *lingerie*."

It is difficult to say why most travellers ■■ uninteresting. I do ■■■ think it ■ because they have been to wonderful places, but because the average man has not the power ■■ assimilate ■■ interpret what he has seen ; he enlarges ■■ his ■■■■ sensations with such ■ lack of humour and proportion, that you feel ■ if he ■■■ not only rebuffing you, but claiming part of the credit of the master works himself. When told at ■ party that you ought to meet Mr. So-and-so, ■ he has just come back from the Far East, South-West, ■ North Pole, you cling to the nearest door-post, and make your escape while the hero is being traced in the crowd. I like what I have thought out for myself better than what I discover ; and conclusions arrived at after careful reflection ■■ ■■■■ enlarging than what is pointed out to you by inquisitive spectators.

I ■■ not ■ natural tourist, and Napoleon's shaving soap will ■■■■ interest me as much ■ the smallest light upon his mind or character. There is ■ difference ■■■ between curiosity and interest, and I regret to say I ■■ not curious.

I have ■■■■ to the United States for the first time, not in a missionary spirit ■■ to study anything or anybody, but to ■■ my daughter and to enjoy myself.

In a rash moment, however, I promised to write my Impressions of America, and this may give rise ■ false hopes.

Lord Acton wrote in a letter to Mrs. Drew, " One touch of ill-nature makes the whole world kin," and I must make ■ effort not ■■ disappoint my thoughtful critics. I have been accused of failing to appreciate the society of brilliant American women, whether in

Italy, Paris or London ; but it could be added with truth that brilliance, while stimulating people, has always exhausted me. I prefer the clumsiest thought to the finished phrase, and so slow that the mildest complication may make me miss the point. "General and prolonged laughter" is a faculty I have never been able to acquire, and sudden explosions of anything I have said usually convince me that I had better have held my tongue.

To an outsider who has only known European Americans, the most noticeable thing about American people is their freedom from native soil. They are equally well-equipped whether their nationality is transferred from Russia to Rome, Vienna, Roumania or Paris. No blank cheque could be more adequately filled in, and I never stop wondering what can be the secret of their perfect social mechanism.

Beautiful to look at and elegantly dressed, with an open mind upon whatever topic is discussed, adaptable, available, rich and good-humoured, the American woman I know her is the last word in worldliness and fashion. In my own country she is not only popular, but a privileged person, and having started by being what is called "natural," she becomes artificial every day.

The husbands of these ladies, when not of needy foreign aristocracy, are usually divorced, discharged, or disposed of in some way or other ; and, even if they are of the same nationality, are quite unlike the American man as I have known him.

He is seldom fashionable and never leisured ; he has a passion for learning that there is to be known, and holds vigorous views upon most things. If

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little copious in narrative, he is not mechanical, but absolutely genuine article ; spontaneous, friendly, hospitable and keen. He appears to treat his Western folk with the patience and indulgence you extend to spoilt children, never attempting to discuss matters either literary or political with them, and is agreeably surprised if you show any interest in Wall Street or the White House.

I am jotting down these preliminary impressions, any of which may—and probably will—have to be revised during the course of my travels.

CHAPTER II

NEW YORK

My First lecture—The Gallery lady—American dancing.

After an abominable voyage during which the ship rolled and rocked, groaned and shuddered, and the sea did precisely what it liked with us, we arrived ■ day and ■ half late, and, surrounded by Pressmen, I feather-stitched on to American soil.

If the reporters are a little lacking in awe, they make up for it by the intelligent interest they take in everything connected with one ; and, after being asked what I thought of " flappers " and what Mr. Lloyd George thought of me, I was allowed to go to the Ambassador Hotel. ■ could not have been greeted with more courtesy had I arrived ■ Windsor Castle, ■ have I ■ stayed in ■ better hotel.

My son-in-law Prince Bibesco, my daughter Elizabeth, and my cousin, Miss Tennant (whose brother is Sir Auckland Geddes's private secretary), showed ■ the airy bedrooms and beautiful bath-rooms which the Manager of the hotel had chosen for ■ I ■ down completely exhausted, when suddenly the door opened and my sitting-room ■ flooded

with male and female reporters. Having been seasick and without solid food for a week, the carpet and ceiling were still nodding at me, and I regret to confess that I said nothing very striking ; but they were welcoming and friendly ; and after a somewhat dislocated conversation I staggered off to bed.

I was introduced the next day by my cicerone, Mr. Lee Keedick, to the New Amsterdam Theatre, where scouts were placed in distant galleries to try my voice. I had no difficulty in making myself heard, but I felt terribly ill and more than inadequate. I made my first appearance at 3.30 in the well-filled theatre. Dr. Murray Butler introduced me in a courteous speech, and explained that after such an unusually rough crossing I would be obliged to sit down throughout the performance, which I much regretted.

I opened with a spirited account of an Irish horse dealer, which, I could see at a glance, interested nobody. Whether I was speaking Irish or English, it might have been Walloon for all the audience cared. My heart faded, my voice sank, and I knew that many could not hear ; some were not listening, and my friends were watching me with apprehension, charity and cheers. More dead than alive, I was relieved when an enterprising lady shouted from the gallery—

“ You’ve got my money for nothing—good-bye, I’ve had enough of you ! ”

This informal greeting stirred the kindness of my listeners to protest, and as soon as I could I changed to other subjects. With the fall of the curtain many old friends came on to the stage, and, presenting me

with roses, assured me that I had won the hearts of my audience, after which I left the theatre.

Driving home, I opened the taxi windows and was struck with the architectural beauties of the streets. With the exception of Munich, I have never seen a modern town comparable to New York. The colour of the stone and lightness of the air would put vitality into a corpse; and, in spite of a haunting recollection that the lady in the gallery had had enough of me, I returned to the Ambassador happy though exhausted.

My daughter took me in the evening to a wonderful party given by Miss Mabel Gerry. We wore our best clothes, but our taxi driver did not seem satisfied, and before turning into the magnificent courtyard, he stopped, opened the door, and enquired rather sceptically if this was where we were expected. Concealing our mortification, we urged him to drive on.

There was something for every one in Miss Gerry's beautiful house. I started by sitting next to my dear old friend, Mr. Harry White, and a brilliant stranger, Mr. Thomas Ridgeway; went on to play bridge, listened to a fluent pianist, and finished by dancing unknown steps to a wonderful band.

I am enunciating a platitude when I say the Americans are the finest dancers in the world.

CHAPTER III

BOSTON AND THE CITY

*Railway Travelling ■ America—My stage-fright ■ Boston—Boston
Public Library—The Sargent frescoes.*

On the second of February, next morning, my friend and secretary, Mr. Horton, myself and maid arrived in Boston City after ■ comfortable journey in ■ private compartment given to ■■ by the courtesy of our guard. I do not wish to say anything disagreeable, but except for the beauty of the railway stations, the travelling arrangements in America are far inferior to ours. Sitting erect on revolving chairs in public is ■ trial not lessened by ■■ atmosphere in which you could force pineapples.

We ■■ greeted upon ■■■ arrival by reporters and ■■■■■. It distresses me to stand blinking ■■ the sun; as, not being a beauty, I know that my ■■■ will always be ■■■■ of a limb than a feature, and trying to look pleasant results in my teeth coming out like tombstones in the morning papers.

Left to ourselves, we went to examine the Symphony Hall, where I was to speak that night. Arriving on the stage, I stood appalled. Feeling like ■ midge upon a Dreadnought, I looked ■ the largest

hall I have ever seen, except the ~~one~~ in London, erected ~~in~~ the sacred memory of good Prince Albert.

"This is ~~a~~ practical joke of the worst kind!" I exclaimed to the gentleman in attendance, "and not for ~~a~~ million dollars would I insult the Boston people by making myself ridiculous here to-night. I have not been in prison, or divorced; nor have I been ~~in~~ the North ~~or~~ South Pole, ~~nor~~ climbed mountains and Matterhorns; I have nothing wonderful ~~to~~ tell about, and instead of ~~myself~~ shouting, 'Give ~~me~~ back my money—I've had enough of you,' the whole audience will rise to their feet. This is not a hall, it's ~~a~~ railway tunnel! I cannot ~~see~~ the end of it: it's made for engines or aeroplanes," and I trembled with rage and apprehension.

"It's ~~a~~ concert hall, Madam, built for oratorios," they replied, pointing to a vast organ decorating the wall behind me.

"No doubt, drums, trumpets, or opera singers could make themselves heard, but a shrimp of ~~a~~ female standing alone here would make the gods laugh, and nothing will induce me to speak!"

"But, dear Madam, all Boston is coming to hear you."

Mr. Horton put his arm through mine, saying soothingly, "You ~~are~~ tired; let ~~me~~ go back to the hotel."

Visibly distressed, the gentlemen of the hall assured me that men of meagre voice had lectured many times, and been perfectly heard; and as I walked away I saw through the ~~tear~~ of my eyes that my angelic secretary ~~was~~ nodding to ~~them~~ them that I would keep my contract.

In the taxi I burst into tears, asking what I had done to be ■ punished ; I said that the front rows would be deafened, the centre bewildered, and the balconies indignant. Mr. Horton assured me that I had a beautiful voice, ■ interesting personality and ■ plucky nature, etc., and that I ■■■■ certainly go through with it ■ every ■■■■ had been sold.

I dressed with streaming eyes and scarlet nose, and in snow and silence we drove to the Symphony Hall. The platform and auditorium ■■■■ crowded, and, blue with fear, I walked ■■ to the front of the stage. My chairman, Mr. Arthur Hill (Corporation Counsel of the City of Boston), in introducing me spoke with the greatest ease, and I observed that every word he said ■■■■ heard ; but it ■■■■ obvious from the perfection of his speech that he had addressed ■ thousand audiences before, and this ■■■■ only my second public appearance.

I stood up with my knees knocking together as I looked at the ■■■■ of expectant faces below me.

Heaven forbid that I should repeat what I said, but for one hour and twenty minutes I did the best I could ; beginning with my pleasure ■ being in America, I continued with stories of my native land, and ended with an account of Windsor Castle and the Disarmament Conference.

No President ■■ Prime Minister could have had a ■■■■ intelligent, friendly, courteous and responsive audience than the people of Boston. Aching from my ankles to my temples, I bowed to their repeated cheers, as, humble and happy, I retired from the stage.

Enthusiastic hearers pressed into the green-room, where I had sunk into a chair as immovable as the mangle. Mr. Horton, who was among the people on the sky line, assured me he had heard every syllable. Eager reporters began to ask what I thought of Boston, but, dumb and exhausted, I bundled into my cloak. Crowds of men and women were waiting in the street, and as I motored away I gathered I had been a success.

The next day Lieutenant-Governor Mr. Alvin Fuller and his wife—who was among those who had congratulated me in the green-room the night before—gave us lunch and took us in their motor to the two great Boston sights: the Public Library and the Fine Arts Museum.

The Library is a magnificent building, founded in 1852, containing over two million volumes, half of which are lent out for daily use at home. The architects of the building were McKim, Mead, and White of New York, but most of the design was the work of Charles Follen McKim. The mural decorations were painted by Puvis de Chavannes, Edwin Austin Abbey, and John Singer Sargent. As my time was limited, I concentrated on the works of my friend Mr. Sargent.

It would be as impossible as it would be pretentious to attempt to describe the beauty of the Sargent Hall. It represents thirty years of thought and labour, and has a majesty of design, glory of drawing, and originality of conception unequalled by anything in Europe.

We went on from the Library to the Museum, where the decorations of the dome of the rotunda,

to say nothing of the exterior of the buildings, are magnificent. Here Mr. John Sargent has surpassed himself.

I have heard critics, for want of something better ■ say, express the opinion that he ■ a finer painter than artist. If they have any doubt upon the subject, let them go to Boston, and, if teachable, they will learn there that Sargent is not only ■ ■■■ artist, but ■ poet and ■ architect.

Before leaving Boston City, I received ■ call from Mrs. Bancroft, ■■■ old lady of eighty, with whom I made friends. She ■■■ extremely clever, and when she said I had both grace and genius I thought her ■ excellent judge! She told me I looked tired, and when we said good-bye, she gave me ■ bunch of wonderful flowers.

We motored from Boston to Worcester in the Fullers' car, and dined with Mr. and Mrs. Charles M. Thayer, and, after an excellent dinner in good company, I delivered ■ lecture in the private house of Mr. and Mrs. Washburn, at which there ■■■ ■■■ reporters. Having implored my fellow guests ■ dinner to interrupt ■■ in the drawing-room—as I had never addressed this kind of party before—we opened a sort of debate which I thoroughly enjoyed. I doubt if any English audience, unless of old friends, would have asked such clever and amusing questions, and I knew as I answered back, by the feeling of life and laughter, that it had been ■ success, and went to bed without remembering the New York lady who had had enough of ■■■

CHAPTER IV

PHILADELPHIA, NEW YORK AND BROOKLYN

Dr. Parkes's Sermon—The Philadelphian audience—Mrs. Vanderbilt's ball—Mr. Balfour—Three Lectures.

On Sunday, the fifteenth of February, Mr. and Mrs. Harry White took me to St. Bartholomew's, a modern church of great beauty. Dr. Parkes, ■■■■ of authority and eloquence, preached from the fourth chapter of Galatians, verse six :

" And because ye ■■■■ sons, God has sent forth the Spirit of His Son into your hearts."

I did not need to be a Scotswoman to listen to the sermon that he preached. He said that we were fellow students graduating for ■■■■ great University, joined in the Sonship of Christ, and that ■■■■ should cultivate a spiritual fellowship with man, since the highest personality could ■■■■ develop by itself.

I went back to the hotel profoundly impressed by what I had heard, and not in the humour to be interviewed by ■■■■ Philadelphian reporter who was waiting to ■■■■ me ; but I found Mr. V. Hostetter both understanding and intelligent.

The next day I ■■■■ ■■■■ Philadelphia. The unresponsiveness of my large audience ■■■■ ■■■■ than made up for by the kindness of my chairman,

Mr. George Gibbs, the hospitality of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Ridgeway, and the friendliness of the reporters. I doubt if my English ■ understood, in spite of being informed that I could be heard plainly from the gallery, and except ■ my first lecture—when I could not stand—I have had ■ difficulty in making myself heard.

On my return, after dining in bed, I joined my daughter ■ a *bal poudré* given by Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt, a clever New York hostess who thinks nothing of entertaining ■ hundred and fifty people to lunch, tea ■ dinner.

One of the noticeable differences between fashion in England and America is that what might appear to the uninitiated ■ an almost exaggerated display of hospitality, is ■ chic here as it might be thought overdone in London. American hostesses are also very particular as to precedence: who sits next ■ whom; or goes in first, second or third. I must confess to being remiss in these ways, and when ■ American lady at one of these dinners asked me if I minded my daughter, Elizabeth Bibesco, going in ■ out—I forget which it was—in front of me, I imagined she ■ joking. I disconcerted a reporter when he asked ■ if I knew ■ of the British aristocracy, by saying that alas! I did not, but that my maid did.

Nothing could have been prettier than the Vanderbilt ball. I look forward to seeing the house of my kind hosts under more normal conditions, but I could ■ ■ a glance that it is not only full of rare and valuable objects, but ■ really striking. The reception rooms, concert hall, and ballrooms were

crowded with fashion and beauty. I gazed about ■ see if I could find anyone I knew. My eye fell upon my daughter Elizabeth, who in her black velvet Aubrey Beardsley dress was among the prettiest women in the ■■■■

After trying unsuccessfully to detain my beloved friend, Colonel House—who hates parties—I caught sight of Mr. Balfour looking young and happy. In spite of the admiring throng by whom he ■■■■ surrounded, I skirmished through, and, taking him by the arm, engaged him in private conversation. Being incapable of flattery I told him with what extraordinary ability he had represented Great Britain ■ the Washington Conference ; how glad ■ all were that he had been selected ; and how enchanted I was to ■ him. With the dazzling charm that ■■■■ deserts him, he asked me searching questions as to how my lectures were progressing, and implored me not to tire myself.

I answered that I ■■■■ always overtired, but said with truth that neither he ■■■■ I would ever grow old.

No ■■■■ ■■■■ say that Mr. Balfour does not care for power and politics, but ■ certain detachment has prevented him from growing old, and by what ■■■■ I cannot discover, he never appears to be bored in society ; it is this, I think, that keeps him young.

I know something about youth, ■ the Tennants are a ■■■■ apart ; not because ■■■■ specially clever, learned, famous, ■ amusing, but because we have ■ age. I have been told by gipsies, palmists, phrenologists, and other swindlers many senseless



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and incompatible things, but upon ~~some~~ ~~the~~ ~~times~~ they all agreed. They said I would always be young enough ~~to~~ make love and inspire it, and that I ~~was~~ unmercenary and of ~~a~~ kindly disposition.

In these ways I resemble my father. Sleepless, irritable, impatient, and interested, he could skip and dance ~~in~~ the age of sixty better than most young men in their 'teens, and his last beautiful daughter ~~was~~ born when he ~~was~~ eighty. This is not entirely physical: it comes, ~~in~~ doubt, from vitality; but it is also a mixture of moral and intellectual temperament, and above all things from the power to admire, without which, Wordsworth says, we cannot live.

After talking to Mr. Balfour, my host, Mr. Vanderbilt—a ~~man~~ of character, who cares little for entertainments—showed me his bedroom and his library.

The morning after the ball I contracted ~~a~~ chill which filled me with despair. Having ~~a~~ lecture that afternoon (my fifth in America and second in New York), it ~~was~~ vital to ~~remove~~ the unfortunate impression that sitting down and reading about horses had created upon my first appearance. Unless my secretary cuts out and pins upon my letters Press criticisms of myself, I do not look ~~at~~ them, and I had hardly been ~~aware~~ of the severity with which I had been taken to task the day after my first lecture. People ~~are~~ too strong and busy in New York City to notice if you ~~are~~ ill ~~or~~ not; they have paid their dollars and ~~are~~ not likely ~~to~~ listen to what bores them; they wanted a little local gossip about my husband, Mr. Lloyd George, or Princess Mary's trousseau. I did ~~not~~ mind the abuse as ~~I~~ am Press-proof, but

I did not want to disappoint my manager, Mr. Lee Keedick, a competent, [redacted] man, quite unmercenary, and interested in his client's success, as much from [redacted] artistic [redacted] a business point of view; [redacted] my [redacted] tary, Mr. Horton, with whom I have contracted [redacted] lasting friendship.

Knowing that I had to speak not only that afternoon, but the [redacted] night [redacted] Brooklyn, I reassured them by saying that in spite of my chill I [redacted] going to stand, walk about and [redacted] the audience by stories of Gladstone, Tennyson, Kitchener, politics, duels and drink. I did not add that I [redacted] so [redacted] that I would have to hold my head up high, as, if I dropped it, I would certainly collapse.

My dear friend, Mr. Paul Cravath, in introducing me, made an admirable speech and [redacted] more than helpful and encouraging.

I wish I could remember and write down what my chairmen say of [redacted] [redacted] of my husband, but I am far too anxious to listen, and a cannon going off would not prevent [redacted] from struggling to remember my speech, in spite of knowing that "Ladies and Gentlemen" will be as far as my memory will take [redacted].

When I stood up, after bowing with challenging languor, I spoke in a slow and deliberate [redacted] which seemed as if it came from another person. I [redacted] looked at my notes until the end of the lecture, and after I sat down the audience were enthusiastic. My son-in-law, Prince Bibesco, a man of acute and artistic observation, congratulated [redacted] warmly, and speechless with exhaustion I went to bed.

The ~~next~~ morning my Chairman ~~said~~ me the following review out of *The World*—

“IT SEEMS TO ME

“By Heywood Broun

“The platform ~~lecture~~ of Margot Asquith fills ~~me~~ with envy. We wish we could talk ~~as~~ she does, casually leaning against ~~a~~ table. We ~~must~~ confess to a limitless admiration for her technique. No visiting English author in many ~~years~~ has seemed ~~so~~ ~~at~~ ~~entirely~~ at home ~~as~~ ~~did~~ Mrs. Asquith yesterday afternoon on the stage of the New Amsterdam Theatre. Her utterance is crisp and clear, she is never under the necessity of digging in her heels and shouting. As her point approaches she swings into it, facing the audience square and standing straight. We admired her versatility of delivery. There ought to be many clients eager to be tutored by Mrs. Asquith in the art of public speaking.”

If I could have ~~seen~~ Mr. Broun that day, my gratitude might have made me feel well; but I had ~~a~~ temperature, and my daughter having contracted influenza, ~~we~~ ~~were~~ kept in bed and a trained ~~nurse~~ was ~~sent~~ to ~~me~~ by Dr. Eglee.

On the eighth I spoke in Brooklyn, where, wrapped up in blankets, I was accompanied in the motor by my doctor. I remained in bed until the twelfth, when I made my last appearance in New York. By then I had become quite fashionable, and largely thanks to Mr. Heywood Broun, I received ~~over~~ eighty letters a day, flowers, music, books, and poems.

My daughter Elizabeth's ~~illness~~ took away all my joy, and had it not been for her husband and my cousin, Nan Tennant, illness and exhaustion would have tempted ~~me~~ to break my contract.

CHAPTER V

WASHINGTON AND THE ■■■■■ ■■■■■

*Arrival at Washington—Interview with President Harding—
Ex-President Wilson—M. Jusserand.*

I arrived alone at Washington on the thirteenth and spoke the same afternoon.

A Washington audience does not deafen you with applause, but Mr. Thomas Hard, my chairman, ■■■■ so appreciative that he seemed to set the fashion to laugh and cheer and all went well.

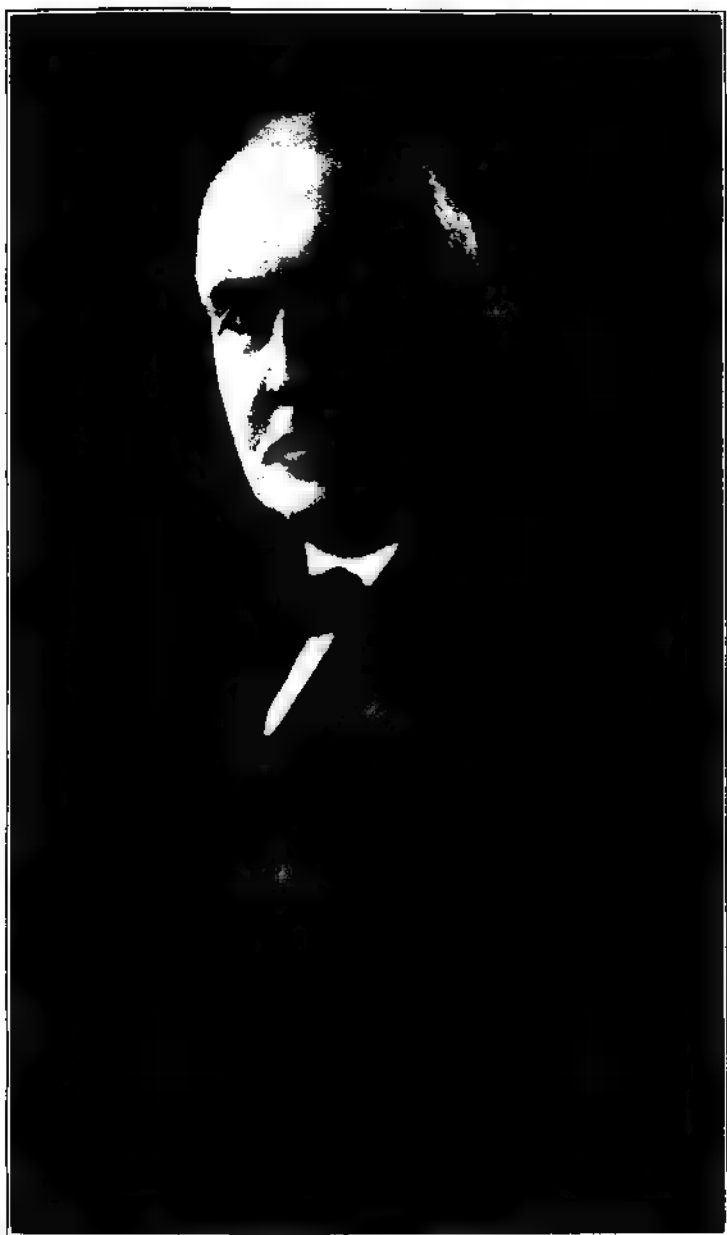
On the following morning, I went by appointment at 10.30 to see President Harding. After driving to several wrong doors at the White House, I ■■■■ shown into an ante-room full of Pressmen talking and smoking round ■■■■ open fire. The President's secretary ■■■■ extremely courteous, and I ■■■■ not kept waiting. Ushered into Mr. Harding's fine circular room, I shook hands and ■■■■ down. A large black-and-tan Airedale terrier sniffed round my skirts, and ■■■■ ordered to sit in a chair by his master. President Harding has a large, bold head with well-cut features and ■■■■ honest, fearless address. He is tall, perfectly simple, and extraordinarily easy and pleasant to talk to. He told ■■■■ he also had lectured, and gave ■■■■ ■■■■

account of how lecturing had first started in America. There was a sort of club or society which began round Lake Chautauqua and spread all over the country. It was the only way that either pleasure or information could reach distant and dreary little towns inhabited by thousands of men and women, who had neither the fortune nor opportunity to meet famous people. While he was telling me this I looked at the big writing table in front of him. I noticed a faded photograph of an extremely pretty, refined, middle-aged woman, and a framed engraving of George Washington; on the top of a bookcase I observed an interesting print of Abraham Lincoln. A fire in an open grate, and large windows looking out upon a garden with trees, completed the room.

Our talk was interrupted by a secretary asking the President to speak on the telephone, and he left me after a courteous apology.

On his return, he found me looking at the photograph on his table, and informed me that it was his mother. We spoke of Arthur Balfour and I told him how pleased my husband and all of us in England were that he had been able to go to Washington; that his quick mind, fine intellectual manners, and lack of insularity gave him an unrivalled understanding. The President responded with genuine warmth.

"I am very glad," he said, "that he attended the Conference. As you are aware, Mrs. Asquith, he was known and liked here before the Conference, and I can only say that he has added two hundred per cent. to his former popularity by the patience, tact, straightforwardness and ability he showed throughout the proceedings."



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We spoke of the Genoa Conference. I said that frankly I was tired of Government by Conference : that, starting from the fatal Peace of Versailles, to the futile Peace at Cannes, they had been a source of mischief, misunderstanding, and recrimination ; and that the only Peace which the truth had been faced, discussed and spread, was his own Peace at Washington.

After he had signed and given me a facsimile copy of the Message which he had delivered at the close of the Washington Conference, we parted.

I went to the Rock Creek Cemetery with my cousin Nan Tennant, to see the Adams tomb by St. Gaudens. It is a great work, and clutches at your heart. I sat for some time on the circular marble seat and looked at the beautiful bronze statue. It reminded me of the lines in Richard the Second :

“ Oh ! but they say the tongues of dying
Enforce attention, like deep harmony.”

Although the hooded and austere figure takes you far away from all that moves, and is an emblem of Death, the deep and pitying eyes speak to those who will listen, both of Love and of Hope. I thought as I looked at it, what a transfiguring effect a statue like that might have, could it be removed to Paris or Berlin.

In the afternoon, I visited ex-President Wilson. His wife greeted me with kindness and affection, and immediately showed me into the library where her husband was sitting erect upon a chair among the bookshelves. His eye was bright, his mind clear, and was one looking at his distinguished face could have imagined that he was ill. I could not conceal my

emotion when I told him how often ■ had thought of him. He seemed hopeful about himself, and said he had still much ■ do, as there ■■ stern fight in front of him. He asked me if I did not think things were looking better for my husband and " your great Party " ; adding how closely, and with what hope he and others ■■ watching the present political situation in England. I told him that he had had the ■■ fine Idea, and that ■ the world ■■ fumbling to follow in its track ; adding that the League of Nations ■■ applauded upon every Liberal platform. He made me promise to go and see him on my return to Washington, and after ■ short conversation about nothing in particular, the fear of tiring him made me get up and say good-bye.

I went on to the French Embassy where I spent an hour with my old friend Monsieur Jusserand. I found him very unhappy ; and when he discussed with frankness and without exaggeration the feelings that were animating Paris, I thought he made out an excellent ■■ for what appears for the moment to be a lack of ■■■ in his compatriots. He showed ■■ what Lord Lee had said in December ■■ Naval Limitation at Washington, where he misquoted from Captain Castex's French articles ■■ submarine warfare, actually omitting the context : " ainsi raisonnent les Allemands," which surprised ■■ very much.

I said I was quite ■■ that there had been ■■■ mistake, and that ■■ Admiralty would instantly offer a public apology if the affair would be brought ■ their notice ; he said that ■■ January the seventh the Quai d'Orsay had expostulated, but that nothing further had passed. That in the ■■ article of

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which Lord Lee had reversed the meaning, Captain Castex had made pointed allusion : “ au rôle de salubrité politique, sauvant la liberté du monde joué par la Grande Bretagne pendant la guerre.”

I told him that ■■ ■■ too far away to know what was happening, and that it ■■ ■■ than possible that Lord Lee had already apologized ; that it ■■ ■■ deplorable blunder, as the desire of the French to increase their submarines was understood by the average Englishman to be ■■ menace against Great Britain, ■■ presumably his country would ■■■■ fight Germany on the sea.

He said that every nation would have to maintain for itself some reserve of Force since they had agreed to a large diminution of their Armies. I begged him to be patient, and to remember that the 1918 Election—so painfully encouraging to the natural desire ■■ the part of the French to pursue a policy of revenge—was not a true reflection of British public opinion ; that perhaps we were lacking in imagination, but ■■ would never acquiesce in crushing a defeated foe, ■■ trying to keep him down for ever. That since ■■ one could get rid of the German race—and France had to remain their neighbour—it appeared to be more sensible to try and discourage Hate which was unproductive ; that there ■■ little choice, unless their intention ■■ to prepare resolutely and steadily for another war. He disclaimed all idea of revenge, pointing out that we were ■■ island without frontiers, and that within the recollection of ■■ generation their industrious and arrogant neighbour had not only killed their people, but laid waste their territory, and added that he and his compatriots did not feel

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their moral and financial sufferings had been treated with either sufficient sympathy or justice.

He argued extremely well, and I felt as I left him that we ought to do everything possible to remove the suspicions and heal the wounds of a country on whose side we have fought and died.

I dined that night in a company of fifty at the British Embassy and had much talk with the Ambassador, Sir Auckland Geddes.

CHAPTER VI

DETROIT ■■■■ ■■■■■■

*Guest of ■■■ Women's City Club—Countess Minotto, ■ great beauty—
The Military Hospital.*

The next morning, ■■■ left Washington for Detroit where I met with ■■■■ welcome and lectured with success. I ■■■■ entertained by the Women's City Club, at whose original invitation I had gone to Detroit. They ■■■■ interesting women who all had some work of their ■■■■ to do, and talked to me about serious matters with keenness and freedom. I told them, in saying good-bye, that I had been honoured by meeting them at lunch, and hoped some of them would write when they had time and tell me a little ■■■■ about their lives.

After lunch, ■■■ motored in a beautiful Hudson car—lent to us through the kindness of Mr. and Mrs. Chapin, introduced to ■■■ by my artist friend Nellie Komroff—to the great Ford works ■■ Highland Park. I regret to say I have ■■■■ understood machinery, and the deafening noise, smell of oil, and endless walking exhausted ■■■■ I was also unlucky in finding Mr. Ford away, ■■ I would much like to have met him. He is a ■■■■ who has rendered great service

■ his country, ■ he has put ■ the disposal of nearly everybody motor cars of low price and high quality.

We travelled that night to Columbus in the same ■■■ of horrible train—shaky, hot, and stopping outside before jerking into the stations. Upon our arrival, ■ stranger came up ■ ■ ■ the platform and said he hoped ■ would let him take us and our luggage to any place ■ liked ; that he had loved my book and ■ going to hear my lecture. We ■■ delighted to accept his invitation and ■■ whizzed off to the hotel. Mr. Jeffries, the owner of the motor, ■■ more than kind and enthusiastic. I tried to distinguish his handsome face in ■ ballroom where I spoke in the evening, but he was in the gallery, and I ■■ too nervous to look much about me.

Ex-Governor Campbell made ■ witty introductory speech and encouraged my listeners to ask me questions. When it was ■ over I was surrounded by various ladies and gentlemen of the audience who introduced themselves and each other to me and asked if I would eat ices and drink punch ; but I ■■ dropping with fatigue and even my handsome friend, who ■■ full of congratulations, could not prevent me from staggering off to bed.

I had received ■ wire from my Manager begging ■■ to go by the ■■■ a.m. train next morning to Chicago in time to ■■ the reporters in the evening. The prospect of this gave ■■ a sleepless night, especially as I ■■ disturbed, first ■ midnight by ■ messenger boy with ■■ album which he wished ■■ sign, and again ■■ two in the morning by the night watchman, who said I had neglected to lock my door. I used unparliamentary language, telling

him that nothing would induce ■■■ to lock my door, and after an unsuccessful attempt to settle down I turned ■■■ the light and read *If Winter Comes*.

The originality and pathos of this wonderful study reduced ■■■ to tears and, ■■■■ dead than alive, ■■■ 5.30 a.m. I told my maid I would have my bath.

The reporters at Chicago ■■■■ very civil, and I got through the interviews, interspersed with flash-lights, ■■■ well as I could. One of the young ladies, following ■■■ to the lift, said, "I wish you hadn't been ■■■ charming and polite. I would like you to have just rushed at me and pulled my hair out ■■■ that I could have got the story."

I looked at her in surprise and disgust as Mr. Horton elbowed me into the lift.

I dined that night with a very old friend of mine, Count Minotto, and ■■■ the first woman of real beauty I had seen since I came here. Countess Minotto has long white ■■■■ and a transparently pale face; her dark hair, brushed in waves off her forehead ■■■■ knotted loosely at the back of her neck, and her beautiful eyes glowed with welcome. We talked ■■■ *trois* for three hours, and before going away she took ■■■ into her night nursery. The ■■■■ woke up, but her lady told her not to move, and after looking at ■■■ handsome little boy, she glided to the side of a white cradle. Very tall, in ■■■ clinging black crêpe dress, I ■■■ struck by the beauty of her attitude, and the tenderness of her expression as, leaning across the cot, she removed the coverlet for ■■■ to see her sleeping baby.

I lectured the next night to the biggest and most intelligent audience ■■■ had faced since Boston, and

when it [redacted] people [redacted] on [redacted] the stage [redacted] congratulate [redacted] and ask for my autograph.

On the morning of the 22nd, I having asked to [redacted] the big Military Hospital, a friend of Mr. Horton's—who had been his secretary during his Foreign Office work in Paris—took us out to [redacted] the Speedway Hospital.

We had a long and adventurous drive, skidding in circles [redacted] the ice, although [redacted] went [redacted] almost funereal pace. Puffs of steam came up from my feet and seemed to emerge from a furnace. Mr. Horton insisted [redacted] stopping at a garage for fear the car would catch fire, and [redacted] chauffeur in a rough and ready [redacted] poured cans of water down the window spaces to do what he could to cool the car.

On arriving [redacted] the hospital, we were greeted by interviewers and doctors (the latter in khaki); [redacted] had taken with us Miss Allard, a lady reporter of first-rate intelligence and fine manners, and we started to walk round. The military doctor wanted, naturally enough, to show [redacted] the hospital, which I should imagine to be the largest and most perfectly-equipped in the world. This solid building extends for over half a mile, and is several stories high; but I wanted to [redacted] the patients, and loathe long passages, the smell of anæsthetics and all operating paraphernalia. With difficulty I was finally permitted to see the ill and wounded.

It is difficult to make conversation with tired men acclimatized to pain and bed, but I [redacted] glad to [redacted] and talk to them although surprised to [redacted] no visitors.

I have a feeling, which may be wrong, that the wounded [redacted] getting the attention they deserve

in this country of money and movies, but the Hospital ■■■ magnificent, and there ■ any ■■■ they ■■■ treated with efficiency and understanding.

Perhaps I ■■■ not competent to judge, but from what I have observed, the ■■■ who fought in the ■■■ —many of whom have been either permanently disabled ■ financially handicapped, ■ in danger of being forgotten, not by the Government, either in the States ■ any other part of the world, but by the private individual.

The Bonus ■■■ here, ■■■ if it passes, can ■■■ be an ■■■ for the rich and leisured not to go among the wounded either at their homes or in the hospitals. Gassed, crippled, and shell-shocked, their outlook at the best can but be forlorn, and I ■■ haunted by ■ fear that in the hustle of life—and what is erroneously called the “return to normality”—the crippled and wounded ■■ neglected. It is understandable that men in business should want to make money, but business principles should not be mainly the reflection of personal interests, and you may pay too high ■ price for making your fortune.

Except myself, I ■■■ ■ stranger in the crowded wards of this immense Hospital, and from answers ■ my questions, I do not think it is the practice among ■■■ over here to visit them.

CHAPTER VII

PITTSBURG AND SOCIETY

More reporters and journalists—The Carnegie Institute—Enthusiasm of the Pittsburg audience—I discover an American "Flapper."

After travelling all night in a train that would not be tolerated for a day in England, I was jolted into Pittsburg at 6.30 a.m. on the morning of the 23rd. Reporters and photographers waited in the sitting-room to see me after breakfast, and giddy from the journey, I put my feet upon a sofa and awaited their intelligent questions.

I spoke to three women and one man. The women asked me if I did not think they were advancing rapidly as a nation; I answered that I doubt interest in international politics was making them less provincial, and with their vitality, intelligence, and resources, their country was bound to exercise increasing political influence in the future, if it was not already doing so. I observed the male reporter demurred to this; he said that the clash of ideas and captains of industry was fighting each other all the time, that there was little or no reverence, and that the American Press pandered to the public by keeping them in ignorance of the truth. The ladies

challenged this, and, addressing him as "Bruce," asked if he thought they ■■■ not ■■■■ their great men and all that was worth while ; adding that they were a young and free nation, and, if anything, going far too fast.

Being appealed to, ■ felt obliged to say I thought they ■■■ the most genuine and hospitable of people, but that in spite of being always in a hurry I had found them slow ; ■■■ could I honestly say I thought them, in any ■■■■ of the word, ■ free nation. I ■■■ heartily supported by the solitary man, who asked the ladies where they had observed either the great men, or the reverence ; he said that materialism ■■■ sapping the soul of America, that their men of intellect were choked out, and in an aside to me in French—while the photographers ■■■ taking flash-lights—begged me to let him stay on after the ladies had departed. I assented, and when the oft-repeated enquiry as to what I thought of " flappers " came up, I listened with absent mind, and without committing myself, to a subject that, while disturbing the moral curiosity of the female questioners, bores ■■■ to such ■■■ extent that I almost scream when it is mentioned. (Americans are bore-proof.)

After the ladies had gone, Mr. Horton returned with "Bruce." He was the most interesting reporter I have met up till now.

He said he did not know what had happened to the spirit of his fellow-countrymen. Either from temporary restlessness—following the chaos of present conditions—or from ■ native and ingrained lack of reflection, jazz, hustle and headlines ■■■■ killing the soul of the American people.

"There is a perpetual antagonism between the machine, the Press, the money makers, and those who are groping in the darkness to be free. When they see the light, and know the truth, it will be too bad for them here as it is in Russia to-day, and, Mrs. Asquith," he added, "why should this be? We have plenty of ideas, and we are young and keen; why must what is fine be inarticulate? You won't believe me, but in this very hotel I heard one man say to another 'I won't read a line if it is not going to profit me in commerce.' Imagine that after these five years of anguish all over the world, such a thing could be said! I'm a poor man, never likely to arrive, but I would rather starve than say a thing like that."

"Have you read *If Winter Comes*?" I asked.

He answered that he had; and told me he had been deeply moved by it, but did I believe that such a man as Mark Sabre could ever exist; did I not think he had emanated from a sensitive and creative power, but was not a real being? I replied that it was just because Mark Sabre was so human, and made by God as well as Hutchinson, that the book was great.

"If we cared enough," I answered, "we all have it in us to develop some of Sabre's qualities, but we must be equally independent of public opinion, equally *tolerant*, and, above all, equally selfless and loving."

"You may be right, but what good, after all, will it do him?"

"Of course," I replied, "if every time we do say the right thing we expect to succeed, matters would be very simple. It is because we are always meeting

with rebuffs that life ■ so complicated. We must ■ away doing what ■ can, fundamentally humble and tolerant, and above all despising popular opinion. Believe me, you ■ not the only country exposed to the temptations you speak of. We ■ only overcome these eternal inequalities by pity and self-sacrifice, and of this we have been given an immortal Example."

He got up, shaking me firmly by the hand, said, "It ■ just ■ well that Christ ■ crucified when He was, for He would not long have survived the hate and antagonism that His ideas provoked among the conventional, the successful, and the governing classes."

In the afternoon, I was taken over the Carnegie Buildings. By the kindness of Mr. Church, I ■ rolled about in a chair, and enjoyed the most wonderful Institution of its sort that exists. Dr. Holland—who informed me that he was not only acquainted with all my literary friends in England, but with most of the crowned heads of Europe—accompanied us. Stuffed animals in huge glass ■ do not usually attract me, but at the Carnegie Institute they ■ presented with such life-like skill that I begged to be introduced to the ■ who had arranged them. He ■ brought down in a lift from his work, and after shaking him warmly by the hand, I told him how proud I ■ to meet so great ■ artist.

Dr. Holland, my chairman of that night, ■ kind enough to give ■ the rough copy of his introductory speech :

"Ladies and gentlemen, neighbours, and friends," he said, "written history has been called ■ 'tissue of

lies.' Most historians, ■■■ portrait-painters, feel it to be their duty to impart to the characters whom they are describing ■ glamour which in many ■■■ is more or less superhuman or super-diabolical ■ the ■■■ may be, and to represent circumstances as they happened in the light of the preternatural. Now and then there arises ■ writer who is gifted with the quality to ■■ things ■■ they really are, and who, to use ■ current phrase, 'calls a spade ■ spade.' In an age of pretence, it is to many more or less shocking to have such persons take up the pen, and, with frankness born of native honesty, tell the truth ■ he or she may distinctly perceive it. Society is so used to 'diplomatic courtesies' that when the truth-teller arrives society 'takes a fit,' seeing its illusions vanish. Its would-be idols which have been proclaimed as made of pure gold are found to be gilded clay, its devils not so devilish after all, and the daring act of the truth-teller is vigorously denounced by an age which calls for nothing but compliments.

"We have all read, at least I have, with great appreciation, coupled with ■■ small degree of ■■■■ ment, Mrs. Margot Asquith's Autobiography. I particularly enjoyed it because it gave her impressions of many people whom I have met and known.

"Mrs. Asquith is the wife of the great ■■■■ who ■■■ the Prime Minister of England ■ the outbreak of the World War. She is here to-day in ■ city which bears the name of that Prime Minister of England who held the helm of State during the Napoleonic wars.

"I have the honour of presenting Mrs. Margot Asquith, wife of the Right Honourable Herbert Henry

Asquith. She is ■■■ of the ■■■ famous ■■■ of England."

Hampered by the knowledge that we ■■■ to catch the night train to Rochester, and inexperienced in timing what I have to say, I found when I ■■■ down that I had cut my lecture short by half an hour. To make up for this, and encouraged by people in the front ■■■ reaching up to shake my hand, I invited them to ■■■ on to the platform. They trooped up in large numbers, and I held an informal reception which met with unexpected ■■■.

We drove in silence to the station. I had ■ conviction, which my secretary did not attempt to contradict, that I had been a failure. Mr. Horton said he feared the ■■■ of my curtailed lecture might reach the influential Press and prejudice those who might want to hear me in the towns in which I was booked to speak. Knowing in my heart that I had on every occasion received more praise than I deserved, and being of a temperament that is not knocked out by failure, I tried to cheer him up while the nigger ■■■ arranging my bed, but without the smallest success.

The trains, both in the States and the Dominion, have every fault; those in Canada being ■■■ ■■■ than those in the United States. If you travel by day, you ■■■ ■■■ of twenty-four men, women, and children who sit ■■■ hard revolving chairs eyeing ■■■ another. You cannot stretch your limbs, or smoke a cigarette, and while your ears ■■■ deafened by shrieking babies, your legs ■■■ scorched by boiling pipes. If you ■■■ rich enough, you may get a "Drawing-room," but they do not have them on every train. When you travel by night, ■■■ and women ■■■ on the top of one

another, buttoned behind an avenue of green cotton curtains. You cannot get your hot water bottles filled, ■ have ■ in the morning. While staggering to your private berth between the leaps of the locomotive you are lucky if you do not fall over the protruding feet of your fellow-travellers, or find yourself sitting on the face of ■ sleeping lady lying *perdue* behind the hangings. Privacy is unknown, and though I have travelled for thousands of miles I have not yet met the train that, unless you have the balance of ■ ballet girl, will not give you concussion of the spine or brain.

After a sleepless night, we arrived ■ Rochester, where I seized the morning papers. Thanks to a charming reporter, Mr. C. M. Vining, who had come a long way to hear me speak ■ Pittsburg, my lecture had an excellent review.

My stay ■ so short at Rochester—where I lectured under the auspices of the Press Club—that I had no time to form any impressions of the place, but the people ■ all very good to me.

On the 26th ■ met Mr. Horton's mother at Buffalo, a refined, charming old lady, who travelled in the train to Toronto with us.

Meeting Mr. Vining in the passage, I thought if I brought him into our drawing-room it would give my secretary ■ opportunity of speaking to his mother, and invited him to join us. We had ■ excellent talk, and I told him that, for the first time in my life, I had ■ a "flapper." While waiting in the sunny street outside Buffalo station, I had seen two young, short-skirted, giggling girls, walking with their admirers who ■ armed with Kodaks.

One of the young ■■■■ threw a girl ■■■■ his shoulder, and she stretched out her legs while the other photographed her. I added that, while praying that I would ■■■■ again be interviewed upon the subject, I would be in ■ better position to ■■■■ my ardent questioners in the future.

CHAPTER VIII

TORONTO ■■■ MONTREAL

*Some good stories—Toronto pleased—I kiss ■■ old charwoman—
Mrs. Haytor Reed and Mrs. Lawford.*

That evening we arrived at Toronto, and I lectured ■■ the 29th. My chairman, the Reverend Byron Stauffer, made ■ wonderful speech, and I was listened to by an attentive and intelligent audience.

I find Prohibition a fruitful topic of discussion.

For the information of anyone who may think, as I did, that drink has decreased, and that in consequence everyone over here is wise, sober and happy, I ■■ only say the reverse is the truth.

I cannot write of the poorer classes—on whom, in any case, the law is hard—but among the rich I do not suppose there ■■ ever so much alcohol concealed and enjoyed ■■ at the present moment in America. Young ■■ and maidens, who before this exaggerated interference would have been content with the lightest of wines, think it smart to break the law every day and night of their lives. ■ related to my audience that Mr. Clemens (better known ■■ Mark Twain) had taken me in to dinner many years ago ■■ the house of ■ namesake of mine (Mrs. Charles Tennant,

whose daughter Dorothy married Stanley), and had told ~~me~~ of a great American temperance orator who, having exercised his voice too much, had asked the chairman to provide milk instead of water ~~at~~ the meeting. Turning to the Rev. Byron Stauffer, who is a great temperance preacher—of which I ~~was~~ unaware—I said, "The chairman—probably a kind ~~man~~ like my own—put rum into the milk, and when the orator, pausing in ~~one~~ of his most dramatic periods, stopped to clear his throat, he drained the glass, and putting it down, exclaimed, 'Gosh! what ~~a~~ !'"

I ~~went~~ on to tell of a lady who ~~was~~ letting her house, and, after instructing the auctioneer as to the value of her chairs, furniture and china, had left him in the dining-room where the sideboard had several bottles of wine and whisky on it. She waited for a long time, hoping he would return to show her the inventory, but ~~as~~ he did not appear she went into the dining-room where she found him drunk upon the floor. She looked ~~at~~ the paper he held in his hand and read, "To one revolving carpet."

Not wishing to repeat the mistake I had made in Pittsburg, I spoke for an hour and fifteen minutes, longer than which no ~~man~~ can be expected to endure, and as we had ~~some~~ time before catching a midnight train, I invited my audience ~~to~~ to the stage. At this the platform ~~was~~ stormed, and I ~~was~~ seized by hands and arms, showered with compliments, and ~~was~~ any time a robust figure, so crowded and crushed that I felt suffocated. My reverend chairman did his best, but ~~he~~ was not until Mr. Horton,

in a voice of thunder, begged them not to mob me as I had to catch a train, that I was allowed to move. They all rushed to the stage-door, shouting, "We think you are wonderful!" "Why can't you stay with us?" "You must come back!" "You're perfectly lovely!" etc.

We had to lock one of the doors of the green-room, but while I was given brandy, and congratulated by my chairman and his family, a very old charwoman peeped in at another entrance, saying with emotional timidity, "Excuse me, but though I am only a poor old woman who sweeps the stage, I would like to shake hands with you. The last famous person that I spoke to was Mme. Calvé, over whom we were all crazy; I may say she let me kiss her hand."

I turned and kissed the old lady on both her wrinkled cheeks, at which she blessed me and burst into tears. I felt like doing the same, but was steadied by the presence of my jolly chairman and his relations, and it was with a feeling of breathless gratitude that I heard the announcement of our car. Clinging to the arm of my secretary, I swayed through the enthusiastic crowd gathered on the pavement. They were cheering, waving handkerchiefs, and throwing up their hats. Half of the audience appeared to have waited and collected round our motor, and we had the greatest difficulty in reaching it. Knowing that this sort of thing will probably happen to me again, and with a touch of vanity that I seldom feel, I wished my husband had been there to witness my unexpected triumph.

Upon my arrival in Montreal, I met the reporters, and in the afternoon I made my speech.

I was introduced at ■■■ Majesty's Theatre by a delightful woman, ■ relative of the well-known Lady Drummond—Mrs. Huntley Drummond—and spoke to a lady-like assemblage in ■ blizzard of draughts. To quote my beloved and early friend, Mr. John Hay, "■ chill like mutton gravy," and had it not been for my chairwoman, who left the stage to bring ■■ my fur boa, I must have contracted ■ permanent catarrh which would have reduced my voice to a whisper. I ■■■ relieved—a feeling which I thought the audience shared—when my lecture ■■■ over.

His Majesty's Theatre is ■■ odious place to speak in, and whether from the fatigue of ■ night journey, or the refinement of my female listeners, I formed an unfavourable impression of the intellectual man-■■■ and vitality of Montreal. When I retired to the wings of the stage, I pointed out to Mrs. Drummond two ■■■■ in the front row whose attention and enthusiasm had made ■■ the difference to me during the lecture. One had a masculine face, with ■■ earnest and beautiful expression, and her neighbour was a lovely creature.

"Those," she said, "are Mrs. Haytor Reed and Mrs. Lawford."

Luckily for me, they ■■■■ up to the green-room, accompanied by Oswald Balfour—Military Secretary to the Governor-General—followed by ■■ old man with a huge bag of golf clubs, and several other friendly people. The old ■■■ showed ■■ ■ photograph of my father given to him ■■ the links ■■ Carnoustie, which touched ■■ deeply; and my friends in the front row, after kissing ■■ ■■ both cheeks, assured me they had been thrilled by all

that I had said, and only longed to see more of me. Lady Drummond—a woman of rare intellect—joined in this praise, and after Oswald—whose mother, Lady Frances Balfour, is the finest woman speaker in England—said that my voice-production, general manner and delivery were professional, I retired from a quelling and critical company.

My host that night ■■■ Sir Frederick Taylor, and I met Lady Drummond and Mr. Charles Hosmer in his beautiful house. He ■■■ more than kind to me, and I found that they knew ■■■ of my personal friends. When Lady Drummond said that I had ■ beautiful smile and the papers that I had a golden voice, I felt less exhausted on my journey to Ottawa!

No one who has not been on tour in America can imagine the fatigue of crowded elevators, shaky trains, and perpetual travelling.

CHAPTER IX

OTTAWA

*Ottawa audiences—The Premier, Mr. MacKenzie King—
“Sir Galahad.”*

We arrived at Ottawa on the first of March and lunched with Sir George Perley and his wife (who had befriended me upon the *Carmania*). Lady Perley is a treasure of kindness and understanding, and nothing I could ever do will repay her.

At lunch, I met Mr. Meighen and the Canadian Premier. In inviting the defeated Minister and Mr. MacKenzie King to meet each other, my hostess reminded me of the early days when, in my father's house, Mr. Gladstone, Lord Randolph Churchill, and other Cabinet Ministers of rival Parties met and discussed politics.

I am grateful to Mr. Meighen for the cordiality with which he greeted me, as the inventive Canadian Press had added impromptu reflections of their own to what I had said of him. I sat next to Mr. MacKenzie King, but as we had no opportunity of private conversation, he invited me to go to his house for supper after the lecture.

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The capital of the Dominion is a beautiful town, wonderfully situated, and in spite of being covered with snow, ■ ■ ■ alive and radiant with spangles and sunshine.

A greater contrast to the audiences of New York, Boston, Chicago, Rochester ■ ■ ■ Toronto, than the ■ ■ ■ I addressed in Ottawa could hardly be imagined, and I recognized ■ ■ ■ of the apathy and breeding which had characterized my listeners in Montreal. I ■ ■ ■ introduced to several select and fashionable people, and ■ ■ ■ gentleman gave me an inventory of our British aristocracy, most of whom he had known and stayed with. I felt like putting my arm on his shoulder and saying with sympathy, "Never mind!" but refrained. When the lecture ■ ■ ■ over, I motored to Mr. King's private apartments.

The Canadian Premier is a man after my own heart; shrewd, straight, modest and cultured. I ■ ■ ■ surprised to find how much he knew, not only of the political situation in England, but of the chief characters concerned in it. After discussing Mr. Lloyd George, Mr. Churchill, Lord Birkenhead, and Mr. Bonar Law's Canadian friend, Lord Beaverbrook, we talked of Sir Wilfrid Laurier, President Harding, and Mr. Hughes. He spoke with genuine admiration of Mr. Hughes's speech and the Washington Conference, and agreed with ■ ■ ■ in condemnation of the many futile confabulations that had preceded it.

He asked ■ ■ ■ about the Irish Free State and Labour conditions in England. As he had settled most of the Canadian strikes, he was interested in unemployment.

I told him the "land fit for heroes to live in" was a less fashionable resort than generally supposed; and that thanks to the policy of "Official Reprisals" the ground in Ireland had not been prepared in a manner to encourage either Craig or Collins to place implicit confidence in the Coalition. He told me that Reprisals had been as a shock to all thoughtful people; and, pointing to a fine Italian picture of Our Lord hanging on the wall, asked me if His life had captivated me as much as it had him.

I said that following in His steps appeared to me to be the only chance I could ever have of acquiring that purity of heart which would enable me to see God; and walked up to examine the picture.

It does not take a long sojourn in Canada to prophesy that Mr. MacKenzie King will need all his courage and independence if he is able to stand up to the hostility of his Conservative and fashionable opponents; but if he can make himself known to thinking Canadians his Administration ought to prove successful.

The next day, I was again the guest of the Premier, and met two of the two sitting members for Ottawa—Mr. Hal McGiverin; the Hon. Dr. Henri Beland (Minister of Soldiers' Civil Re-Establishment), who had been a distinguished physician in Belgium when the War broke out. He wrote *A Thousand and One Days in a Berlin Prison*, and was taken prisoner by the Germans and confined for three years. During his incarceration his wife died in Belgium, and he was not permitted to attend her deathbed or her funeral. The Hon. George Graham, Minister of Militia,

whose only ■■■ killed in the War, the Hon. Sir Lomer Gouin, Minister of Justice, and the only other lady, Mrs. G. B. Kennedy, made up our luncheon party. We had general conversation—which my stepson Raymond described ■ a series of “ugly rushes and awkward pauses”—but ■■ this occasion the method ■■■ successful, ■■■ discussed among other subjects politics and literature.

I asked my neighbour what the statue ■■■ which commanded such ■ wonderful view ■■■ the Houses of Parliament. He said it ■■■ “Sir Galahad,” and had been erected in memory of ■ deed of heroism, and had no other inscription upon it. He told me ■ young man called Henry Albert Harper ■■■ skating with a friend when he observed ■ couple in front of him disappear into the river ■ a sudden break in the ice. He sent his companion to the shore for help, and lying down, stretched out his walking-stick to see if the lady in the water, or her friend, could catch hold of it. Seeing that this was impossible ■ they neither of them could reach it, he rose to his feet and took off his coat. The other skaters implored him not to attempt to ■■■■ them as it meant certain death.

“What else ■■■ I do?” said young Harper, and plunged into the icy current. Their dead bodies ■■■ found the next morning.

Hearing that Mr. MacKenzie King had written a memoir of Harper—who had been his greatest friend—I begged him to give me ■ copy of it. He sent it to me with his autograph in it, and asked ■■ to sign his volume of my ■■■ Autobiography. I was truly sorry ■■ say good-bye ■ the Canadian Premier.

We returned the next morning to Montreal, where I found my room ■ garden of flowers given to ■ by Mrs. Reed, Mrs. Lawford, and Lady Drummond. I addressed a ballroom that night full of empty chairs and chandeliers, but ■ consoled by my flowers, and the ladies with whom I afterwards went to supper ; and hope, and think, I have made lasting friendships with Mrs. Haytor Reed and Mrs. Lawford.

Mrs. Reed told ■ that the little son of friends of hers, who had always refused to meet ■ Jew, had disconcerted them one day by saying in a reproachful voice : " But mother, you never told me Jesus Christ ■ Jew."

Seeing ■ distressed expression upon his mother's face, he added consolingly, " But it doesn't matter, since God was a Presbyterian."

Lying awake that night, I wondered what I would have felt had I married a ■ who had consented to be either Governor-General of Canada, ■ Viceroy of India. I can imagine ■ career—excepting, perhaps, that of ■ minor royalty—that I would have minded as much. Not all the great functions, personal prestige, wonderful scenery, pig-sticking in the East, or skating in the Dominion, would make up to ■ for friendships without intimacy, and grandeur without gaiety. I ■ to the conclusion that only men of ■ certain kind of vanity and ambition, ■ animated by the highest sense of public duty, could ever be found to fill these honourable positions.

CHAPTER X

JOURNALISM

American Journalism—Reflections on some Great Men—Controversy with Lord Lee—Prince Bibesco—Mr. Hughes.

We breakfasted at 5.30 a.m. the next morning and arrived at New York at ten that night, to be greeted by a room full of Pressmen. When the female reporters begin by saying to me :

"What, Mrs. Asquith, do you think, with your close acquaintance with the many trends of the working of a woman's mind, of the modern probability, etc., etc.?" I was reminded of Sir Walter Raleigh's excellent phrase, "Stumbling upward into vacuity."

One of these eager ladies, checking her more intelligent male companions, said :

"Tell me, Mrs. Asquith, is it not true that you are indifferent to the opinion of any living person, and enjoy saying smart and daring things?"

I replied :

"Indeed no! I leave that to you."

I told them about MacKenzie King—of whom they had never heard—and what Mr. Horton and I had observed in our travels of the conventionality

and interference with private affairs that obtained all over their country ; that they liked force for its own sake, and that a truthful person could say they understood the meaning of Justice and Freedom.

Trammelled as I have always been by an unfortunate combination of truthfulness and impatience, and exhausted by the journey of eighteen hours, I was afraid I had been neither genial nor informing to the reporters upon my arrival in New York, but looking at the papers next morning I found they had treated me with friendliness and courtesy.

Journalism over here is not only an obsession but a drawback that cannot be overrated. Politicians are frightened of the Press, and in the same way bull-fighting has a brutalizing effect upon Spain (of which she is unconscious), headlines of murder, rape, and rubbish excite and demoralise the American public.

I would like to make it clear that it is not the reporters but the owners of the papers that should be censured. With the exception of a few garrulous and gushing geese, who think it smart to ask pert and meaningless questions, the male reporters that I have met have not only been serious and intelligent, but men with whom I have discussed literature, politics, and religion ; but it would not pay their editors, I presume, to publish conversations of this character. On the front page of even the best newspapers, paragraph after paragraph is taken up by descriptions in poor English of devastating trivialities. Violent and ignorant young men, the " flappers "—in whom the public here seem to take an unnatural interest—might easily suppose that their best chance of success in life lay in creating a sensation. Of what

■■■ it be to ■■■■ a sensation? Who profits by it? What influence can this sort of thing have upon the morals of a great and vital nation? ■■ Christ, with His warnings against worldliness, ■■■■ to come down to-day, after giving Him ■■■■ hearing the crowd would not crucify Him—they would shoot Him ■■ sight.

You have only ■■ examine the newspaper comments upon Abraham Lincoln to see that even in those days abuse and misrepresentation ■■■■ popular. He was persecuted and vilified every day of his life; but, like my husband, he ■■■■ Press-proof.

If editors would only realise it, following public opinion instead of guiding it is ultimately dull, and makes monotonous reading.

In England, we are trying to raise our journalistic standards to the level of the United States, but, without claiming undue superiority, I do not think we shall succeed. There is enough commonsense among our people to mitigate against any such misfortune, and we have only to recall the General Election of 1905-6, when every morning paper in London, except the *Daily News*, ■■■■ against us, to realise the impotence of the Press.

Fear is ■■ unproductive ■■ it is contemptible, and until some big ■■■■ has the courage to break the power of the Press in America, progress out there will always extend beyond civilization.

I motored in evening dress for three hours ■■ a suburb of New York. I am so tired of the abominable trains that ■■ aeroplane ■■ perambulator would be a relief, and the road to Montclair ■■■■ full of interest. The sky was throbbing with carmine and gold, and

the varying lights of green and white, reflected in ■ river sentinelled on either side by high black buildings and pointed towers, left an impression on ■ of Whistler-like beauty.

We dined with excited and hospitable people, and I lectured to an enthusiastic audience. I do not know how it is with professional speakers, but with the amateur the chairman and the audience make the speech. The Reverend Swan Wiers introduced me in an address of eloquence for which I thanked him warmly.

I arrived in Providence next day to be interviewed by three young ladies. After the usual questions upon Princess Mary's underwear and the "flappers," one of them said she had come to ask me about England's greatest man. I told her we had so many that I would be grateful if she could indicate the ■ she meant.

"Will you tell ■ who your great ■ are?" she answered.

"Well," I said, "■ have Hardy, Kipling, Lord Morley, Lord Grey, Lord Buckmaster, and Mr. Balfour."

"Oh, no!" she replied, "I want to hear all about Lloyd George."

"I fear you will have to read about him yourself," I said, "and if you can wade through the daily columns of films, flappers, murders and headlines, over here, or anonymous gossip about Downing Street in my country, you may discover what you want to know."

The other ladies intervened when she retorted, "Then you refuse to tell me?" and as—the electric

light having gone out ~~in~~ over the hotel—we ~~was~~ squinting at a single candle, I thought it as well to put ~~an~~ end to their intelligent questions.

The Providence audience consisted mostly of empty chairs, but it ~~was~~ an ~~empty~~ hall, and when the lecture ~~was~~ ~~over~~ a few of the 500 listeners came up to ask ~~me~~ to sign my name in various albums and ~~some~~ slips of paper. They said, "You have given ~~me~~ such ~~a~~ wonderful lecture to-night that you must come back here." To which I replied smilingly, "Never in this world! To speak for ~~an~~ hour and fifteen minutes to people who never clap is like hitting one's head against ~~a~~ wall." At which one of the ladies said, "You are quite right, Mrs. Asquith, there is great apathy and lack of manners in Providence."

"Why should you clap," I said, "if you are not interested?" At this they ~~all~~ protested. "We were afraid of missing ~~a~~ word of what we were enjoying," said one charming woman, to which I replied, "I would have stood ~~me~~ still as a statue if one of you had thought of cheering me!"

We took the midnight train to New York, where we arrived at six the next morning, and I felt that I ~~was~~ returning home.

On March 8th, the *New York Times* published on its front page :

"LORD LEE DEFENDS AMERICAN YOUNG WOMEN !

" Mrs. Asquith's charges cruel, ludicrous,
and untrue !

"Speaking ~~at~~ the English-Speaking Union luncheon, Lord Lee said the ~~charges~~ attributed to the famous

countrywoman of his now in the United States ■■■■ cruel ■■ it ■■■■ ludicrous and untrue. He added that he could testify from thirty years of personal observation in America, and from reliable information from various quarters; and that he was speaking seriously."

Lord Lee has only got to travel ■■■■ here for ten days to change his opinion. I, also, ■■■■ speaking seriously, and am strongly in favour of temperance. Liquor control has been, among many other reforms, the political ambition of my husband ever since he became ■ Cabinet Minister; but, ■■ what is called "the Trade" has the votes and blessing of the Conservative Party in England, all our Bills to control it were frustrated by the House of Lords.

We drink less than our forbears, not because we are ■■■■ moral, but for reasons of health. Our people are fond of sport; and you neither shoot nor ride ■■ straight if you indulge in champagne, port, liqueurs, brandies, and other drinks overnight.

The first question I ■■■■ asked when I landed upon American soil ■■■■ whether ■ approved of Prohibition. I said I thought it ■■■■ a fine idea and an example that would ultimately be followed by the whole world; I presumed that light wines and beer would in time modify this somewhat exaggerated ■■■■; but ■■ most of the ■■■■ convicted of crimes of violence had been proved to be under the influence of liquor, the prisons and asylums would gradually be emptied. I added that many of the famous, as well as young ■■■■ of promise, and ■■■■ of the best servants I had known in my life had been ruined by drink, and that it was a subject upon which I felt deeply.

I could see ■ once that what I said ■ unpopular, but I repeated the same opinion in all my early lectures, adding that gout, rheumatism, arthritis, and other ■ diseases have been, if not contracted, certainly assisted by alcoholic poisoning inherited from generations of men who drank too much, and I ■ a convinced anti-drunkard, but ■ very short visit over here has convinced me that Prohibition, ■ ■ *present administered*, is both "ludicrous and cruel." The well-to-do ■ get the drinks they want, and young men and women, ■ well ■ adults, share with their friends and admirers all the pleasures that go with defying the law. I have no doubt from what I have been told that the power of the Saloon League Lobby had to be smashed, and that the ■ who accomplished it deserve the highest praise; but ■ anyone truly say the Prohibition law is kept? Are Mr. Volstead or Mr. Pussy-foot Johnson satisfied with the present condition of things in their country?

There is a text in St. John, "The truth shall make you free."

There is no lack of truth over here, but there is a complete lack of freedom, and I think the Press—which is kept informed of what is going on—might do much ■ than it does upon this subject.

On the 10th my daughter Elizabeth took ■ to ■ fashionable Charity Fête in a large New York ball-room, where I heard my son-in-law speak for the first time. I envied him his self-possession; for, though I ■ told that my demeanour does not betray me, I ■ so nervous before the so-called "lectures" ■

that I ■■■ nothing ; and so exhausted after, that the mildest meal gives ■■■ indigestion.

Having suffered from audiences that, while ■■■ than appreciative, seldom clap, Mrs. Frank Polk and I ■■■ determined that Antoine Bibesco should not experience the ■■■ embarrassment. Our friendly intentions ■■■ frustrated, however, ■■ everything he said ■■■ received with enthusiasm. His handsome face and fine manners, and the popularity of his wife (though it is not usual to praise one's daughter), have made them much loved in this hospitable country.

On leaving the entertainment I ■■■ waylaid by a female reporter.

"Is it not true that but for His Highness Prince Bibesco you would ■■■ have published your diaries, Mrs. Asquith ?" she asked.

To which I replied :

"I have not published my diaries. I have written the first volume of my Autobiography, encouraged by ■■■ of my friends—but ■■ one has criticized my literary efforts with more perspicacity and insight than my son-in-law."

The gallantry of Mr. Nelson Cromwell and the presence of mind of Mrs. Frank Polk rescued ■■ from further conversation.

Mr. Clarence Mackay invited ■■ to a concert in his beautiful house after dinner, where I met some of the American men that I ■■ most devoted to—Mr. Polk, ■■■ ex-Ambassador Mr. Davis, and Colonel House. I sat next to the latter with whom I had ■ good talk, and, what with hearing Kreisler—the great-■■ living violinist—and being in ■ position to observe

the glowing enthusiasm of Elizabeth, and the melancholy expression of her husband, I ■■■■ consoled for the midnight journey which ■■■■ took to Washington when the party ■■■■ over.

My love for my grand-baby, the titter of talk, the tissue paper of unpacking outside my door, and the "miaowing" of "Minnie" the cat, prevented me from resting upon my arrival in the morning, and when I went to the Senate after lunch I could hardly keep awake. The Four-Power Treaty ■■■■ being discussed, but the debate ■■■■ languid, and ■■■■ seats ■■■■ unoccupied than Senators speaking.

Except for ■ Tribune, the Senate reminds me of the "Chambre" in Paris. Everyone walks about, and you cannot be sure that any of the Senators will speak from the ■■■■ that they occupied the day before, which makes it rather confusing to ■ stranger.

At 4.30 I went to see Mr. Hughes in the Department of State. He is remarkably handsome, and has not only a striking intelligence, but charming ■■■■. We said nothing worth recording. I told him what, alas! he must have heard ■ thousand times: the profound impression that his opening speech on Disarmament ■ the Washington Conference had created in my country, if not all over the world; and what perhaps he did not know so well, that there never ■■ closer feeling than that which exists between England and America to-day.

When I say this with all the eloquence I ■■■■ command ■ every lecture, though it is always cheered, it is seldom reported, and ■ read in one of the papers, "What Mrs. Margot Asquith said about the hand-



PHISCILLA. DAUGHTER OF PRINCESS ANTOINE BIBESCO

clasp of Great Britain and the United States is doubtful if not conventional."

I am glad to be called unconventional, but what I say is ■■■ doubtful ; it is true.

I see that in ■■■ of Byron's recently-published letters, he writes to Lady Melbourne :

" I wish that —— would not speak his speech at the Durham meeting above ■■■ a week after its first delivery.

" Ever yours most nepotically,

" B."

But in spite of Byron's wise warning I repeat the same thing in every lecture, because I feel passionately that it is not only important that the English-speaking nations should stand side by side, but vital to the Peace of Europe.

CHAPTER XI

BALTIMORE, SYRACUSE AND MINNEAPOLIS

Baltimore—Syracuse, a University City—Two unknown correspondents—Niagara and its disfigurements—A Cincinnati tribute.

On March 13th my daughter and her husband motored me to Baltimore, where, after speaking to a responsive audience, I took the midnight train to Utica, and went from there to Syracuse. This is a university city of culture and beauty, and I wished I had had time to see more of it.

I was introduced to my audience by Dean Richards, a lady of ability and high standing in the college, and several people came up and spoke to me behind the scenes when the lecture was over.

I have received many remarkable letters and invitations in every city I have visited, not only to lunch and dine, but even to stay in private houses. Had I but realized the great distances over here when I left England, I would have started earlier and made a longer tour; but I am going home for my son's Easter holidays and have therefore been obliged to refuse much hospitality. In case anyone reads these Impressions, I would like them to know how deeply

this spontaneous generosity has touched me. I will quote a letter which ■■■ put into my hands at Syracuse :

March 13th, 1922.

" MRS. ASQUITH,

" Dear Madam,

" When ■ person has bestowed upon another a gift—such ■ ' The Diary of Margot Asquith '—ought not the favoured one to give ■ expression of appreciation to the donor ? I think so. And this conviction must be the excuse for my making so bold as to address you, Mrs. Asquith, to thank you for giving us—who live in so different a world to that of yours—a glimpse of your spirit, ■ colorful, so vivid, ■ noble. And the charm of it is that this color, vividness, verve, and charm is not carried consciously and heavily—but is borne lightly, charmingly, like ■ ornament—a jewel.

" I am not young, ■ given to raptures ; I am older than you, and I am only thanking you for the radiance your writings have thrown upon my life ; and when to-morrow night I ■ and hear you ■ the Opera House in Syracuse, you may perhaps ■ to know that ■ among many happy people is enjoying ■ completeness she had not dreamed would come to her.

" With all good wishes to Mrs. Asquith here ■ ■ shores, and beyond the seas, I am,

" Sincerely yours,

" E. A. S——."

There have been other letters I would like ■ quote, but for fear of boring my readers I will end with the following, written from Chicago :

“ To MARGOT ASQUITH,

“ I read your volume ■ year ago and ■ once decided, if it ■ a girl, I would call her ‘ Margot.’

“ Tuesday night at Orchestra Hall I heard and ■ you. Your enthusiasm, your zest for life, the airy grace of your movements and the charm of your smile will live in my memory always.

“ Here's hoping that some of the wealth of your qualities will go with the ■ ‘ Margot ’ to my little one.

“ May you live long, Margot Asquith, is the wish of

“ M. M. F——”

On the 16th we arrived at Buffalo where, after seeing the usual army of photographers and reporters, we motored twenty-five miles out to Niagara.

I had always imagined the drive to the Falls would have been long, slow, dangerous, and steep ; that this amazing spectacle must be situated in a wild and lonely place, with possibly ■ romantic Hotel encircled by balconies for the convenience of tourists who had travelled from great distances to see it ; whereas ■ ■ approached by a straight, flat, and crowded road, with tramcars pursuing their steady ■ the whole way from Buffalo City. The Niagara Falls, ■ far from being in ■ lonely spot, ■ surrounded by gasometers, steel factories, and chimneys-pots. Of their beauty and magnificence it would

be as ridiculous ■ it would be presumptuous for me to write, but when my maid said she had expected them ■ be more "outlandish," I did not contradict her.

Mr. Horton's brother told ■ of ■ Irishman who, on being asked to express his opinion, answered, "I don't ■ what is to prevent the water from going over," but I felt almost too depressed to laugh.

You might have supposed that the whole neighbouring population would have risen like ■ army to protest against ■ hideous city of smoke and steel being erected around the glorious Falls of Niagara, and it ■ characteristic of the population of Buffalo that ■ chauffeur did not pull up ■ the Falls, but, upon our stopping him, said he had presumed we wanted to go to the power station.

If I ever return to America, I shall not be surprised if ■ line of "safe-sailing steamships" has been engineered to go down the Niagara Falls.

I do not think that in Scotland either the country of Scott, ■ the Ettrick Shepherd, ■ the passes of Killiecrankie or Glencoe, will ever be deformed for commercial purposes.

As ■ complete outsider with ■ short and hurried experience of the United States, this has struck me ■ than anything else. Beauty, which is ■ obvious in the architecture, and other things, ■ be under-estimated, and where Nature should dominate, I have been shocked ■ every road that I have travelled by the huge billboards, and advertisements of the most flamboyant kind, which irritate the eye and distort the vision of what otherwise would be unforgettable and inspiring. It is much

the same everywhere. In Chicago the Michigan Boulevard, with the lovely lake ■ on one side, and grand buildings ■ the other, running ■ width for ■ long distance, is ■ of the finest broadways in the world; but it is spoilt by a vulgar erection ■ the end, advertising something ■ other against the sky, in electric bulbs of rapid and changing colours.

I found the people I met ■ chiefly interested in the following report of "Indignation Meetings" :

"Blame Girls for 'Snugglepuppeting' and 'Petting Parties' in Chicago." "Male Flappers' Parents Hold Indignation Meeting." "Boys who don't follow Fair Companions' pace called 'Sissies, Poor Boobs and Flat Tires.'"

I have only seen two hoardings that have really interested me. One was, "A Good Name." The other, "Wanted, ■ Rare Man: aggressive yet industrious, fighting, yet tactful and dignified. He must have a good education, and an appearance which will give him an *entrée* into the best homes."

I would much like to be presented to any of the men who will ■ these advertisements, though I have no doubt they ■ tumbling over ■ another.

From Buffalo ■ we went on to Cincinnati, where I read in ■ of the newspapers :

"MARGOT

"Margot Asquith, wife of the former Prime Minister of England, is in Cincinnati.

"Men who like to believe that they know more than their wives would not be happy with ■ like

Margot for wife. She knows **more** than most men, and there is scarcely anything she cannot or will **not** talk about.

■ She wrote ■ book that is ■■ encyclopædia of the inside history of British politics and history of her time.

“ There aren’t many like Margot. Husbands who, long after the honeymoon, like to be entertained will envy Asquith his Margot. It must be pleasant to have a Margot in the house.”

I expect the writer **was** pulling my leg—to **use** a slang expression—or possibly pitying my husband; but it amused me.

CHAPTER XII

ST. LOUIS

St. Louis—The Ladies' Club—The Mayor.

We were met at St. Louis station by a vast crowd of photographers, reporters—male and female—headed by the Mayor, a grand fellow called Henry W. Kiel. He motored me to the Hotel Statler, where my room was full of roses, and in spite of an iron bed, we were more than comfortable. I am like stuff that is guaranteed not to wash, so I sat down once to talk to the reporters, among whom I observed one man of supreme intelligence. Caustic and bitter, he interrupted the females and asked to be allowed to return to us after dinner. Mr. Paul Anderson and I had a first-rate discussion, while my secretary typed and telephoned till, with his usual consideration, he came back to send me to bed, where I remained like a trout on a bank, with piles of old *Times* which Mr. Anderson had brought.

I read details, for the first time, of Mr. Montague's resignation, and smiled over the belated theory of the joint responsibility of the British Cabinet. When one recalls the many conflicting opinions expressed by every Minister without rebuke, culminating in the

Admiralty note upon the Geddes Report, the Prime Minister's indignation is more than droll. I presume the Conservative wing of the Coalition wanted to get rid of Indian Reform ■ interpreted by the Viceroy and Mr. Montague, and I shall watch with interest the action that Lord Reading will take upon the matter.

Arresting Ghandi ■■ as unwise ■ stealing ■ ■■ from a Temple ; but from such ■ distance political comment may be as belated ■ the theory of Cabinet responsibility ; and the inspired agitator—beloved of his people—may, for all I know, be governing India at the present moment.

St. Louis is among the most interesting cities I have visited. The Mississippi is commanded upon both its banks by huge buildings, and spanned by grand bridges. There is a private park as large as the Bois de Boulogne, and ■■ open-air theatre with oak trees on either side of the stage. The school buildings and Washington College are of perfect architecture, and I was grateful to Mrs. Moore—a woman of sympathy and authority—for driving me out to ■ lovely club-house for tea, which gave me an opportunity of seeing the environment.

I ■■ entertained the next day ■■ a private luncheon given by ■ ladies' club, and ■■ glad to be sitting next to dear Mrs. Moore. Observing ■ single gentleman seated among the company I asked in a whisper who he was ; upon being told he ■■ ■ reporter I said, in an aside to my other neighbour, that for the rest of the meal I would confine my remarks to, " Yes," " No," or " I wonder ! " and " How true ! " Upon this the unfortunate young

■■■■ ■■■ conducted from the room. He had a peculiarly charming face, and when I ■■■ what had happened I said I was afraid I also would have to leave the table, ■■ I could not allow any guest to be insulted for my sake; at which he ■■■ allowed to return. I apologized to him, saying that though I had imagined this to be ■■ informal gathering ■■ which ■■ newspapers would be represented, I did not wish him to be treated with any lack of courtesy, and hoped he would not make copy out of any foolish thing I might have said. He ■■■ particularly nice, and, although I shall probably never ■■■ what he has written about me, I ■■■ willing to "take ■ chance"—as they express it over here.

After I had signed my name 23 times—as flattering as it ■■■ fatiguing—the Mayor came to fetch me away. Mrs. Moore and two other ladies accompanied us on ■ motor drive to see the city. The Mayor—who is ■ big man—sat rather uncomfortably between ■■ and Mrs. Moore, and said that, with the permission of the other two ladies he proposed to put his ■■■ round my waist, ■■ being engaged to speak at a meeting of the Boy Scouts he would be unable to attend my lecture in the evening. I told him that after this nothing but bribery and corruption could re-elect him ■■ the Mayor of St. Louis.

"Then I shall return to my original occupation, Mrs. Asquith; I started life ■■ ■ bricklayer, and I have not forgotten my trade, ■■ which I am unrivalled."

The ladies said he was much ■■■ likely to be returned as their political representative, and after asking "Joe," his chauffeur, to stop and enable

him to buy ■ cigarettes, he took me back ■ the hotel.

I found ■ beautiful bouquet of orchids on my table, to which ■ pinned a card from one of the ladies whom I had met at lunch: "From Mrs. Hocker, with best wishes for ■ successful evening ■ St. Louis, to absolutely the ■ brilliant and interesting ■ it has been my privilege to ■ either in America or Europe."

I need hardly say that I ■ clung to my bouquet that evening! I ■ escorted upon the stage by Judge Henry Caulfield, the City Counsellor.

Mr. Anderson, of the *St. Louis Post Dispatch*, returned to talk to us after the meeting, and I can truly say that after "Bruce"—whose real ■ I ■ discovered—I found him the most interesting Pressman that I have met. I wrote to his editor congratulating him ■ having such a man upon his staff, and received ■ grateful reply.

Never having been interviewed till I arrived in this country, I do not know in what way reporters of intellect here would compare with ours, but it passes my comprehension to understand why those whom I have met ■ content to write for papers that seldom print what is either informing or interesting.

One of them said ■ me, "We do not publish news, Mrs. Asquith, ■ concoct it."

CHAPTER XIII

KANSAS CITY AND ILLINOIS

*Kansas—Mrs. Edwin Shields—American speaking voices—
Omaha—A Story of President Lincoln—The Governor of Kansas.*

We travelled to Kansas City the night of the lecture and ~~met~~ met upon our arrival and taken to the country house of Mrs. Edwin Shields.

After greeting her, I observed her fine tapestries, oriental china, portraits by Sir Joshua Reynolds, and other Old Masters, as well as modern French pictures. We ate porridge, eggs and bacon, and grape-fruit for breakfast, off ~~an~~ oak table with Irish linen napkins, and I observed the refinement of my hostess's little face, and the pretty quality of her voice.

I do ~~not~~ think the voices here ~~are~~ very musical; they are nasal and a little loud, and though Americans have ~~a~~ great deal of geniality and love of fun, I am so slow ~~at~~ picking up the language that I probably miss much of the irony and finesse that characterize their kind of humour. The Canadians, who ~~are~~ of British stock, have a better ~~kind~~ of humour; but it ~~is~~ always ~~a~~ dangerous subject ~~to~~ write about, and when ~~I~~ remember the stupid

things that evoke the laughter of the London public in ~~the~~ theatres I feel I had better walk warily.

I am Scots, and as a nation we have been accused of lack of humour. I cannot be expected to agree with this; nevertheless, I remember being told in my youth of a ~~man~~ who had said, "Oh! aye! Jock undoubtedly jokes! but he jokes with facility. I joke, too, but with difficulty."

The French have a far finer ~~kind~~ of humour than any other nation in the world, and all they say is a constant ~~source~~ of delight to ~~me~~.

It is pardonable not to laugh at what is amusing, but sudden guffaws at bad jokes are the test of a true sense of humour.

After breakfasting with Mrs. Shields, I asked her to show me over her beautiful house. I ~~was~~ reminded of Glen by the freshness of the chintzes, and general feeling of air and comfort which I met wherever I went.

We started at midday for Omaha, where we arrived in the evening. I felt less sad at parting with my hostess as I knew I was going to spend from 7 a.m. till midnight with her on the 24th. She is coming to Europe this ~~month~~ when I shall look forward to entertaining her in London, as well as in the country.

After leaving her, Mr. Horton told ~~me~~ she had said to him that till she met ~~me~~ she felt like a flower that had grown on clay soil and that I had helped her to break into the sunlight. I ~~was~~ deeply touched, and ~~was~~ encouraged to hope that some day I may be worthy of so ~~kind~~ a compliment.

Upon ~~my~~ arrival at Omaha, ~~we~~ ~~were~~ met by an open motor lent by Mrs. Kountze, who had invited

us stay with her in her town house, but fearing that three of us might be embarrassing, decided the hotel.

Omaha is a lovely city, with streets of houses on either side of wide boulevards, and within easy reach of stretches of wild and beautiful country. As our hostess had been obliged to go to New York, her kind relations conducted us to see the wonderful views surrounding the town.

After speaking in the afternoon to an encouraging audience, with Mr. Hall, the British Consul, as my chairman, I dined with Mr. and Mrs. Ward Burgess. They were more than hospitable, and had it not been for the severe figure of my secretary standing in the doorway, my jolly host, who had entertained me for two hours at dinner, would have prevented me from catching the midnight train.

We returned to Kansas City early on the morning of the 24th.

On being informed by Mrs. Shields's butler that her maid had already called her, I had a bath, and dressing as quickly as I could went downstairs.

Her sitting-room was a garden of roses, lilies and antirrhinums, and I shall always remember our unforgettable *tête à tête*.

We started upon personality, and the difficulty of expressing what is true without hurting anyone, or acquiring character without becoming a character part. The difference between originality and eccentricity; kindness and tenderness; sympathy and understanding; and the delicate grades by which your attempts at goodness may either help or hamper your fellow-creatures.

It is ■■ eternal problem ; and the morally lenient and socially ■■■■ is what you encounter every day of your life. I confessed how much I resented the shortness of life and urged her to realize this, as she appeared to me, in spite of having ■ a genius for friendship, to be self-contained and lonely. She ■■■ responsive, and said many encouraging things to me. I said that somewhere or other I had read that Marcus Aurelius had begged ■■ to keep our colour. I ■■■ not very ■■■■ of the correct text ; but that the idea ■■■■ that ■■■■ of us ■■■■ born red, some yellow, and others grey, but that, however this might be, the point ■■■ to keep it ; not ■ much by contrast or conflict with the other person, but to complement it. Great scientists, mathematicians, ■■ philosophers may manage to develop their personality alone, but what they write will not have the key that the writings of men who are nearer the earth are able to present to ordinary human beings.

At ■■■ of Abraham Lincoln's great meetings, he had to walk through the crowd to reach the platform. He heard ■■■■ say as he passed : " Is *that* President Lincoln ? Why, what ■ a common-looking fellow ! "

At which he turned round and said : " God likes common-looking fellows or He would not have made ■ many of them."

I told her how much I had been moved by her remark to my secretary that ■■ friendship would help her to emerge out of clay soil ; adding that the desire of my life ■■■ to replant myself in a bigger pot every year, and that what she had said would encourage ■■■ to go on. After ■ certain age ■■ ■■■

liable ■ become stationary ; and the ravages of war, ■ far from having regenerated, had retarded civilization. We were interrupted by Mr. Henry J. Allen, ■ guest who arrived long before the luncheon hour.

The Governor of the State of Kansas is ■ ■■■ of authority—not only intelligent but intellectual, always a ■■■ combination, and it needs no witch to predict a great future for him. He remained ■ Mrs. Shields' lovely house in Cherry Street from 11.30 till 6 in the evening, in spite of having ■ appointment ■ 4, from which I inferred he could do what he liked.

CHAPTER XIV

America and the War—Prohibition—Kalamazoo.

I sat next to Mr. Heath Moore at lunch and discussed many subjects ; among others, the motives that had brought Great Britain into the war. He expressed himself with vigour and frankness, and said that nothing would induce him to believe that our purpose had been moral. That our trade was in danger of being outrivalled, and the German navy had developed into such a formidable force that after France had been defeated our own shores would have been immediately attacked by the Germans ; it was therefore humbug to suggest that our motive had not been one of pure self-defence.

As this was the first anti-British note that I have heard since my arrival, it interested me.

I asked him where he imagined our ships would be when the German Dreadnoughts sailed into our harbours : and what sort of reception the British people were likely to give the enemy when supposing it could land an army—never a very easy matter : and concluded by saying I had not been kept awake by the fear that the Kaiser would succeed

where Napoleon had failed. He stuck to his point and said that but for the violation of Belgium we would not have entered into the War. I answered that no doubt this made it easier for the party in power—of which my husband was the head—because among the many convictions that divide Liberals from Conservatives is that we believe in freedom, while they believe in force: and that imperialism and militarism, against which we would fight for ever. But, I added, no British Government of whatever Party would have watched with folded arms the whole German navy sail down our coasts to attack France.

He inquired if my husband had felt any qualms *when he took upon his shoulders this great decision.* I answered that not only he but our Foreign Secretary (now Lord Grey), Lord Crewe, and others, had made up their minds from the first moment: and that in 1900 year—thanks to the Committee of Defence, Lord Haldane and Lord Kitchener—we had produced a large voluntary Army; and had he been in England at the time, he would have been struck by the pathos and silence with which men of every class joined up to fight in a war which was not their own, against a foe for whom they felt no hatred.

He asked if England had been disappointed that America had been late to help her. I confessed that in a moment of pique I had exclaimed that had I been Christopher Columbus I would have said nothing about his discovery, but that I doubted if Great Britain would have been in any earlier help the United States if they been in a similar quandary.

Someone asked me privately if I had lost a child in the war. I said that my little boy had been too young to fight, but that both of my sisters, three of my brothers and my husband had lost their sons; that living in Downing Street in the first years of the War had been an anguish the depth of which no one could realize and I could not discuss.

We had refused to drop any of our German friends in London, and in consequence became targets for the abuse and calumny of our social and political enemies.

Mr. Heath Moore gave me an account of the savage manner with which the German population over here had been treated when America joined the Allies. He told me, among other things, that one of his fellow-countrymen in a great recruiting speech had been interrupted by a man in the gallery who was understood to have shouted :

"Hurrah for the Kaiser!" At which he was kicked and beaten down the stairs to the street; and but for the intervention of a policeman would have been killed. When asked what he had done, the unfortunate German said his only son had been killed in the war, and that he had shouted: "To hell with the Kaiser!"

This was mild compared to many of the cruelties related.

It is always dangerous to generalize; but the American people, while infinitely generous, are a hard and strong race, and, but for the few cemeteries I have seen, I am inclined to think they would die. They thrive in rooms as hot as conservatories, can sit up all night, eat candy and ice-creams all day,

and live to a great extent upon either social or commercial excitement without leisure.

When I left the hotel to rest and think over my lecture, I was afraid I had not shown sufficient consideration for Mr. Heath Moore and his opinions, and that I was relieved in being informed that he had proposed himself to return to dinner the following evening. I hope we shall meet each other again, for he is a man of compassion and originality.

I lectured after dinner, and before I had finished I fixed my eyes upon Mr. Heath Moore sitting beside Mrs. Shields and spoke of the moral motives that had made Great Britain enter into the War, apart from her friendship with France. I said that while the French had sacrificed everything, and fought magnificently, other countries had been animated by the same motives, and in the end the War had been won by a League of Nations.

I dealt at length with the cruelty with which the Germans had been treated in the United States and at home, and was cheered when I said that had Christ come down among the civilian population at any time during the war His goodness of justice and compassion would have earned for Him the title of pro-German.

We went back to Cherry Street before taking the midnight train.

I was introduced at supper to several people of the City of Kansas, all of whom I found interesting. One man said to me :

"I knew you had charm and personality, Mrs. Asquith, but you must have spoken at a hundred platforms to have acquired such courage and eloquence."

I gazed at him, and on seeing he was perfectly serious I was dumb with surprise.

Everything in life that I have cared for I have done pretty well. There are two things which, had I cared for, I think I would have done very well: writing and speaking. I have an unstrainable voice—clear and low—and have a lively sensibility to what is copious. I would easily do so if I were boring my audience, but I am too nervous to prepare my subject matter in a manner likely to help me. All careful preparation is fatal to my style, and eloquence, if not spontaneous, is apt to be ridiculous. Anything that frightens me a little I find enjoyable, but more than that drains and paralyzes my nervous system, and no habit or practice would ever overcome it. I shall never be a great speaker. I love writing for my private amusement, but I cannot modify myself sufficiently to suit any public. I court criticism and am indifferent to the Press, but I do not want to hurt the feelings of either the famous or the obscure, and had it not been for the encouragement of my husband would never have published a line in my life.

We left Kansas City and changed at St. Louis on our way to Indianapolis, where we were met at 7 a.m. the next morning by Mr. Paul Anderson: we all had breakfast at the station together, and I was sorry to say good-bye to him.

I read, quoted from a London paper, that Mr. Balfour had been made a peer.

After travelling all day on the 26th, we arrived in pouring rain to hear there were no porters at the station. On inquiring if they were on strike, I

■ told that there never ■ been any porters ■ Kalamazoo.

Loaded with luggage, ■ paddled like ducks in the mud to ■ inferior hotel.

As we had lunched at midday and there ■ no dining-car on the train, ■ ■ annoyed to hear that no ■ could get any food after 8.30 p.m., but, luckily for us, there ■ still ten minutes before the restaurant closed, ■ we devoured what ■ could. On the next day, I ■ told by reporters and other people that an eminent divine had said in ■ sermon that, thanks to my belief in intemperance, I ■ not a fit and proper person to give a lecture, and in consequence, my audience of the evening ■ not ■ that I could have desired. I had something to say about bearing false witness against your neighbour, but the few that ■ there were more than enthusiastic, and I was embraced by a woman from Peebleshire.

I ■ grateful to have the following cutting posted to me :

“ CAN’T ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ TONE OF A MORNING
CONTEMPORARY IN REPORTING MRS. ASQUITH’S
ADDRESS

■ Editor, *Evening Telegram*

“ Sir—I ■ ■ busy man, and have not much time to write letters, but I can’t stand the sneering, cheap remarks of the *Globe* in their account of Mrs. Asquith’s summing-up of prohibition.

“ Mrs. Asquith did ■ ■ give stories of ■ ‘vulgar nature,’ ‘depicting an individual half-stupid with drink.’ Note the hard Pharisaical way in which they

gloat over the word 'drink.' Reminds ■ of the cheap old-fashioned 'temperance' poems. Mrs. Asquith quite properly and honestly called attention ■ the farce of prohibition laws, and merely voiced the opinion of ninety per cent. of all honest people when she decried the unjust and unconstitutional 'blue laws' which the bigoted and ignorant minority of the Canadian and American people ■ trying to enact and enforce ■ the unwilling majorities—the real taxpayers.

"Would to goodness we had more such women, fearlessly candid, broadminded, and un-hypocritical like the ■ Margot Asquith. England, with all her faults, will never pander to the few fanatics who ■ the real oppressors, depressors and joy-killers.

"F. J. PAGET."

CHAPTER XV

NEW YORK ■■■■

Return to New York—Letter from Governor Allen of Kansas State.

After travelling two days and ■ night, we arrived in New York on the evening of the 28th to find Elizabeth and her husband waiting for the elevator to take them to ■ play ; they ■■■■ ready to throw this over, but I told them I was too exhausted to talk and only longed to get to bed.

I have not been to San Francisco, but if I ■■■■ American I would live in New York City. St. Louis, Syracuse, Omaha, Washington, are more beautiful because of their environment ; but there is life in the air, and ■ general atmosphere of gaiety and movement which I find infinitely stimulating in New York.

We ■■■■ *The Truth about Blades*, and *Kiki*, two plays that were wonderfully acted ; I enjoyed every moment of *Blades*, and the heroine of *Kiki* would make her fortune in any play.

On Sunday the 2nd of April I went to tea ■ the studio of my friend, Mrs. Komroff. I have known her for many years, when she ■■■■ Nellie Barnard, ■■■■ I do not believe there is any artist living who ■■■■

paint children in water-colour in the manner she does. The [redacted] was crowded with friends and artists, and the portraits that were displayed filled [redacted] with admiration.

Among many letters I received the following from Governor Allen :

“ State of Kansas,

“ Office of the Governor,

“ Topeka.

“ *March 30, 1922.*

“ THE GOVERNOR,

“ My dear Mrs. Asquith,

“ I am taking the liberty of sending you a copy of my book [redacted] the Industrial Question. I hope you will forgive me for intruding it upon you. I have so many delightful recollections of the keen and instructive things you said at Mrs. Shields' house that I [redacted] find myself full of regret that the conversation continually drifted into general discussions which robbed [redacted] all of an opportunity to hear more of your conclusions.

“ Your generous comment upon Kansas City and the West has made us [redacted] happy, and as a citizen I want to express my hearty appreciation of your compliments to this growing section of the country.

“ I do not wonder that you drew from my remarks the conclusion that I am “ illiberal.” I [redacted] stupid [redacted] to realize that your definition of the word liberal is different from that which characterizes it out here just now. In your world “ liberal ” is [redacted] honourable word. Over here it has [redacted] through misuse to

denote a peculiar class whose reaction is anti-government. The anarchist, the socialist, the communist and the bolshevist ■ all put down in one class, and the word liberal is thundered ■ them by orators and editors. It isn't fair to the word.

"If you have time, I'd be awfully glad if you would look ■ *The Party of The Third Part*, because it relates to a program of industrial peace and justice which the President has recently indorsed in ■ message to Congress and which New York is now trying to write into her state legislation. Doubtless if the law is held to be constitutional by the Supreme Court of the United States, several States in the forthcoming legislative sessions will adopt the principle of impartial adjudication of labour quarrels when those quarrels occur in the essential industries of food, fuel, clothing and transportation.

"I am sincerely glad you came to the Middle West, and I am grateful to Mrs. Shields for the delightful privilege of meeting you. I hope you will have ■ safe and happy voyage and that some day you will ■ back to America.

"Yours sincerely,

"HENRY J. ALLEN."

I ■ proud and pleased to sit one morning to Baron Meyer, the greatest photographer that ever lived, poor praise for ■ artist who ■ express himself in whatever he touches. If ■ die ■ the *Mauretania* going home, which is ■ than likely ■ the ■ seldom forgives bad sailors, I ■ certain of leaving something to my family that they can look ■ without repugnance.

We were entertained at lunch by Mr. Arthur Brisbane, a famous journalist and friend of Elizabeth's. I sat between him and Mr. Hapgood and had an excellent conversation. They both spoke in high praise of Elizabeth's book: *I have only Myself to Blame*.

CHAPTER XVI

TRIP

Popular feeling against Prohibition—My last lecture—Points of American superiority.

On April 3rd—the day before I sailed for England—I went out early to buy toys to entertain my grand-baby on our voyage in the *Mauretania*, and had an interesting talk with one of the many civil salesmen that I have met all over the United States in their beautiful shops. He said he regretted that he would not be able to attend my last lecture, although he had been to the other three in New York, because he feared the daughter of a friend of his was dying. She was a little girl living in a suburb who had fainted some weeks before. Her mother had given her the only stimulant they had in the house; since when she had suffered from blood-poisoning, and was lying in a critical condition.

“I do hope, Madam, you will deal to-night with the abominable law of Prohibition. It has encouraged this country to manufacture liquors of the most dangerous kind,” he said.

I told him I heard the same complaint wherever I had been, and while sympathizing deeply with him

feared I could do ■ more, as I ■ dealt freely and at length upon the subject.

I was advertised by the following card ■ make my last speech :

FAREWELL LECTURE

under the auspices of

THE SOCIETY OF FRIENDS ■ ROUMANIA

Founded under the August Patronage of Her Majesty
Queen Marie of Roumania

MARGOT ASQUITH

will close her brilliant and successful tour by delivering
■ lecture entitled

IMPRESSIONS ■ AMERICA

I put on my best dress, and armed with ■ bouquet of rare orchids given to me by my chairman, made my final public appearance in this country.

As Mr. Nelson Cromwell, who introduced me, is a fluent orator, and had a great deal to say while paying a fine tribute to my husband—and knowing that I ■ to hold a reception afterwards, I cut my lecture as short ■ I could.

Among the other subjects, I dealt with the exaggerated belief over here in commercial success ; and the dangerous self-interest and lack of leisure which ■ encouraging not only this, but every nation in materialism.

I had read in the morning papers a typical example of what I meant :

" First have what people want.

" Then let them know it.

" *Through advertising* is the Secret of Success.

" The old way ■■■ to let the people find it out gradually and slowly, in time for your grandson ■ get rich. The modern way is to have it To-DAY, and make everybody know it To-MORROW, or, if possible this AFTERNOON."

I told them what I had observed ■ the Niagara Falls, and spoke of the many hideous bill boards and advertisements that desecrated the scenery wherever I had been, and pausing ■■■ the one among others that had really interested me: " A GOOD NAME " was interrupted by my chairman, who exclaimed in ■ clear voice: " ASQUITH ! " This met with immense success.

I ended by saying that few countries really cared for one another. It was not rivalry or jealousy that produced this indifference, but ■ certain blindness of heart. We were part of the same family if ■ would only realize it, and had had a terrible object lesson in imagining that any of us, however much ■ prepared or tried, could succeed in crushing the other. We had seen enough hate, and enough death; and I passionately hoped that the English-speaking nations all the world over would try a new departure, and do what they could to promote friendship and love.

The next day ■ sailed for England in the *Mauretania*.

If I were to finish without criticism, it might be said that these pages should not have been called

"Impressions" but "Experiences"; and against this I have not only been warned, but adjured.

Nevertheless, it is difficult, without appearing unfriendly, to write with candour upon things that have moved me in my American tour.

It must be said that the architecture, regulations of street-traffic, arrangement of flower-shops, plumbers, and telephone service are infinitely superior to our own; but these are not criticisms, they are facts, the truth of which is not disputed.

I realize that there is not a nation in the world that extends such a generous welcome to the many strangers who go there as the United States. But admiration for my husband, and the publication of the first volume of my autobiography—which aroused both favourable and unfavourable comment—prevented me at the outset from being a complete stranger. Indeed, many of the people who attended my lectures seemed to know all about me; and I was surprised, when, crowding on to the stage, they sometimes exclaimed: "But you are so different from what we expected you would be! And you haven't told us what you think of us."

I begged them to be frank, and tell me without fear of offence what they had imagined I would be like; but they could only repeat: "I don't know! but somehow we thought you would be the very opposite of what you are."

When I tried a little clumsy chaff, by saying: "I am sorry I have disappointed you!" it was always met with a protest; and on one occasion I heard a man say to the woman who was with him:

"There you are! I told you all along; but you wouldn't read the book!"

At which the woman grasped me by the hand and said: "You are writing another volume of your life aren't you, Mrs. Asquith, in which you will tell me everything you think about us."

I explained that I was writing an article on my Impressions of America for immediate publication, and the second and final volume of my life, which would come out in the winter.

Cuttings were sent to me from papers of a flattering kind: "The Margot Myth," and others, which said it was abundantly clear that I was in a chastened humour; and by guarding myself from my critics, was exercising a caution that deprived me of all spontaneity; or words to this effect.

These remarks are of little interest, but they tend to show how much we people and nations depend on the approbation of others; and the reason why I am going to finish with a short summing-up.

CHAPTER XVII

REFLECTIONS

Vanity of Americans—Interest in Royalties and in the English aristocracy—Plea for Anglo-American Friendship.

LONDON.—It is probably wiser in writing impressions to keep the conclusions you arrive at secret ; and many may ask—and with justice—"What woman know who arrived on the 30th of January, and left on the 4th of April, of America or her people?"

In answer to this I can only say that in those thirteen weeks I saw and talked to more varied types than I could have done had I remained in New York, Chicago or Washington for many months. I met and conversed with Senators and niggers, farmers and reporters, judges and preachers, hotel proprietors, mayors, solicitors, soldiers, shopmen, doctors, of science and commerce, and a few of the class of both the fashionable and the leisured. During this experience there are certain things I observed that I shall take the risk of writing down.

The Americans, while the most friendly people in the world, are too much concerned about each other ; and though not personally, are nationally vain. They

would rather hear themselves abused than undiscussed ; which inclines one to imagine that they are suffering from the uneasiness of the *riches*.

What do they think of us ? How do you compare our men and our customs and their clothes and customs with your own ? the substance of every question that was put to me.

But have any of you ever heard an Englishman or Englishwoman ask a foreigner what he thought of us, or—if silly enough to do so—care a brass farthing for the reply ?

Some will say that this comes from pride, insularity, what not—nor would they be wholly incorrect. But we are a sporting race, hating professionalism of every kind, and would think it beneath the dignity and paralysing to the independence of gentlemen if we were to interfere with people's affairs and opinions as they do in the States.

In spite of true generosity and kindliness, I am aware of an undercurrent of illiberalism and ferocity which amazed me.

In every city that I have visited, there are clubs, both male and female, to forbid or promote some triviality, and until these are reduced America will never have a true sense of proportion.

Because there is little reserve, people do not necessarily become of the same class. We regulate equality, since we are born with different brains, natures, and environment, and so far from being equal, there is such a rigid regard for precedence in America that you are congratulated after a dinner-party because you have been seated "One off Mrs. —."

While more than severe on anyone who accepts a title, there ■■■ no detail too insignificant about our Court ■■ aristocracy that did not excite an almost emotional interest in my audiences. Every day of my tour I received letters begging ■■ to tell them ■■■ about the life and habits of our upper-classes ■■ anything that I could "about Princess Mary's underwear."

If these letters had been merely the cackle of the feminine goose who likes writing to an advertised person, I would have torn them up, but they ■■■ sometimes signed by men, and often expressed the opinions of important local editors.

One night after I ■■■ in bed, having had a long talk with an intellectual reporter upon the dearth of painting and literature in his country, he rang ■■ up to say his paper was annoyed that he had not brought back ■■ accurate description of my hat and dress.

He apologized profusely, but said that that ■■■ what the public really cared for; that none of our discussion upon Lincoln, Edgar Allan Poe, *The Marble Faun*, William James's fine style, ■■ anything else of interest, would be printed in the morning paper, but that the description of my dress—silver, gold, and embroidered with peacocks' eyes—would give great pleasure, and what a female reporter told him I had said to her of Princess Mary's marriage being ■■■ of love, would be enlarged into ■■ leading article. I said I forgave him waking ■■■ up, but that ■■ had ■■■ mentioned our Royal family, and had, of course, invented the dress.

The next day I read that ■■ had said I ■■■ "On smoking terms with Queen Mary."

You may say that certain journalists of a similar type pander in the same curiosity in what is low and vulgar here, but it is more harmful in the States because the Press there has real power which it has not got here.

So far from guiding public opinion, the papers in America stimulate all that is worthless, and you may search in vain to find carefully-reasoned criticism upon art, music, poetry or international affairs.

England has been called a nation of shopkeepers, but I think we spend much more time upon playing fields than Americans do in elevators and offices.

Perhaps we waste too much time on grass and games; but this has encouraged a certain aloofness from other people's doings and produces the necessary leisure for a quiet mind.

Owing, perhaps, to the difficulties of the climate and the overheated rooms, the voices of even the nicest people appeared to me to be loud, and however generously you may have been entertained, you are left with a sense of exhaustion, which it would be difficult to explain.

The effect of being a young country will not continue to cover the rush and noise and lack of privacy that prevail; and the number of small children that I have seen in hotels, shops, and restaurants that go to bed at midnight after sucking candy between meals, is not promising for a nation which is always growing up.

The ingrained idea that because there is no King and they despise titles the Americans are a free people is pathetically untrue; and you have only to watch

the working of the Prohibition Act to see the dangers of repressive legislation. There is a perpetual interference with personal liberty ■■■ there that would not be tolerated in England for a week.

It is probably due to ■■■ passion for under-statement, and to the fact that ■■■ have inherited wise and tested regulations, that the British ■■■ a law-abiding race; but I think if the Americans ■■■ given a chance they might be the ■■■. I can only say that if they ■■■ not, Democracy will prove ■■■ great ■■■ failure ■■■ Tsardom.

It is enormously to the credit of the American public that they have never chosen a ■■■ of bad character ■■■ their President; and that they produced in Abraham Lincoln a man of genius, ability and courage who will live for ever in the hearts and minds of every country in the world. Nor must we forget that he dominated the people in spite of a campaign of calumny by the Press only equalled by the one to which my husband ■■■ subjected in the days of the War.

Men ■■■ the head of affairs, if they wish to achieve anything, must be independent of public opinion, and ■■■ try to conciliate ■■■ Press that in all fairness must be described as—with ■■■ few exceptions—not attempting to guide for ■■■ than a transitory moment *anyone* to *any* goal.

The present Government in America from all I heard—some of its heads I had the honour to meet—seems to be ■■■ admirable one, and working smoothly in times of exceptional difficulty. President Harding has had the wisdom to get good ■■■ round him, and is himself a ■■■ of open mind and wide views.

With some of the faults I have found during my tour I am told that *The American Credo* (given to me by my friend Mr. Anderson, of the *St. Louis Dispatch*) deals with searching fidelity. I daresay when I read it I shall learn where I have been wrong ; but in criticizing what I have done, I am merely fulfilling the promise I made to write my impressions which at best can be but superficial.

Among thoughtful people there is a great deal of pro-American propaganda going on in this country, and in conclusion I would like to say that there is so much that is fine and keen in the American race, so much that is disarming and lovable, that if I have written anything exaggerated or erroneous, I should feel of all people the most ungrateful.

I am only plead to be forgiven where I have erred ; but I am not only shown unforgettable courtesy and friendship, but I feel it is vital to the peace of the world that these people and those of the United States should understand and sympathize for each other.

**MY VISIT TO
SPAIN IN 1923**

MY VISIT TO SPAIN IN 1923


CHAPTER I

MADRID

I leave London with Anthony—The Prado—Mr. Arthur Rubinstein—Toledo—The Queen of Spain—Palm Sunday Processions—Count Romanones.

After my travelling experiences of the previous year, I had made up my mind to become a Little Englander, but the progress of America is not so interesting ■ the backwardness of Spain, and ■ vision of six weeks' holiday with my son, and Holy Week in Seville, determined me to face the trains, the ships, the baggage, and the passports.

On the 19th of March, 1923, Anthony and I left London for Madrid. Rumours first of France and then of Germany giving way; photographs of famous babies and infamous parents, and leading articles ■■ "Liberal Reunion" had given ■ dateless monotony to the newspapers, and I ■■ glad to put ■ Spanish "Baedeker" and "The Brothers Karamazoff" into my writing-case before motoring to Victoria Station.



What is called in nautical language "a following wind" was blowing between us and the sun as I stepped on to the steamer—appropriately named the *Engadine*. Aimless gulls screamed and dived, and thick mouse-coloured smoke vomited from the funnels as I steamed out of Folkestone Harbour.

I shivering on the deck, and examined my son's literature in the chair beside me.

Jowett's translation of *Plato's Republic*, *A Set of Six*, by Joseph Conrad, and three paper books of Hugo's *Spanish Conversation Simplified*.

"I am very sorry for it.

They were not very sorry.

Are you not sorry for it?

He acted under my orders.

She died the next morning.

Do it again.

He could not do it even if he wanted to.

We were very sorry not to find them at home.

It may be so, but I very much doubt it.

You have lost the letter.

Where is the letter that they have lost?"

Knowing that I may have to use this phrase, I look at the opposite side of the page and read "Búsquelo cuidadosamente," and wonder if I should pick up the Spanish language easily.

On arriving at Boulogne, I nearly swept my feet by the rush of French porters up the gangways; clutching my hat, bag, and boa, I observed my pink ticket of landing flutter into the air, nothing but the pressure of baggage from behind saved me from being conducted to the customs for examination on board.

the *Engadine*. We arrived in Paris after four, and had ■ early dinner at Baron Edward Rothschild's beautiful house.

Stopping ■ the way, I had a little conversation with an intelligent Frenchman from whom I bought fruit and sweets.

He asked me if the British had much ill-feeling against the French. I answered that most thoughtful ■ in my country believed that what the French ■ doing would bring them neither peace nor money, and that it was damaging trade and good-feeling all the world over. Trade in the long ■ ■ what made for co-operation among rival races, and the more work there ■ for everyone the sooner ■ would live in peace. He muttered something about justice and God—but remembering our policy of official reprisals in Ireland, I did not like to refer to the teaching of Christ.

I realized rather sadly that he ■ merely expressing with moderation what I ■ likely to hear from every Frenchman when I return to Paris, and wondered if I would be converted to his views before I got home.

In the middle of the shaky night I looked ■ the bunk above ■ to see how Anthony ■ sleeping, and saw him writing ■ music-paper.

"What are you doing? Can't you sleep?" I said.

"I'm writing ■ unaccompanied choir ■ *Nunc Dimittis*," he answered.

We arrived ■ hour late ■ Irun the ■ morning, and after endless walkings, processions of porters,

and parleyings over passports with rude and stupid officials, ■■ returned to the train and had coffee. My maid told me that in the night she ■■■ half-asleep when a ■■■■ crept stealthily into the carriage and took my umbrella out of the hold-all, at which she jumped up and seized her by the wrist; the ■■■■ dropped the umbrella, and disappeared like a cat down the corridor.

We arrived in Madrid on the night of the 20th, and motored to the Palacio of the Duke of Alba.

The Duke of Alba's English butler met ■■ ■■ the station and gave ■■ an excellent supper in the Palacio de Liria. It ■■■ ■ relief to be understood, ■■ in spite of Hugo's *Conversation Simplified* and ■ Spanish grammar—studiously read by Anthony on the journey—our combined gift of expression amounted to little ■■ nothing.

Our first day in Madrid was given up to a survey of the town and ■ long visit to the Prado. As there ■■■ two thousand pictures—and hardly any of them negligible—we confined ourselves to the ground floor, and after that wandered round the basement.

There are sixty Velasquezes, forty Titians, twenty-one Van Dycks, and ■■ amazing collection of the Venetian and Flemish Schools. Among the most beautiful of the smaller canvases, the Mantegna, and Velasquez' "Views of the Villa Medici" gave ■■ intense pleasure; but ■■■ comment upon pictures or the Prado would be ■■ pretentious as it is superfluous.

The beauties of Madrid as ■ town have to my mind been underrated. It is ■■■ only "situated ■■ ■■ elevated steppe commanding distant views of great

beauty," ■ Baedeker says, but has many statues and buildings of charm, and, whether from the climate or what I do not know, the light and shade are strongly marked, and everyone is clean, the children of rich and poor being equally well dressed. Long lines of mules led by small donkeys, double rows of solemn ■■■■ dragging heavy carts by their horns and the many-toned whites and greys of the stonework make up for the abominable surface of the streets. The weather seems to be very much the ■■■■ ■ it is in ■ fine English spring, nor have ■■ encountered that dangerous subtlety of climate which in "Baedeker" is supposed to kill ■ man while it will not blow out ■ candle.

On the 22nd my son went by train to spend the day alone at Segovia, and when he returned we dined at ten, and visited Mr. Rubinstein, who is giving ■ series of Spanish concerts.

Arthur Rubinstein would have been ■ remarkable man in any walk of life. He expresses himself with equal freedom and precision in French, German, Spanish, English, and Russian. He is an artist in every ■■■■ of the word, without any of the ■■■■■■ and vanity that goes with this definition. (People who ■■ advertised become self-centred, and unless fundamentally modest the famous ■■ apt to deteriorate.) He has a genius for friendship, and an insight into men and their motives, ■■■■ with ■■ ■ young and favoured ■ he is.

"My friends I keep ■ precious possessions, ■■■■ allowing myself to see half as much of them as I would like. I prefer intimacy to familiarity," he said.

I told him constant disillusion had made ■■ cling to strangers ; that ■ never passed a child without emotion, ■ children ■■■ the only beings that had ■■■■ disappointed me ; to which he answered :

" I also feel the same—children and dolls."

On the 23rd, ■■ motored with the duke's butler, taking ■■ lunch, to Toledo. Both Athens and Rome ■■ overloaded by hideous modern buildings, and bill-boards spoilt all that I saw in America ; but Toledo—after Venice—is probably the most untouched and unspoilable town in Europe. As the Cathedral did not open till after two, ■■ drove to the top of the hills and had lunch, sitting on rocks, and looking down at the domes, spires, and little huddled houses of every shade of grey, white, and yellow that ■■■■ flooded by ■ hot and steady sun.

People who have ■■■■ been to Toledo would hardly profit by any attempt of mine to describe it, and those who know and love it would be exasperated. " Baedeker " tells all that is worth knowing about the cathedral, synagogues, and pictures, and no living writer could describe the rest—the slow river, white bridges, ■■■■■ streets, and stillness of neglect which have a lasting impression ■■ the least thoughtful. On ■■■ return ■■ dined at the British Embassy, and I noted without surprise the popularity and fine appearance of ■■■ ambassador, Sir Esme Howard. (He and his wife showed us unforgettable courtesy, only equalled by M. Merry del Val, the Spanish Ambassador in London.)

On the 24th, we went ■■ Rubinstein's concert ■■ five-thirty in the afternoon.

The hours in Spain are peculiar. The upper

classes get up ■■■ p.m., and dine unpunctually ■■ ten. We never went ■ bed before two a.m., and had we gone to balls ■ parties ■ would not have been in bed before five or six in the morning. My ■■ hours are just ■ inconvenient ■ those of the Spaniards, and waking up as ■ do ■ six obliged me to rest from ■■ to nine, or I should not have kept my head, or—to quote the Honourable Crasher—"my stupidity" ■ any evening entertainment.

A musical audience in Madrid is far from encouraging. Rubinstein's hall ■■ packed, but when he came in he might have been the attendant who dusts the piano, you could have heard ■ pin drop; but the moment he began to play—after bowing to the Queen, who never misses any of his concerts—the audience started coughing, snorting, and crackling their programmes; in vain did I and a few others say "Hush!" They continued clearing their throats, and in the intervals rushed out, disturbing everyone as they pushed past our hats, and bruised ■■ knees returning to their seats. Nothing could have exceeded the beauty of Rubinstein's playing, and he heaped coals of fire on the heads of his audience by playing several ■■■■ to their repeated clappings.

In the evening ■■ joined him and his friends, the Kochanskis, ■ ■ tavern in the town, where we ■■ round a table listening to a decayed singer of local fame till far into the morning. The Marquis de Narros, the Cte. and Ctess. de Chevas de Vera, and ■ few men, were of the party, and ■ wonderful guitarist accompanied the strange Flamenco songs of a nasal Moorish kind only known ■ Spanish gipsies. After

the first hour I found myself hearing ■■■■ than listening to the melancholy monotonous of the voiceless but inspired tenor.

The ■■■■ morning we were received in audience by the Queen—after going over the fine ■■■■ of the Palacio de Oriente, accompanied by ■■■■ intelligent and courteous maid-of-honour, Miss Heredia.

The Queen ■■■■ welcoming and beautiful, and spoke of her strong desire but uncertain intention of visiting her mother, Princess Beatrice, in England this ■■■■.

I told her ■■■■ were sorry to miss the ceremony of Good Thursday—in which she and the King wash the feet of poor beggars, in full Court costume—as we were going to Seville for Holy Week. She explained to me that, though an ancient custom, she disliked it very much ; this surprised me, as most Royal ceremonies ■■■■ merely spectacular, and end by being glorified Lord Mayors' shows from which you return empty and exhausted. Not wishing to appear rude, I answered that I imagined it would have been ■■■■ of the few Royal obligations that I would like to have performed.

I have often wondered what part of a Royal life I would have enjoyed ; whether the ■■■■ of a thousand duties accomplished would make up for the endless public platitudes and grandeur without gaiety that ■■■■ would have ■■■■ endure, or whether what George Eliot says is true when she wrote “ that beneficent harness of routine which makes silly ■■■■ live respectably, and unhappy ones live calmly.”

After looking ■■■■ her children's photographs, and answering inquiries about my husband, my son-in-



H.M. ■■■ ■■ QREN OF ■■PAIN

law, Elizabeth, and my grand-baby, ■ made our respectful obeisance and ■ Queen Victoria.

Rubinstein and Kochanski played, danced, and sang to ■ late into the morning, and the next day ■ went to the palace ■ ■ the ceremony of the King and Queen, the Court, the Corps Diplomatique, and every Grandee in Spain being blessed in the Royal Chapel, after parading the great corridors crowded with the populace.

It ■ Palm Sunday, and ■ all had to ■ mantillas. We stood jammed up against the stone walls of the corridor, and looked ■ ■ ■ of beautiful carpet cleared for the procession; silver and gold lanterns of fine design hung at intervals from a carved ceiling, and faint sounds of military music came through the high windows giving ■ to an immense outer court-yard. Only the ladies of the Court and the Cabinet walked in the procession; all the rest ■ the Generals, the Admirals, and the male aristocracy dressed in ■ magnificent mixture of velvets, brocades, fur, feathers, and cloaks. Kindly ladies in broken English explained who some of the ■ conspicuously dressed ■ ■ they passed.

"You see, madam, that little ■ with the blue and silver—no, not that one, the smaller with the gold tassels, who walks ■ bad; he is noble from four sides, and is of the greatest in Spain, yet no show of distinguished mark. They ■ gone down in the family for ■ long time past, and the mans ■ ■ ■ womans."

I ■ always rather stupid in ■ crowd, and ■ reminded of the lady in *Punch*, looking down a telescope ■ two gulls swimming in the bay.

Her husband is pointing ■ ■ man-of-war ■ the sea-line.

"Yes, yes, darling," she says, "I see! There are two."

When the King and Queen passed—he in scarlet and steel, she in silver and diamonds—I noticed he held himself better than any of the others, ■ the slow- ■ of the pace inclined the less concentrated to waddle.

After they had passed, Miss Heredia bustled ■ off to an arctic *baignoire* with ■ gloomy ■ window looking ■ to the interior of the Royal Chapel, and we listened to the mumbling of the High Mass, and watched the courtiers ■ well ■ the ladies curtsy to the King and Queen, who were seated on ■ raised velvet dais with ■ finely-worked canopy over their heads. It ■ a fine sight seeing the Queen walk slowly in her long silver train, curtsying first to her King, and then to the High Altar, before kneeling to the bishop to be blessed, and given ■ high palm to carry back to her seat. When the King and all the others had done the same, they proceeded again through the crowded corridors, carrying their palms high and straight.

We lunched at the Embassy, and dined with Count Romanones—the late Prime Minister—with whom I had a long political conversation. To my surprise, he discussed Liberal Reunion, and ■ answered him by quoting the *Morning Post's* article on Henry's speech ■ Cambridge in answer ■ Mr. Lloyd George's oratorical offer in Edinburgh.

The description in the leading articles of Henry's response to this fine gesture as proffering "the frozen

mit " delighted him. Turning to my left-hand neighbour, I found him equally interested in foreign affairs. He thought Mr. Lloyd George had been exposed, and ■■■ no longer a serious politician.

He said it had been his French policy which had been his fundamental blunder—that he had changed too violently from exaggerated encouragement ■■ Versailles to violent damnation. He agreed with ■■■ that the French were a people of genius, though not very reasonable; and that they ■■■ ■ heart the greatest military nation in the world.

CHAPTER II

SEVILLE

The Cathedral—Easter Processions—Rubinstein more—Shopping—Bull Fights—An early morning entertainment—Dora, a famous singer and dancer.

We left Madrid on March 28th, and arrived at Seville at ten p.m. on the same day. The next morning my son and I went to the cathedral to see the archbishop wash and kiss the feet of the beggars.

We walked through an outer court of orange trees in full fruit, with many in mantillas sitting about on the ground playing with their lovers and children. As I have never been to Chartres, the Seville Cathedral, after Rheims and Lincoln, is the finest I have

The interior was dark, but the brilliant stained glass shrouded in black veils, and vast pillars draped in crimson velvet striped with silver—upon which the sun cast rainbow glints of colour—made a dazzling effect upon our eyes as we entered.

There is less flummery of stucco blue Virgins, painful Christs with wire crowns, and painted lilies than is usually seen in Catholic cathedrals, and the black kneeling figures dotted and grouped looked like flies in proportion to the immense heights of walls and altars.

There was ■ much going on in the side chapels that ■ had ■ difficulty in seeing the principal performance.

In magnificent garments the archbishop read the lesson from ■ gold pulpit of ancient design, and walking down on a raised platform he approached two ■ of beggars. These had towels over their shoulders, and had taken off their boots and socks in front of the watching people. Priests and dignitaries wearing magnificent vestments accompanied him, and ■ carried ■ basin. The archbishop knelt, and washed, and kissed the feet of every beggar, to the accompaniment of strange and inferior music.

When the ceremony was over, we returned to the Hotel and after lunching with Arthur Rubinstein, we walked out to see the famous Easter processions, for which we had been given places by the mayor in front of the Municipal Buildings.

The long unguarded route ■ lined on one side by ■ of chairs, and ■ the other (where we sat) the platforms were raised in storeys on which there were open boxes hung with coloured draperies. Neither carriages, carts, ■ motors were allowed in the streets, and though ■ saw few policemen, everything was orderly, dense crowds of people in black thronging quietly to their places. The mayor and corporation showed ■ great civility, and Princess Beatrice and all the grand ladies of Seville, in mantillas, ■ in the Royal box next to ■ Vast bejewelled canopies, crosses, Christ, and the Virgin, carried by ■ of low and high birth, stopped and turned cumbrously to salute the Royal box ■ the procession passed ■ a funeral pace.

MY VISIT TO SPAIN

The ceaseless jabber of the idle ladies in open boxes, when the image of Christ the Cross passing, caused me intense irritation.

The Roman Catholic religion inspires neither awe reverence. On the ceremonious occasions the congregation intermix with their bobbings and crossings spitting of a disgusting kind. All through the shows and ceremonies of Holy Week in Seville I had a vision of the Ettrick Valley and the winding road to our parish church of Traquair.

We watched the people and the processions from five in the afternoon till 8.30, when we returned to the Hotel.

After a late dinner and resting till midnight, we walked about the streets among the people to see the various minor processions till two a.m., when we joined a vast crowd standing in front of the high, closed doors of the Church of San Lorenzo, for the final procession of the "Cofradía de Jesús del Gran Poder"—an order dating from before the Inquisition—who to follow barefooted the image of Christ bearing His Cross through the streets of Seville.

The interest of this ceremony lies in the fact that of the nobility and their are allowed to take part in it an act of penance, and all the great ladies lend their jewels to bedeck the Virgin.

Mixed and distant sounds of bells, bands, and bugles, and the shrill voices of acolytes singing, relieved the fatigue of standing for an hour, gazing at a shut door, among the palms and orange trees under a cold moon.

When at last the doors of the church swung slowly open, every light in the square turned out; the men took off their hats, there was a great silence.

Black-hooded figures holding huge lit candles marched out in single file, with an occasional priest carrying silver crosses and other emblems.

The canopy bearing a fine image of Christ passed out of the doors in silence, but when the Virgin appeared—a wooden figure of great beauty, crowned with real jewels, and dressed in Court clothes, her train of velvet and gold covering the whole of the platform upon which she stood—the cortège stopped, and little boys sang loud unaccompanied chants of a Moorish kind with passionate fervour.

This brought the procession to a close, and the crowd in the square broke up in every direction, some to follow, and others to go down the narrow side streets to see it pass again.

We followed for some time, halting with the people under balconies from which young people of fervour sang hymns of praise in ringing voices. This unpremeditated singing was taken up at intervals all along the route, and little boys were lifted by the crowd on the pavement, and held up to sing as the brilliantly lit canopy of the Virgin passed.

At four o'clock in the morning, on our way home, we sat down on tin chairs in a crowded open-air restaurant and ordered drinks.

We were all tired, and, as often happens, our conversation turned upon matters quite unconnected with anything we had seen. We discussed death, and the ethics of suicide.

Arthur Rubinstein—whose powers of narration were only equalled by his playing—told us about a Polish count—his compatriot and neighbour—and sipping peppermint and aniseed, we listened.

" Count X was a man of ancient lineage, compelling charm, autocratic temper, and great personal beauty.

" He owned palaces and properties in Poland, Paris, and Austria, in which there were carpets, tapestries, and pictures of great value.

" In his youth he had studied anatomy—the famous surgeons of the day allowing him to watch dangerous operations in the hospitals. He was a great gambler, and it was rumoured that in spite of his vast fortune his only son might inherit but little.

" Fatiguing himself with women made him take to big game shooting, and he became a crack shot.

" On his return from one of these expeditions, he was sitting in the club at Warsaw when he was reminded by a wealthy neighbour that he owed him a thousand pounds. Not perceiving that he was a little tipsy, the Count, exasperated beyond all words, suggested they should cut at the gaming-table, and if he drew a black card and his neighbour a red, he would pay him ten times that sum, but if the neighbour cut black he would pay him nothing.

" After agreeing, they sat down to the table, and the Count cut the ace of clubs, whilst his neighbour drew a red card. It was rumoured that the Count had in like fashion gambled away some of his villages and all his jewels; but be that as it may, when he was approaching the age of sixty he found himself without fortune, and too proud to borrow from his creditors to whom in a moment of caution he had made over some of his estates.

" He sold his yacht and his orchestra, dismissed his attendants, and after much reflection determined to kill himself.

"One day he left the castle of his birthplace in the small hours of the morning, and arrived ■ ■ hostel in ■ village where he ■ unknown. After remaining in bed the whole day, he sent for the parish priest, saying he ■ dying, and asked him to administer to him the last Communion.

"The priest—an old, unshaved man of extreme simplicity—arrived in due course, and approached the bed where the Count ■ lying watching the moon through ■ open window. A single candle lit his beautiful face, and he looked with ■ penetrating eye upon his visitor.

" 'If ■ ■ ■ confesses he is going to kill himself,' he said, '■ he receive absolution?'

" 'Ah, no, sir!' answered the priest. 'Have you forgotten your early teaching that you should put me such ■ question?'

"He started ■ long quotation from the Catechism, which the Count interrupted with irritability.

" 'But ■ ■ also taught that Jesus died ■ save sinners; He made no conditions. How is it, then, that one must repent before being forgiven?'

" 'That is so, my son,' answered the old man. 'But forgiveness is outside the province of priests, and lies in the power of the risen Christ.'

"At this the Count leaned back and closed his eyes. The priest did not move.

"After a long silence he opened them, and handing his watch to the priest, said:

" 'I am exhausted from my journey. Take this, will you, and walk in the woods—returning to ■ in half ■ hour.'

"When he had gone ■ sufficient distance, the count ■ up, drew ■ revolver from under the pillow, and remembering all he had learnt of anatomy, shot himself in just such ■ manner and place ■ enabled him ■ live until the priest's return.

"He died speechless, and in agony, having received the last Sacrament of his Church."

When Rubinstein had finished his story, and our glasses ■ empty, we ■ in silence watching M. Lafita, ■ Spanish artist of ■ party, having his boots blacked, then got up and walked home.

It ■ past five when I retired to bed, but the others motored ■ to a village on ■ hill to watch ■ primitive country procession timed ■ take place ■ dawn. They returned ■ eight o'clock ■ the morning of Good Friday.

The morning after ■ had watched the Easter processions at Seville, I found bouquets from the mayor (with his card), and cards of other officials who had been kind to us during the ceremony.

On Saturday, March 31st, I took my maid to see the cathedral, and went to some of the big Seville shops with the pretty wife of the Duke of Alba's agent. I bought toys and hats for my grand-baby Priscilla and the little Bonham-Carters, ■ parasol for Elizabeth, a saint for my son, and castagnettes for myself. At ■ lunch party, every ■ was making arrangements for the bull-fight next day—Easter Sunday—and persuading ■ to go to it.

"It will probably be bad, as the bulls are ■ the best, and the toreadors and matadors inexperienced; but it is ■ great sight, and before going home ■ England you should really see Spain's national sport."

I said I would rather die, ■ all forms of cruelty made me furious ; and ■ see blindfolded horses disembowelled, and explosives placed under the skin of the bulls, ■■ not ■ form of sport I could take sitting down ; ■■ amount of beautiful women, flowers, fans, ■ mantillas could console ■■ for the horror of seeing people enjoy such savage cruelty.

“ My dear Mrs. Asquith, all sport is cruel. What about your fox-hunting ? And comfortable gentle-■■■ drinking champagne off camp-stools, killing rabbits and pheasants—animals that neither bark, toss nor bite.”

“ It’s true,” I answered. “ But there is health in fox-hunting, and even shooting tires idle men, which ensures ■ certain morality. Most people would say the average Englishman has a sense of fair play which cricket and football alone would not give him. A good many qualities are brought out in riding straight across a big country, and a fox always has a fair chance of escape.”

I ■■ outnumbered, as all the ■■■■ of our party had made up their minds. We changed the subject, and the artist M. Lafita invited ■■ to go with him to ■■ the bulls brought in from the field that night—after the theatre—which I accepted.

In the evening ■■ went to ■■ of the less fashionable music-halls, crowded with ■■■■ of rather a low type, and when ■■ arrived two tall women wearing brilliant flowered shawls and men’s black hats ■■ dancing with castagnettes. We sat in the balcony, and I lit a cigarette. A clamour ■■■■ in the audience below, and I thought it was for Rubinstein, who is a favourite and easily recognised, but he thought it ■■

because in Spain ■■■■ do not smoke, so I instantly extinguished my cigarette and, taking no notice of the audience—who ■■■■ seated drinking and smoking—I concentrated my attention upon the stage. After listening to ■■■■ rather moderate singing, M. Lafita and I motored three miles into the country ■ a break-neck pace in ■ open motor.

Climbing up wooden stairs ■ to a circular white platform, ■ ■ in the field below a lot of black bulls dotted between large red and white animals with huge bells round their necks. It ■ a brilliant moonlight night, and ■ watched the "personnel" of the bull-ring standing close to us dressed in boleros, tight black trousers turned up over white socks, and black tie shoes, with large black hats, leaning over the railing of the platform giving orders to the men in the field, who were driving the herd into complicated corridors separated by iron doors leading to the vans into which the bulls were to be enticed.

Lafita informed me that the bulls were born in fields with "*les bœufs gardiens, ces grands animaux rouges et blancs que vous voyez,*" who looked after them like ■■■■.

"No one," he added, "■ influence ■ bull, who is ■ wild and obstinate animal, but the 'bœuf' ■ control them, and each bull will follow the bell that is round the neck of his ■■■■. He gets to know the sound of the different bells, and you will observe that wherever his ■■■■ goes he will follow."

Boys with stones, shouting strange sounds, drove the herd into the ■■■■ pens, and ■ the bull was the last to go in, the door was dropped by the men above, and when the "bœufs" ■ passed, the bull found

himself caught and alone. Another doorway leading into the van, which ■■■ brilliantly lit, ■■■ the ■■■ object to which the bull had to be attracted. Missing his nurse, the wretched animal wandered round the pen, prodded from above towards the open doorway. We ■■■ seven bulls driven into the ■■■. Some ■■■ angry, and trotted, snorting round the walls, avoiding the lighted doorway—impervious to the proddings others walked quietly into the vans, the iron doors closing like a trap behind them. In the meantime, the deserted ■■■■ passed through the dark corridors and pens back to the field, with their bells ringing disconsolately. The outline of the men with high poles on the white platform, shouting orders against the moonlight, ■■■ like a Sargent picture. We motored into the town, and joined our party ■ the music-hall.

Arthur Rubinstein had invited two gipsy women and ■ famous guitarist to play to us in ■ café outside Seville, and we found him in a great state of agitation ■ they had answered they could only arrive late. It ■■ two o'clock in the morning when ■■ reached the café.

We all ■■ round a table in ■■ icy summerhouse, drinking hot coffee, and awaiting the singers. At half-past two, ■■ ■■ ■■ had arrived, I got up and said I would go home, as I ■■ tired, but while Rubinstein was imploring me to stay the performers arrived.

We welcomed them with open arms, and after their glasses were filled they joined ■■ ■ the table.

The guitarist ■■ a young genius of chiselled features, deep-set eyes, and pale complexion. The

women ■■■ sisters—between the ages of thirty-five and forty—and all were dressed in ordinary clothes, black skirts and shirts, with black woollen shawls round their shoulders, and the ■■■ in grey.

I could not help thinking how different this entertainment would have been had it taken place in Italy. There, the population have been spoilt by money ; they cater to the taste of the tourist, and increase ■ precarious income by exaggerating local colour. In Spain the people permit with indifference all and sundry to join in their festivals, but on the only occasion on which I offered them money I was repelled with scorn.

We were informed that the older sister—a woman of great charm—was there to encourage and inspire her sister, who was deaf, but who had for many years sung in every café in Seville. After ■ solemn silence, in which we toasted the performers, the runner-up started chanting one of the strange Flamenco songs to the guitar which are impossible to describe. The Marquis de Narros—sitting next to me—asked ■■ if the music gave ■■ the same pleasure as it did him. Remembering the emotion that the sound of the bagpipes always awakens in me, I said I could well understand all he felt.

The older ■■■■ stopped ■ suddenly as she had begun and, asking for ■ stronger drink, filled her sister's glass. In doing this she upset ■■■■ of the wine on the cloth, at which she rubbed her finger in it and touched her own forehead and Arthur Rubinstein's with ■ charming laugh.

The guitarist ■■ unmoved, gazing with his mysterious eyes ■ the paved floor, playing fascinating chords



ANTHONY ASQUITH

and discords with his long and beautiful fingers, and for all the notice he took of us ■ might have been a thousand miles away.

We sat in silence, ■ cold wind from a broken pane playing on the back of my neck, and I watched the faces of the company ; ultimately the younger sister, throwing back her fine head, began to sing.

Anthony, with his chin in his hands, ■ devouring every cadence ; the waiter remained ■ the door ; De Narros ■ in ■ ecstasy, and Rubinstein spell-bound ; the rest of the party ■ enjoying themselves ■ conscientiously.

At four o'clock a.m. I told De Narros I must go, and in spite of protestations I kissed the two women, congratulated the guitarist, and ■ accompanied home by De Narros.

On the afternoon of Easter Sunday I was sent for by Princess Beatrice, who was staying at our hotel. She asked me if there was any chance of her hearing Rubinstein play, as he was such a friend of her daughters, and she had been unable to ■ to his concerts.

I said I did not know, but that in the event of our finding ■ piano, would she permit my companions ■ be of the audience, ■ I did not like to desert them ■ my last day? She was very gracious, and gave ■ willing permission. Lafita—who is a king of guides in all Sevillian matters—found ■ piano in ■ shop, and Rubinstein agreed to play the ■ day ■ ■ thirty p.m.

At dinner that night, ■ could see that the person who had been most affected by the bull-fight had been Mlle. d'Erlanger—which endeared her to me very

much. The hardier ladies suggested that it might have been because it [REDACTED] pouring with rain, and umbrellas were a poor substitute for mantillas, that had the bulls been wilder, and the general gaiety and colour [REDACTED] brilliant, minor matters such as the disembowelling of horses, etc., would not have engaged her attention. I preferred to think otherwise.

Towards midnight [REDACTED] went to hear "Dora," a famous music-hall singer and dancer. This lovely being of twenty appeared in a long pale bodice and a full gold skirt over which black lace [REDACTED] caught by an enormous rose; she changed this to a clinging lilac *crêpe-de-Chine* with heavy fringes, and a broad-brimmed, man's grey hat; after which she changed several times without the curtain falling—singing, dancing, and talking in an enchanting manner without any of the shawls, mantillas, high combs, or stage properties that make Spanish dancing [REDACTED] tiresome.

Her face [REDACTED] not made up, and she carried her little head with challenging dignity, moving about the stage with a swiftness and swagger entirely free from any sort of vulgarity.

We [REDACTED] all wild with enthusiasm, and no doubt if Dora had made her début in any country but Spain she would have had [REDACTED] as assured [REDACTED] Pavlova's; but [REDACTED] it is I am informed that she will be surrounded by relations who will distribute her gainings while making her a small allowance, and instead of singing to kings, [REDACTED] supping with millionaires, she will be old and finished in fifteen years—eating oranges off the same deal chair that her

grandmother sat ■ before her. Rubinstein told ■ that if he ■ to offer her the most innocent outing, he would be stilettoed ■ imprisoned.

Through the good offices of Lafita, ■ ■ introduced to Dora the next evening ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ I ■ amazed to ■ ■ a little woman, smaller than myself, modestly dressed with ■ black hat pulled down ■ her eyes, and ■ look of hesitancy, almost sadness, in her face. I asked her to have coffee with us, but she pointed to her relations and refused, saying she must sit with them.

On Easter Monday—our last day in Seville—the weather broke, and a pitiless rain ■ falling.

Lafita—whose kindness and efficiency made all the difference to us in Seville—took me to ■ church to show me ■ carved wooden Christ of astonishing beauty. The crucifix was ■ the floor—not having been replaced since the procession—and beggar boys, holding bits of candles, squatted round to enable ■ to see, ■ Spanish churches are dark. Instead of the effeminate white face and thin body usually ■ in Christ ■ the Cross, the sculptor has given Him the figure of ■ Greek athlete, with features of a handsome, sunburnt young Jew, and ■ expression of tenderness and power in His face which could not be found out of Spain.

We walked back into the ■ and went to the studio, where he presented ■ with several of his sketches. Like many other artists, his impressions ■ better than his finished pictures, but he has talent. We all joined at the Hotel Madrid, and accompanied Princess Beatrice to the music shop in the evening.

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Rubinstein opened ■ ■ woolly grand piano with Chopin's *Barcarole*, and continued with several Mazurkas, a Polonaise, and—at my request—Bach's *Toccatà in D*. He ended with the *Albaian* by Albeniz. He could not have played better had ■■ been an audience of two thousand instead of twelve people.

CHAPTER III

GRANADA

*The Alhambra—The Palace of Generalife—Manuel Falla and ■■■
new opera—Return to Madrid—Farewell ■ Spain.*

We left Seville at ten on the 3rd of April, and after a slow journey in the express train reached Granada at nine-thirty on the ■■■ evening.

We motored from the station to Carmen de Los Fosos, Generalife, where our hosts—Mr. and Mrs. Charles Temple—live in an enchanting house on a level with the Alhambra, built by themselves in the Andalusian style of fireproof rose brick, wooden beams, and open fireplaces.

Hedges of aloes and olives interspersed by clumps of Chinese-looking cactus, patches of purple pansies, and flowering wistaria, surround the house, from which you look at a view finer than any in Florence ■■ Edinburgh. Oscar Wilde once said to ■■■ he considered fine views ■■■ made for bad artists, ■■ I shall not describe it; but I cannot believe there is anything ■■■ beautiful in any country in the world than the view from Carmen de Los Fosos.

On the morning of the 4th, Mrs. Temple motored ■■ to the old shops in the town. Antiquity shops ■■

the mixture of good and bad whether in London, Athens, Rome, or Spain, and I have no patience with the people who complain of being swindled. To be cheated by a dealer is a matter for the Law Courts, but to cheat him yourself is a matter of congratulation ; it is only fair to allow a shopman the sensation of gratified vanity that you feel yourself when you have picked up something of value at a low price.

The drive from the town to Los Fosos is up a steep hill between old walls with stone seats, a double row of magnificent trees, and through the Puerta de las Granadas.

After driving all over Granada, I understood why our hosts preferred hiring a Ford car to possessing one of their own. The streets have holes as big as tombs, and even when the cobbled surface looks smooth, you are tossed into the air as if you were top in the game of diabolo.

In the afternoon we went to the Alhambra, where we were introduced to J. Flores, the official interpreter, who sits in the first Royal Court for the instruction of the distinguished tourists.

We found him a man of wit and knowledge. After explaining to us that the reason why the astonishing detail of this Moorish monument had resisted centuries of storm and rain was because it was built of a composition of ground marble, sand, and stucco, he pointed to the lacework of arches, pillars, gateways, and galleries, and said :

"The touch of feminine, madam, in the architecture, is what you must realise if you wish to appreciate what you will see in the Alhambra, just as the influence of monks is to be felt in the Escorial."

We wandered from court to court, and beauty to beauty, joined by the Arquitecto Conservador de la Alhambra, till ■ reached the highest gallery. Looking down at the beautiful roofs of the scattered town, over the sunlit plains sentinelled by cypresses to the hyacinth hills, and tired with praising, for want of something better to say, ■ turned to the Arquitecto and said :

" If ■ I commit suicide, it will be from this balustrade." To which he replied :

" You may be quite sure, madam, your idea would have been anticipated if such ■ combination of beauty in landscape and architecture, dating from the thirteenth century, had not inspired *Hope*."

The great Spanish composer—Manuel Falla,—lunched with us next day, and remained for some time afterwards talking about music. I observed a certain restlessness in our hosts ■ the hour of four approached. Mr. Temple, turning to his wife, asked what her afternoon plans were, and after engaging ourselves to tea with him the next day we said good-bye.

In the evening, Fernando de los Rios Urruti, ■ professor of political economy, dined. He is a ■ of striking personality, charm, and knowledge, ■ well as a politician of advanced Liberal views. He said what had given the Coalition their *coup de grâce* had doubtless been their call to the Colonies to join the Greeks in fighting the Turk (an act of unparalleled folly). Having just returned from Berlin, he was in ■ position to tell us of the industrial, moral, and physical sufferings of the German people. He said the action of France was isolating her from the

moral approbation of the whole world—that moral force which had lined up to help her to win the war. That only the ruin of Germany would make the French know what their action had cost them.

"When the public realize that a ruined Germany will pay nothing, then Poincaré will fall execrated by the whole of France."

I said, with the exception of a small group, Poincaré had French opinion behind him. (We were both speaking questionable French.)

"Plutôt, madame, je dirais la silence," he answered.

On the sixth, we spent the morning in the old Palace of Generalife, which is free from the restorations of the Alhambra and of almost greater interest.

The paved courtyards of orange trees in full fruit, magnolias of forest height, budding bushes of yellow banksia, and single jets of water flung high into the air in measured intervals along the closely-cut box hedges, add to the beauty of the open galleries, tiled roofs, and decorated walls of a lovely old building. What was striking both at the Alhambra and Generalife was the absence of guides and tourists. We only saw a few people scattered about, and heard some talking; this convinces one that Spain is less visited than any other European country of equal beauty.

At five o'clock Mr. and Mrs. Temple, my friend and I went to Falla's house for tea. The detachment and unpunctuality of the Spanish people pass all understanding. We sat waiting in a charming room with a plaited straw dado, a cottage piano—on which were heaped music and manuscripts, photographs of Goossens, Rubinstein, and the picture by Zuloaga

of an American lady that I have got in my drawing-

Falla is a ■■■ of beautiful countenance and great sensibility. He talks well in a difficult French, and has purpose, fire and conviction.

He said that up to ■■■ no music ■ all had been written, and when I suggested Bach, Beethoven, Mozart, or perhaps Wagner ; he exclaimed :

"Ce n'est que des annonces, madame."

Coming from anyone else, this remark would have sounded absurd, but he followed it up with ■■■ earnest, wonderful discourse of what he meant by the word "music."

Remaining unconvinced, ■ found myself longing for the piano to be opened or the tea to be announced, but Mr. Temple showed such admirable fortitude that I dared not fidget.

When the town clocks chimed six, Mlle. Falla informed ■ that tea ■■■ ready, and we went downstairs. The conversation turned ■ to his friend Professor Fernando, and when I said he ■■■ a man I would like to ■■■ of, the door opened and he walked in.

Tea being over, I conducted Falla to the piano.

He told ■ he had ■ voice, and had ■■■ permitted himself to practise, but that he would go through "El Retablo de Maese Pedro" (his ■■■ one-act opera), relying ■ our tolerance. Before beginning, he explained the story. There ■■■ three singers: Master Peter (tenor), the showman ; the Boy (mezzo soprano) who stands outside the puppet show ; and Don Quixote (baritone). He continued :

"The first scene opens in front of a country inn, where Don Kichoté (as he pronounced it) and Sancho

■ sitting surrounded by drinking villagers. The Boy (a choir boy) is standing outside ■ curtained puppet show, shouting in loud tones 'Walk up! Walk up to ■ the show!' He is gesticulating with a wand between his explanations, and encouraging the audience by exalted promises of the perfections they ■ about to witness. When the loiterers ■ assembled, Maese Pedro—the owner of the show—pulls back the curtains from inside, and the marionettes ■ ■ representing the Court of Charlemagne. Fine gentlemen ■ sitting at the gambling table throwing dice, accompanied by languid ladies in trains of brocade covered with jewels, and there is ■ general air of festivity and display.

"Charlemagne upbraids Señor Don Gayferos for indulging in pleasure while his wife—Melisendra—is lying imprisoned by the Moors in ■ fortress in the city of Saragossa; and after some discussion the curtain falls.

"When the curtains are drawn for the second scene, Don Gayferos is seen riding through rocky passes towards the fortress of Saragossa to deliver his imprisoned wife, Melisendra, in which he succeeds. In ■ moment of passion an indiscreet Moor ■ to have embraced the lady, which aroused the 'pudeur' and fury of the Sultan. The delinquent ■ assailed by sticks and stones, and flogged through the streets of the city, and marching orders given to the army to pursue the Christian lovers."

Our host ended his story thus :

"At this moment, Don Quixote stands up gesticulating like ■ windmill with his arms—to the surprise of the spectators—and shouts in the text of Cervantes :

“‘I will never consent, while I live, that in my presence such an outrage as this be offered to so valiant and to ■ amorous ■ bold knight ■ Don Gayferos !’

“He proceeds to unsheath his sword, and rains strokes right and left ■■ the marionettes. In vain Maese Pedro begs him with tears not to take the piece too seriously, since the performers ■■ only puppets and mean no harm ; the exalted gentleman gets bolder and ■■■■ excited, and cuts and thrusts till every marionette is broken, and the puppet show lies in fragments at his feet.”

After this preliminary account, Falla sat down and, with ■ few gaps, went through the chief parts of his wonderful composition, singing, reciting, gesticulating, and playing with ■ grace, power, and conviction so moving that when I thanked him my voice shook. He was also trembling with emotion when he said good-bye to us ; and ■ Anthony, our hosts, and I walked out into the sunset towards the motor, we agreed we had listened to the work of ■ great genius.

I asked Professor Fernando if he imagined Mlle. Falla—who sat with a settled expression ■■ her face throughout the performance—had really understood it. He answered :

“Il y a deux façons de comprendre les choses, madame, l’un par le coeur et l’autre par la conscience.”

“On pourrait même ajouter une troisième—la cervelle,” I said, to which he agreed, but explained to ■ that Mlle. Falla had so great a devotion to her brother that there ■■ nothing connected with him that she could not apprehend.

We spent the morning of the 7th accompanied by

MY VISIT TO SPAIN

the professor in the oldest parts of Granada, ending by the Cathedral and the Royal Chapel. We ■ down ■ stone ■ and examined the beautiful gateways of Justice, the Pilar de Carlos Quinto, and the medallions by Diego de Silos. It ■ cold, and a light ■ began to fall when ■ returned home.

On Sunday, April the 8th, our last day in Granada, it snowed without ceasing, and after writing my diary I read the belated English papers. The defeated Nationalists seemed to be still forcing the pace over Liberal Reunion. (It is unwise to pull up even the strongest plant, and rejected addresses ■ apt to become ridiculous.) Turning to what ■ newer, I read with surprise that ■ had told ■ journalist in Madrid that my husband "would in two years re- ■ office at the head of a more united and ■ numerous Liberal Party than ever."

This touching confidence did not come from me, but I have said too many foolish things in the course of my life to resent impromptus.

We arrived in Madrid ■ the night of the 9th, and had a late dinner in the company of ■ hosts, the Duke of Alba and his wife—beautiful specimens of Spanish aristocracy alike in face, figure, and ■

We had ■ long talk ■ general politics.

In answer to ■ of his remarks upon his fellow-countrymen, I said that nothing but education could ■ public opinion in Spain, the lack of which he deplored. Many of the Spanish people could neither read ■ write, and little children of five ■ six supped ■ midnight with mothers rich enough to wear diamond earrings; this—combined with laziness—was not promising for their national future. I told him



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THE DUKE OF ALBA Y BERWICK

about a Scottish peer of whom it ■■■ related in my youth that, though ■ strong Tory, he ■■■ heard at the club expressing advanced Liberal opinions.

"Hullo, old man!" said a friend, "what ■■■ happened to you? The views you have just expressed are very different from what you ■■■ saying to ■■ a few months ago."

To which his distinguished friend replied:

"Not ■ all, my dear fellow! I ■■■ all for the people—damn 'em!—but I wouldn't educate 'em—blast 'em!"

The next day we went over the Armoury, which, though a trifle crowded, is marvellously arranged. The beauty of gold and silver design on shields, helmets, swords, and trappings; the saddles, stirrups, spurs, and guns—represented from the earliest days of chivalry, ceremony, and battle—add to the historical interest, and leave a lasting impression. I do not imagine that in the whole of Europe one can ■■■ anything at all comparable to it.

Early ■■ the morning of the 11th of April 1923, ■■■ took a train from Madrid to Paris, and I have seldom left a country with greater feelings of regret than when I looked across the olive groves and ■■■ our last Castle in Spain.

MY VISIT TO
ITALY IN 1924

MY VISIT TO ITALY IN 1924

CHAPTER I

FROM HOME POLITICS TO ROME

Politics of to-day—Winston Churchill—His Failure in the Westminster Election—Journey to Paris with Anthony—Jeanne Granier—Rapallo.

I am not writing for any particular reader, or upon any particular subject ; nor have I the presumption to imagine anyone would be interested in my opinions if I were ; but I am writing for my own pleasure, and am going to give a short account of things in general and of my holiday with my son.

The changes that have taken place in these islands in less than six months are so colossal that they must have bewildered the foreigner as much as they have stunned and stimulated our thoughtful people at home.

When the Labour Government under the leadership of Mr. Ramsay Macdonald was installed in Whitehall, it would have been hard to say who was the most frightened—the Peers, the Press, the Tories, the City, or the Cabinet. Nor am I exempt a certain sort of Liberal—either in the House of Commons or the constituencies—but though I do not think the bulk of our men shared this terror, undoubtedly every

political Party ■■ taken by surprise. It ■■ difficult to imagine that in matters of foreign policy, delicate questions of Defence, Finance, and Administration, men of little experience and foolish talk would be able to govern the British Empire.

Since the Armistice, ■ great swing to the Left has been ■■ noticeable ■■ it has been inevitable in every country. When ■■ and ■■■■■ have been ostracizing their friends they are not likely to be in the humour to forgive their enemies, and the vain and foolish talk ■■ not confined to the Labour Party. One of the cleverest men in England said in ■ prepared address delivered to ■■ academic audience: "Politically, economically, and philosophically, the motive of self-interest not only is but must be—and ought to be—the mainspring of human conduct."

If every ■■ of influence, every newspaper, City Corporation, Church and University all over the civilized world had dedicated themselves to peace and reconciliation, and paid more than lip-service to the League of Nations, the habit and spirit of War—engendered by hate, greed and swagger—might have been fundamentally altered. The only practical way of doing this would have been to lift the blockade in 1918 and by an exchange of commodities get into quick touch with friend as well as enemy. Mutual benefit is ■■ reliable than mutual forgiveness, and this faith is what differentiates Liberals from Tories and is ■ the bottom of their belief in Free Trade.

In the early autumn of 1923, there ■■ ■■ ■■■■ to suppose that the Tory Government would not remain in office for several years—though Napoleon himself ■■■■ had ■ harder task than the late Prime



THE EARL OF OXFORD AND ASQUITH

Minister when he started to straighten out the muddles of his predecessors.

In a moment of impatience—and possibly influenced by the abysmal ignorance of his Front Bench—Mr. Baldwin plunged the country into ■ General Election ■ the issue of Protection, and the British public—tired of seeing politics treated by the “first-class brains” ■ ■ game—split the Tories from top to toe, and returned Labour as the second biggest Party in the House of Commons.

My husband—over whose decease every bell had tolled—suddenly found himself proclaimed the saviour of Society. Threatened, flattered, entreated and cajoled, in private letters, public postcards, and by anxious ex-Ministers, he kept ■ even keel.

He ■ laid low with influenza at the time, and by doctor's orders not allowed to see anyone.

Mr. Churchill, Lord Birkenhead, Sir Robert Horne, Mr. Austen Chamberlain, Lord Midleton and many business and City men, told us publicly and privately that they were prepared to follow his leadership, anything rather than have a Labour Government. The Conservatives had been rejected by the country, which made it impossible for the King to call upon them, Labour was in ■ minority, and the Liberals, being the only untried Party, would be compelled by circumstances to form a Government. I pointed out that ■ also were in a minority, and that the rank and file of the Conservatives would not follow my husband, nor would that particular group in the House of Commons (chiefly Coalitionists) command any majority of their own Party. They maintained that the hideous danger of ■ Labour

Government ■■■ so great that for the sake of King and Country everyone would make sacrifices.

The Tory Party have never objected to borrowing their Leaders from the Liberals, but to make ■■■ illicit arrangement, whether called "Fusion," "Coalition" ■■■ any other ■■■ to cheat Labour, would have been against all that is honourable in public life. To go to Mr. Baldwin and say ■■■ would become Protectionists and keep him in office, or for the Tories to ■■■ to ■■■ and say they would become Free Traders to follow my husband, would have made both the historic Parties in this country treacherous and grotesque. Rage made rumours fly round of plots and intrigues which never existed, and to this day there are men and ■■■ of intelligence who think my husband did the wrong thing in putting a Labour Government into office. It is abundantly clear that had he been foolish enough to take the advice of the "first-class brains," Labour would have had a legitimate grievance and in any future election must have swept this country.

Fear is of all things the least productive.

It would be easy to dilate upon the mistakes made by each of the old historic Parties in neglecting to take Labour into its councils during the last twenty-four years ; but it must be said in defence of the Liberals, that they have not only done ■■■ for Labour than any other party, but that during their term of office they went from crisis to crisis trying to persuade the Tories to do many of the things that they have been obliged to do since ; and but for the War, Liberals would have placed upon the Statute Book additional records of industrial reform. It is also certain that

they would have countenanced ■ Peace which is directly responsible for half the unemployment and ■ of the misery which is haunting the world to-day.

I do not know enough history to say, but I should think the only possibility of ■ lasting truce after the terrors and futilities of ■ consists in terms of peace that ■ generous.

The 1918 Election, with its war-whoops, balloons, and battle-cries, ■ a great political blunder. It killed the *officier de liaison* between extreme Right and extreme Left, and ■ Party ■ rent by internal divisions. Mr. Baldwin's sudden conversion to Protection—after his rather cynical and lightheaded conduct of the Safeguarding of Industries Bill—did not give ■ enough time to organize our reunion, and our ■ were seriously handicapped in the last General Election. (But ■ won many astonishing victories, and you can go from Land's End to Oxford without setting foot ■ a Labour (■ Tory constituency).

I cannot remember the time when there were not three Parties in the House of Commons (most countries have more), but with courage and patience we hope to avoid the folly and danger of seeing all the rich pitted against the poor.

Patience is the rarest of political gifts, and there ■ moments in life—as in politics—when ■ must endeavour to look beyond ourselves :

“ With malice toward none ; with charity for all ; with firmness in the right, as God gives ■ to ■ the right, let ■ strive ■ finish the work ■ ■ engaged in ; to bind up the nations' wounds, to care for him

who shall have borne the battle, to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace among ourselves and with all nations."

The fatigues and excitements of the General Election prevented Christmas 1923 from being in any true **■** of the word **■** holiday, and I had been looking forward **■** my annual expedition abroad with my **■** with increasing and unfeigned delight.

It is difficult to choose the right place to go to when the **■** is high and the winds **■** cold, but after protracted discussions **■** decided to divide our four weeks between Paris and Rome.

I often envy the man who, when asked by a friend how he had left his wife, replied: "Very easily."

I never leave anything easily, and my footsteps **■** dogged throughout life by **■** kind of affectionate tenacity. I like what I am accustomed to: I love my relations, forgive my friends, am indifferent to my enemies, and envy nobody. My tenacity is unintentional. I am not gracelessly obstinate **■** mulishly perverse, but I **■** embarrassingly faithful. I would like to go to China, India, and the Trossachs **■** day, but in the meantime prefer England. I am, above all, **■** bad traveller. I **■** good with strangers, bad with passports, sleepless in a train, and the sight of the **■** reminds **■** of convalescence.

The last ten days before we left London had been exhausting. Winding up the winter, rearranging books, settling household affairs, transferring things from the country to the town, and, above all, a sudden

and dangerous attack of influenza which my husband had contracted, increased my anxieties. Never at any time very patient, I had a thousand things to do, both important and unimportant, added to which, living ■ I do in the wilds of Bedford Square, my daily progress ■■■ retarded by a by-election which was taking place in the Abbey division of Westminster.

The London traffic, haunted by horse-drawn drivers asleep in the middle of the road, is never very flexible, but it was rendered stationary and my motor superfluous by this famous political upheaval.

Forced to find myself upon my feet, I meandered about among well-marshalled canvassers, hoping to pick up a little information upon which to form some opinion ■ to the chances of the two candidates about whom everyone ■■■ talking or betting.

With the exception of the *Times* and the *Morning Post*, our minor Press prophets were backing and boosting Mr. Winston Churchill.

I love political contests almost ■ much ■ Americans love platitudes, the Scots love sermons, and the French love force; but I should have been more excited had the principal combatants not been fighting for the ■■■ cause—if you ■■■ call anything prefixed by the word "anti" a cause.

Pushed to its logical conclusion and shorn of rhetoric, the contention with which Mr. Churchill ■■■ trying to make the flesh of his audiences creep ran thus :

" Mr. Ramsay Macdonald and his Cabinet have ■ yet neither plundered ■■■ pockets nor murdered our parents, but I know them better than they know themselves, and they *will*."

Individually, the Members of Parliament on the Government Benches while not quite understanding the forms of procedure, good-humoured, sensible men | but collectively, whether from force of circumstance or lack of ideas, they appeared rather shapeless, and their policy difficult for the unprejudiced to follow. A Labour Government whose sole contribution to the pressing problem of unemployment the remark that they did keep rabbits in their hats probably less to be feared than Mr. Churchill.

Leaving these reflections, I threaded my way platforms erected upon barrows and trollies, and listened to the various speakers and the comments of the crowd.

The Union Jack—a device in political colours—stirred my feelings rather vaguely, but whether from the icy wind or what not, there appeared to me to be a good deal of forced animation among the rosetted rhetoricians.

You could have heard a pin drop when Mr. Scott Ducker's name mentioned, did shouts for Mr. Otho Nicholson cause much perturbation, but not when the Union Jackites began to flutter their emblems. Heroes at the back—who started singing "Rule Britannia" or the "Red Flag"—were put to shame by a claque of cheers for "Winnie," till it became clear to the dullest that he was THE MAN.

On March 20th, 1924, my and I went to hear the poll declared—outside a hideous building where a crowd had collected.

Accustomed to the enthusiasm and intelligence of a Paisley political crowd—where your life is in almost equal danger from your friend as your enemy—I

thought the gathering outside the Caxton Hall too orderly for the excessive chaperonage of the police.

Challenged by a few West End ladies, who had joined me in the street, ~~and~~ what I guessed the result would be, I said :

" I think Winston will be beaten by fifteen or twenty." (It ~~was~~ just the sort of lucky shot any idiot might have made after fluctuating for days between contradictory opinions ; but I ~~was~~ thought he could win.)

After waiting for over an hour, protected from the wind by the mounted police, I ~~was~~ an excited Tory female waving a bunch of blue ribbons from the steps of the hall, and knew that the Tories had won. As there ~~was~~ no balcony, and the proudest victor would not have risked his life speaking from the roof of a conservatory which covered the porch facing the street, I threaded my way back to the motor and returned to our Square.

Mr. Churchill has not even a nodding acquaintance with time ; he is what he always has been—a very young ~~man~~ of genius, whose friendship is more valuable than his advice. No ~~one~~ has ~~ever~~ published, ~~and~~ ~~will~~ will publish, an arresting study of his mind or character, though the least discerning could write an interesting account of his career. He is a great expressionist, a fine writer, and a loyal private friend. He is a brave sailor, but ~~one~~ ~~can~~ be a good navigator if his telescope is focused upon a single star.

Everyone ~~was~~ agreed that he had put up a remarkably plucky fight, while regretting he had not reserved his big guns for a ~~more~~ conspicuous enemy. Promising to support the Tories while advocating a strong Liberal

wing ■ unite the two Parties in the future aroused ■ enthusiasm, ■ the bravest soldier cannot be expected to fight upon two fronts.

It takes no witch to apprehend that ■ the back of Mr. Churchill's mind lies the damning delusion that he ■ form a Centre Party. It ■ for the wrong entry of what the newspapers would call most of Mr. Lloyd George's "erstwhile supporters"; but these merry-go-rounds do not appeal to the British electorate.

During my political lifetime many young men of ■ faith in ■ and ■ political insight have ■ themselves in the middle of this Circle. But Messrs. Birkenhead, Churchill & Co. either never knew, or have completely forgotten the joy and relief with which the news of the ■ of their Coalition—at the Carlton Club meeting—was received by men of every opinion all the world over. It irritates and baffles them to think the Liberal Party is so out of date as still to believe that principles are more important than place; that the Press has little power; that conscienceless compromise is against the best traditions of ■ Parliamentary system, and many who hold their views cannot forgive my husband for not having formed another Coalition—the only ■ by which ■ Labour Government could have been kept out of office.

I have often noticed that the ■ who talk of being bigger than Party, and prate about Patriotism, are without conviction, and only thinking of themselves.

Liberalism is a kind of religion. It is instinct with a sense of fair play, which is the bed-rock of the power of the British Empire; and when the Tories become

loyal again in their chosen chief an equal Faith will return to them.

There are some "glittering prizes" not worth having, and leaders—however brilliant—are apt to become ridiculous, if not extinct, when they are of neither their goal nor their followers.

Clad as if we were going to the Caucasus, I left London on March 21st. A crowded carriage from Boulogne made it impossible for me to remove any of my under-garments, and two agreeable golfers had filled up all the space that our bags, rugs, coats, books, lunch, and newspapers had left to them.

The heat was terrific, and my legs were even more boiled when I had removed my spats; it was up like smoke everywhere in whiffs from under the carpet. We flung ourselves upon the windows. Neither Anthony nor I are good at mechanism, and however many directions are printed in however many different languages, I am incapable of taking advantage of them.

"Défense de se pencher au dehors" appeared simple but ironical, and after tugging every strap and tearing our nails as well as bruising our chests against the glass, we collapsed.

I arrived in Paris hot and punished for my over-precaution.

We were met by my son-in-law's beautiful cousin, Princess George Bibesco, with roses in her arms. She is a woman upon whose intelligence and affection all who know her depend, as well as being observant, witty and detached. She left us at our hotel, telling

us we were all to join shortly at dinner with Sir Philip Sassoon, who was going to take us afterwards to a theatre.

None but the most heartless would ask for us in their room at an hour when the waiters at the Ritz Hotel were besieged by every visitor in Paris, but I chose a small table and awaited my son, while scrutinizing the cackling ladies of every nationality eating cakes under *cloche* hats as monotonous as policemen's helmets, and such of their conversation as I was reluctantly obliged to overhear.

Sir Philip Sassoon—the best of friends and companions and a great artist—took us to an old play at the Variétés called “Le bois sacré,” a skit on l'Académie des Beaux Arts of fifteen years ago, in which Jeanne Granier acted amazingly well. I was told she was seventy, in which case she is the most vital woman living, always excepting Lady Cunard, who is several generations younger and has a more happy heart and iron nerves.

The Marquis de Castellane took Anthony and me to see Granier in the entr'acte. We had not met since I saw her play in a private house in Mayfair to King Edward. She was delighted with our visit, and has lost nothing of her gaiety and charm.

English actresses, with few exceptions, do not listen well on the stage, and when they read letters conveying bad news make far too much of do. This is, perhaps, pardonable if there are other people on the scene, but when the heroine is alone it is unconvincing, and I am sure that superfluous movement is acting.

It is strange to think that though the French are the best actors in the world, they have never had the energy

to make their theatres either hygienic ■ comfortable, ■ ■ do away with the old vultures who plead for ■■■ and hats, or beg you to have ■ footstool when your knees ■■ jammed against the red plush backs of the ■■■ in front of you.

We returned to our hotel dripping with heat and dropping with fatigue, and left Paris early the next morning. We spent the night in the train, retiring to hard beds and heavy horsecloths in ■ atmosphere where ■■■ woad would have been too much covering.

Unlucky ■ cards, ■■ might have supposed I would be lucky in other ways, but whatever luck may go to other people it seldom ■■■■ my way. It does not matter ■ what season of the year I choose to travel, there are always queues of fleas, bugs, and flies awaiting my arrival, and when I woke up ■ 5.30 ■ the morning of the 23rd ■ Rapallo station, I found myself bitten from knuckle to knee. If I ate, slept, and drank as much ■ my friends, I would understand the poisonous lumps which rise ■ readily ■ my skimpy figure. But I seldom allow myself more than six hours' sleep, and get up from every meal before the others have refilled their glasses. It is a great drawback in ■■■ to be so poisonable, and ■ warning against giving way to the impatience and irritability from which I ■■ a chronic sufferer. I ■■■ try ■ cultivate an enamelled complacency which, if it will not add ■ my friends, may placate my enemies and improve my general health. I have always rather suspected that heavy spray of affability which, like icing ■ ■ cake, prevents me from knowing whether the hidden substance is sponge, seed or sultana. But ■■■ people have selves to promote

and other selves to control, and it is obvious that I belong to the latter category and ~~must~~ take myself in hand, as I am not the least likely to become too agreeable, and my only chance of health is to avoid speaking and—above all—writing when I ~~am~~ in a ~~state~~ of nervous irritability. With a little ~~more~~ serenity, I imagine I would be a strong ~~and~~ tourist and impervious to every bug-bite.

CHAPTER II

ROME

*The British Embassy—The Buildings of Rome—Tivoli: ■■■ ■■■■
of Hadrian and the ■■■■ d'Este.*

The train de luxe from Paris to Rome is not fast. Finding myself rather bored and tired, I discussed poetry with Anthony and looked over the English magazines we had brought with us.

We ■■■■ delighted to find ■ ■■■■ limerick in the *Weekly Westminster* of March 22nd, signed "Nut-cracker":

" There ■■■■ an old lady of Sheen,
Whose musical ■■■■ was not keen;
She remarked, ' ■■■■ is odd
That I cannot tell ' God
Save the Weasel ' from ' Pop goes the
Queen.' "

We arrived in Rome ■■ Sunday, March 23rd, ■■ a quarter-past three in the afternoon, where we were met by our British Ambassador's motor and rapidly conveyed to the Embassy.

The British Embassy—near Porta Pia—is a large white building with ■ fine staircase, good reception rooms, and a lovely garden. Camelia ■■■■ in full

blossom stand ■ intervals round the lawn ■ the ■ of the drive which sweeps up to the double doors of the entrance. Cinerarias of every colour ■ placed close together upon stone balustrades in the more formal part of the garden, and ■ big tennis-court surrounded by trees makes you feel far away from any city.

The reception-rooms of every Embassy I have ■ seen—except ■ in Paris—suffer from certain decorative conventions. I do not know whether it is due to the taste of the permanent officials in Whitehall, ■ the fancy of our passing Ambassadors, that grandeur seems inseparable from ugliness ; but I sometimes wonder if distinguished foreigners think our Embassies abroad are true reflections of the best British taste.

There is not much to be done with large reception-rooms ■ in any house, but in the Embassy at Rome pictures of our Royal Family are parked—to ■ American expression—to an unrelieved extent. Great artists painted the Georges, and the galleries in Spain and Italy, and sculpture of ancient days, portray ■ the admiration of a cultured public every ruler in Europe. Our Royalties—always kind and courageous—have given more opportunities to bad artists than most kings and queens. It is ■ matter of surprise and regret to think that Queen Alexandra—the ■ beautiful and beloved ■ of ■ time—should ■ have been painted by any great artist.

Apart from the reception-rooms, Sir Ronald and Lady Sybil Graham have made everything that they have touched beautiful. In the course of their travels they have collected Oriental carpets, china,

lacquer, and pictures of charm and value, and arranged them in such a manner as to make you feel the personality of people of rare taste and observation.

Upon my arrival, we were warmly greeted by the Ambassador, after which I retired to rest.

We dined at nine that night with Princess Jane Faustina, a well known lady of fine appearance and large American heart, who entertains with equal assiduity most of the interesting and uninteresting Society in several European capitals.

In spite of going to bed late, I woke up early next morning and precipitated ourselves into the wonders of Rome.

Without waiting for a Baedeker, I peeped through the dark protecting archways into sunlit courtyards and watched the fountains toss their white spray against the vellum walls of high and unnamed Palazzos.

I never realized that Rome was so closely surrounded by such lovely country. You can see long stretches of green, chains of pointed mountains, black cypresses, and little villages tucked up against the sky from wherever you stand; and there is an atmosphere of light and colour in the streets which inspires you with a sense of gaiety and keenness. If it were not for the abominable surface of the streets and roads—which gave me slight concussion of the brain—I do not think anyone would ever feel tired in Rome.

It is noticeable that no creepers are allowed to corrupt any of the fine buildings abroad, and it makes me profoundly unhappy to think that, thanks to the ignorance, obstinacy, and hopeless lack of sense and

reverence in England to-day, future generations will see Oxford, Cambridge, Winchester, or Eton as we have known them. I do not know who the authorities are who control these matters, but they might be worth meeting if only to find out why they prefer ivy and Virginia-creeper to the stonework of our ancient and beautiful buildings. It is evidently a passion with our teachers of the young, I have seen a private school that was not disfigured either by ivy or by Virginia-creeper.

The people in Rome live in intimacy with all that is beautiful and ancient. Statues, fountains, bridges, marble staircases, and courtyards of magic beauty are not guarded by sentries in gold hats and brass buttons, but priest, pauper, stranger, guest, and tourist enjoy them alike; they remain just as they were, part of the life—and in no sense of the death—of the city. Ruins, however historically interesting, are to be dull, and should never be cut off by turnstiles, ropes, or the rude officialdom from the pleasure of the people. Nothing quickens the pulse or renews youth like admiration, and we spent an unforgettable morning.

There is something in the quality of the stone in Rome that makes it look like the linen of the time of Queen Elizabeth, and I must ask someone who knows whether it is age or accident that makes the brickwork—of which high walls, palaces, and every kind of house are constructed—so fine in colour. Little red bricks—varying from a faded yellow to a sunburnt rose—are to be seen in every street, used for every purpose, and they enormously enhance the beauty of the town.

The interiors of Italian churches lack the dignity and mystery of ■■■■■. You seldom see fine stained glass, and the brilliant and often tawdry decorations peculiar to Roman Catholic sentiment give ■ feeling of banqueting ■■■■ than of prayer, and the elephantine antics with which the gigantic sugar-loaf Apostles express their adoration go far to making the interior of St. Peter's ridiculous ; but I do not think there is anything ■■■■ perfect in architecture than the back of the cathedral, ■■■■ interesting and lovely than the Vatican.

It is ■ never-ending ■■■■ of speculation to me why beautiful buildings have so little influence upon modern architects. Whether you go to Athens or Rome, Oxford or Winchester, and see the vulgar modern buildings that are constantly erected, you can only suppose that the average architect is either line-blind or beauty-proof. In justice, be it said that Herbert Baker, Walter Cave, and Sir Edwin Lutyens ■■■ men of first-rate merit ; but no one will dispute that there ■■■ specimens of modern architecture in London which ■■■ should all be glad to be rid of, including the hideous red Admiralty—with its poky ■■■■ and roomy corridors—which has destroyed the unity of the loveliest part of London.

Men ■■■ either born with taste ■■■ acquire it, and however educated, ■ mixture of arrogance and complacency goes far to destroy it. Motoring through the rural districts of England since 1918 makes ■ wonder if ■■■■ is not ■■■■ of ■■■■ weakest points.

Inward memories of the War will always be tragic enough, but ■■■ do not ■■■■ our reflections to be pulled up by the sight of countless country memorials which

■ so ugly, heavy and meaningless that they ruin half the wooded cross-roads and ■ of the village greens in England. Nor ■ they be said to reflect the spirit of Christ—always out of fashion with the Church—as in our village the only beauty of the ■ memorial is a stone seat for tired churchgoers ■ sit upon, and this is surrounded by high and hideous ■ railings.

Apropos of War memorials, I ■ praising the Cenotaph to a friend of mine who had been criticising it adversely :

" Surely, my dear Maud," I said, " you did ■ harps and angels ! A sort of Jacob's Ladder, did you ? "

To which she replied :

" It would be better than a Jacob's lift."

One day, our beloved and witty Italian friend, the Marquis Visconti Venosta, motored us to Tivoli, which is about ten miles from Rome.

We took ■ lunch with us and stopped ■ the Villa of Hadrian. After ■ steep climb in stiff mud up the cypress avenue, ■ arrived ■ the villa. I learnt by my Baedeker that :

" Hadrian's biographer, Spartian, relates that the far-travelled Emperor, who died in A.D. 138, created in his villa ■ Tivoli a marvel of architecture and landscape gardening ; to its different parts he assigned the ■ of celebrated buildings and localities, such ■ the Lyceum, the Academy, the Prytaneum, Canopus, the Stoa Poecile and Tempe,

while, in order that nothing should be wanting, he constructed a representation of Tartarus."

After reading this I wanted my lunch, and went down among the broken marble and stone colonnades of probably the most wonderful architectural conception ever born of man. Far below were sentinels of cypresses, and I thought of Chateaubriand's phrase: "*Les cypres remplacent les colonnes tombées dans le palais de la mort.*"

Anthony and I wandered about separately among throne-rooms, swimming-baths, porches, pavilions, niches, islands, vestibules, fountains, dining-halls, sleeping-rooms, water-basins, temples, torch-stands and arcades, till we rejoined our motor.

From the Villa of Hadrian we continued our drive. It was one of those days of mysterious shade and light that add beauty to the meanest landscape when we went to visit the Villa d'Este. A portcullis of fine rain dropped across the sun, and not a leaf stirred.

On arriving in front of the villa, which stands in the street, you find nothing to warn you, and you are put off your guard by the German Arms over the door.

The Villa d'Este was built in 1549 by Pirro Ligorio, and planned and laid out for the Cardinal Ippolito d'Este, who must have been a lonely man of gigantic strength and great imagination.

The interior of such as we saw of the villa did not impress us much; the Zuccherò frescoes, marble floors, and great height of the vaults gave us a feeling of caky colour and chilly emptiness; I was tired and did not look at anything very closely, but when

Visconti took us outside on ■■■ a long balcony to look down ■ the garden, my eyes stared and my heart stopped.

Gardens, if you observe them closely, ■■■ tell you a great ■■■ about their proprietors. Some show profusion in flowers, some ■■ ■■■ of botany, ■■■ ■■■ of geometry, ■■■ a strain for originality, and some ■■ eye for colour; but the garden of the Villa d'Este is an inspiration.

I looked below ■■■ the fountains making radiant and pointed appeals to ■ distant ■■■ to come and deliver them ■ knights might rescue sleeping maidens from what seemed to be ■ dark and haunted place.

Detached and tired, I wandered down the endless steps and peered at the tiers of mossgrown terraces, trying to locate the gurgling of unseen but close cascades. I found myself in ■ sunless tangle of tropical undergrowth, and the vindictive branches of old and twisted trees seemed to close round me forbidding ■■■ to move either forward or backward. With something of the feeling of ■ child in the dark, I glanced over my shoulder like a person pursued. A large toad ■■■ squatting in the path, his bulging sides throbbing and his eyes veiled like a crocodile's. I hurried on and ■■■ breathless into the sunshine. Sitting ■ the ledge of the first fountain, I thought of the eternal life of places like Leicester ■ Sheffield, and felt ■ wave of compassion for people doomed to live in the suburbs of ■■■ of our industrial towns, who—like children playing at make-believe games—call their villas, "Flower Gate," "Holly Den," "Elm View," "Lime Stretches," "Beach Copses," ■ "Primrose Nook."

I do ■■■ know how much environment is responsible for inspiration (it is possible that Byron, Shelley, ■■ Keats might have conceived their poems ■■ well in the jostle of streets, the climbing of coaches, the din of ■■ tavern, ■■ by ■■ lake or ■■ a hill), but I feel convinced that Wordsworth, Goethe, and the Elizabethans must at some time or other in their lives have strayed into the garden of the Villa d'Este.

CHAPTER III

I VISIT ■■■■■

Mussolini's ■■■ at Doria—Son of ■ blacksmith—His personality and dress—Conversation.

I ■■■ not much of ■ sightseer, whether in men ■ remains, but the acknowledged ■■■■ of Mussolini in Italy, his romantic beginnings and sudden fame, made me wish to know him. Our Ambassador ■■■ the only person I knew who, being in almost daily contact with him, could have arranged such a meeting ; but I did not want to press him for so great a favour.

Realizing ■ I did that even if I succeeded in seeing the Italian Prime Minister, our encounter would of necessity be brief, I asked every ■■■ I met ■ tell me all he could about him, and need hardly add that the accounts I heard were many and various.

Among other things, I was informed that his belief in himself and his power is inspired not ■ much by ■■■ admiration of Napoleon, ■ his studies in the Letters and Orations of Machiavelli. This ■■■ new, and I could not recall a single public action, from his march into Rome to his wrong entry into Corfu, ■ support this theory ; but in any case, is it not a little late to believe, or make any ■■■ else believe, that

"Men ~~work~~ work for good except under compulsion," or that "Men regret more ~~a~~ power which is taken from them than ~~a~~ brother or father whom death has taken from them, because death is sometimes forgotten, but property never"? Or, again, that: "Friendship is ~~a~~ species of duty resulting from ~~a~~ benefit, and cannot endure against the calculation of interest; whereas fear carries with it the dread of punishment, which never loses its influence" !

If half the conclusions of Machiavelli's teaching ~~were~~ true, ~~men~~ would not merely be lowered to the level of the beasts in the field, but transformed into frozen meat packed in Chicago, and any idiot could govern him.

Nothing but the uninfluenceable vanity of perpetual youth, or ~~a~~ deeply-founded contempt for his fellow-countrymen, could make anyone cultivate such ~~a~~ pre-crinoline conception of himself, and by the expression of Signor Mussolini's face—in such photographs ~~a~~ I have seen—there is too much good humour and good sense for me to believe that he would attempt to maintain in argument or justify in action this out-~~landish~~ creed of Bogey Man.

A ~~man~~ who is self-centred may command men, but he will not lead them; and unless he is careful to conceal his love for himself—or ~~hide it~~ from it—he will be hated. Machiavelli writes in his "Prince":

"Armed prophets conquer, those who ~~are~~ unarmed are ruined. Because the nature of peoples is changeable, and while it is easy to persuade them of ~~a~~ thing, it is difficult to maintain them in the same persuasion. Therefore it is well to arrange things ~~so~~ that when

people no longer believe, they could be made believe through force."

My only comment after reading this kind of stuff would be: "Tell that to the Horse Marines!"

The of ruler who says that earn liberty you deserve it, may be all right in Italy, but would survive a week in most countries. We in these Islands look upon freedom as our birthright, and by habit of mind, custom, and legislation intend to preserve it. But whatever the Italians may think, so much rubbish and fiction is written and spoken about famous that I preferred suspend judgment and wait until I had Signor Mussolini before forming any opinion of him.

Insight into the character of mankind needs qualities of head, heart and mind which few possess. Observation is as different from perception as originality from eccentricity, or literature from journalism. To arrive a right conclusion in studying and women, you must not only have a considerable amount of detached love give your subject, but you must encourage this love. Charity and love not the same, in spite of the modern version of the 13th chapter of the First Epistle of Paul to the Corinthians. Neither talking about people thinking about them will help you; it is *feeling for them*, and this is nature, and be acquired except by practice in the habit of love.

Jeremy Taylor us of the shortness of life: "Strive not to forget your time and suffer none of it pass undiscerned." People take up much too much of our time, therefore it is wasted if we en-

dure them without understanding them ; ■■■ need you imagine that the ■■■■ dislikes you have the more you ■■■ able to love, for the reverse is the truth. You can never develop yourself except through interest in human nature and knowledge of other people. The power to love is ■■■ and ■■■ only be increased by usage.

" There, but for the grace of God, goes John Bradford," is ■ famous saying, which, reduced to ■ platitude, ■■■■ we are ■■ ■■■■ ■ less subject to like temptations. Temptation is ■■■■ ■ sin, and though ■■ pray not to be led into it, those who do not stray ■■■ usually of thin nature and little impulse, unless they are of God's saints—and how many of these do ■■■ meet or recognize when we do meet? I have ■■ doubt that if Christ were to come down on earth to-morrow, He would be exposed to ■ more modern form of crucifixion. You must have something spiritual in you to recognize a saint, and few of ■■■ can say that any of our talk to anyone (except, perhaps, to children) on any day of the year is " in Heaven." The habit and custom of most good conversation about people is to point out—with ■■■■ wit and unconscious malice—the doings and defects of our neighbours. This does not encourage love and is blinding to insight.

One adverse criticism that was expressed by everybody upon Mussolini ■■■■ that he saw too little of his superiors and ■■■ not well surrounded.

■ Proverbs ■■■ generally true, madame, and no ■■■ ■■■ deny that ' Birds of a feather flock together,' ■ ■■■ said ■■ ■■ by ■■■ of the more intellectual habitués of high Roman Society. I answered that ■■ doubt there

was ■■■■ of truth in a few proverbs, but many of them ■■■■ misleading.

"For instance," I said, "'A rolling ■■■■ gathers no ■■■■' is incomprehensible to me! If you do not ■■■■ either mentally, morally, ■■■■ spiritually, you gather little, and most heirs to great responsibilities are taken round the world to improve their minds. If the saying is directed against the moss it is equally perverse, ■■■■ those who remain what they ■■■■ without putting anything on to themselves ■■■■ failures. 'There is ■■■■ smoke without fire,' has been repudiated by everyone of experience, and I have known a social incendiary without ■■■■ puff of smoke—of which you have had some experience in Rome—where the perpetrator ought to be 'doing time' now."

He did not contradict me, but asked if I would add to a collection he had made, by writing in ■■■■ book, any saying or proverb that I had myself originated.

I gave him ■■■■ choice of four that I had composed in the train:—

"To stick to ■■■■ opinion is the privilege of fools."

"To pursue ■■■■ after conquest is to invite ■■■■ tempt."

"He must be a great saint who goes into the world unarmed."

"There ■■■■ many signs of the Cross could we but ■■■■ them."

He selected the last, and, returning to the subject of Mussolini, asked ■■■■ if any of the famous men I knew in England preferred the society of their inferiors. I confess I have often wondered why remarkable ■■■■ in every country prefer the society of undistinguished people. The bedrock of this

preference ■ no doubt vanity ■ laziness: they seem ■ ■ ■ with more ■ and breathe with more freedom among their inferiors. But for the ■ ■ ■ the famous men in England have played their cards ■ curiously that it would be ■ difficult as it would be heartless to discriminate between them and their inferiors, ■ I gave ■ guarded reply.

I ■ ■ interested to hear from ■ less prejudiced and ■ ■ ■ accurate observer who joined ■ conversation that, although grateful to his early supporters, the Italian Prime Minister, in spite of ■ of his surrounders, ■ ■ under the influence of nobody.

After many discussions, this is what I learnt of Benito Mussolini:

He was the son of a blacksmith, and was born in the village of Doria in the province of Forlì in 1883. He ■ ■ ■ educated in the College of Forlimpopoli, and in 1902 went to Switzerland, where he became a bricklayer and a journalist. He had always been ■ strong and active Socialist, and after many experiences became the editor of the Socialists' official Party organ known ■ the *Avanti*.

At the outbreak of the Great War in 1914, when the Italian Socialists were in favour of strict neutrality, his paper did not pronounce itself either for ■ against their decision: but in October of the same year he resigned the editorship, declaring that everyone should fight on the side of the Allies, as it was ■ spiritual ■ ■ ■ which ■ great country could afford to remain neutral. For this he ■ ■ ■ expelled from the Socialist Party, and he started his famous newspaper the *Popolo d'Italia*, and ■ ■ ■ only wrote but preached

the duty of every Italian, whether military or civilian, to take up arms against the Prussians.

In 1915, he enlisted as a private in a Bersaglieri regiment and was dangerously wounded in the stomach, which obliged him to return to his country.

Italy had been in a state of internal convulsion for some time, and when the War broke out it shared to a greater degree the rot, restlessness, and excitement that other nations were suffering from. High falutin' speeches were made about the millennium for working men, and it was only natural that after the dull, dangerous, and tragic life it had been living in the trenches, Labour all over Europe thought it had the right to rest, and await the fulfilment of many promises made by foolish and head-turned ministers.

The Italian Government was frail and confused, and no one knew what it stood for. Weakness in high places succumbed to violence in low, and the country was in danger of becoming what is vaguely known as Bolshevik.

The word Bolshevism has often puzzled me. Foolish and frightened persons, without insight or vision, use it freely, but—while writing and speaking with the heedless violence of the people they denounce—they are not interested in the nature of the disease. They know it is a Russian word, and that after the overthrow of the Tsar the Bolsheviks—who succeeded him—massacred their rulers, stole private property, and, in a frantic desire to restore freedom, destroyed order. It is easy for the scaremongers to point to this object lesson, but do they know what was happening in Russia before the revolution?

I remember King Edward many years ago telling me he had warned his nephew to encourage a spirit of Liberalism among his advisers; that the suppression of free speech and constant deportation to Siberia of young men of good family for discussing with one another the most level-headed opinions, as well as the political corruption evident in the Russo-Japanese war, could lead to nothing but misery for other people and ruin for himself. When the Benckendorffs were appointed to the Russian Embassy in London, in my first private conversation with that most remarkable of women—the widow of Count Benckendorff—she told me that revolution stared Russia in the face unless the *régime* of the Tsar was reconstituted from top to toe. But not a word of protest went out from pulpit, pamphlet or peer in those days, and it was only when the selfishness of the big employers in this country was challenged by long-suffering working-men that the Dukes, the Die-Hards, and the "first-class brains" pulled Labour together to a man by braying "Bolshevism!"

It would be wiser to suspend judgment. For centuries, good governments under a wise constitution have made the British people the most orderly in the world, and eight years is too short a time for the most apathetic of men to be freed from the superstition and ignorance with which the people had been governed, added to which the Russians are artists and Oriental.

No man doubts that the Italians are in danger of becoming Revolutionists. Justice, order and the rights of property were defied, and the nation was falling down as others had before, from the

selfishness, apathy and [redacted] of conviction of its rulers.

Some of the [redacted] energetic of the younger generation could not stand what [redacted] going on, and formed a Party of their own called the Fascisti—a strong Conservative reaction, which by the wisdom of the King of Italy [redacted] not crushed—and Mussolini put himself [redacted] the head of this Party. He had learnt [redacted] great many things since he left Doria, both in Switzerland and during the War, and [redacted] convinced that, in spite of many cruel acts, the Fascisti [redacted] on the right road to [redacted] Italy from a terrorism that [redacted] ruining her.

On October 25, 1922, he addressed [redacted] great meeting of his followers at the Assembly of the Fascisti in Naples before their march upon Rome. He said :

"All Italy is looking towards [redacted] assembly. Let me tell you, without that false modesty which is often only the mask of imbecility, that since the War there has not been an event [redacted] interesting, [redacted] original, and [redacted] powerful than Italian Fascismo."

He denounced rule by majority and said in a speech the [redacted] year :

"Numbers [redacted] contrary to reason."

(When I think of our 1918 Election and the number of sheep-like people who voted for the continuance of the Coalition, I could almost agree with him.)

Fascism became for him [redacted] religion. Italy must [redacted] [redacted] her great past, and the only [redacted] who could confer this doubtful benefit upon his country [redacted] himself.

By his will-power and energy, Mussolini—from what [redacted] have heard—seems [redacted] have assimilated and

made use of the strongest elements in Italy. He has established ■ alliance ■■■ only with the King, the generals, administrators, and diplomatists, but also with the Vatican. Roman Catholicism has always approached God indirectly. The conscience of the individual is taken over by the middlemen, lulled and controlled through the Confessional upwards, and whatever else the Pope may be—whether scholar, saint, ■ teacher—he is ■ the end of it ■ the Super-middleman; the Italian Prime Minister ■■■ well advised when he realized the importance of making him his ally.

Like American speculators, Mussolini ■■■ to have made a corner in all the Powers—civil, religious, and military—of his ■■■ country, and after hearing so much I felt I would be extremely foolish if I did not make some effort, before leaving Rome, to ■■■ him.

I had missed the Prime Minister's speech delivered at ■ vast ■■■ meeting—on March 23rd—unfolding his electoral programme, a speech heralded by silver trumpets, and acclaimed by everyone I ■■■ the greatest public pronouncement made since Cicero. I did not regret missing it, ■ such translations of his oratory ■ I have read do not appeal to me (the "Great I Am," as our oddman called a swaggering fellow-servant, is apt to make me yawn ■ smile); but although I ■■■ late for the speech, I ■■■ not ■■■ late to hear glowing accounts of Mussolini's daring, not merely with revolutionary men but with wild animals.

For ■■■ months past, ■ Rome had been thrilled by seeing ■ young lion sitting ■ the box-seat of his

motor-car, and though for domestic reasons he had present his pet ultimately in the Zoological Gardens, he paid it periodical visits, going into the cage, and playing with it in his room to the delight of enraptured onlookers.

We in England do not understand this sort of thing. We have a passion for understatement and receive every form of public gesture with suspicion. The Latin is different; they always have a temperate, but this is hardly, perhaps, a reason for such monotonous misunderstanding. Our foreign policy since the Armistice has been trackless and obscure that we cannot afford to be inconsiderate to anyone, and we might do worse than cultivate an open mind towards what we call "foreigners," though no one will deny that certain countries are difficult to handle.

Inaccurate phrases hall-mark nations in the same manner as they sum up men. The French are "logical," the Italians "impulsive," the English "cold," and the Americans "quick," etc.

The French need money and security. Occupying the only part of Germany that, left to itself, could have produced the money to pay their debt may have been right, but it is not "logical"; and as far as security goes, Euripides says:

"It is a good thing to be rich, and a good thing to be strong; but it is better to be beloved of many friends."

The Italians, far from being impulsive, cool-blooded and deliberate. The British are arrogant (though, with many other faults, they are the only nation I have yet encountered who have a fundamental sense of justice).

And kind as all Americans are, can anyone say they are quick?

If you are going to sum up either nations or individuals accurately, you must have insight, sympathy and knowledge, and be as witty as Voltaire, and the Almighty is too good a handicapper to allow anyone to have all these advantages.

After hearing about the speech, the trumpets, and the lion, I felt highly elated at finding myself sitting next to a friend of Signor Mussolini (who occupies an official position in the Government) at my first dinner party in Rome. He had extremely good manners, and was easy and interesting to talk to. He told me many interesting things about his chief, and we discussed European politics in a guarded but congenial manner.

After a little good-humoured disputation over some of the actions of the Italian Government, I told him how much I would like to meet his hero if such a thing were possible. At which my companion said:

"Madame, he sees no one, rarely goes into Society unless obliged to, and has neither time nor inclination for conversation; he is a lonely man carrying a big burden. His life is in constant danger from fanatics, and he is the despair of all surveillance, dodging detectives and eluding the police, because he does not know what fear means. I regret, but what you ask is impossible."

I began to think that, perhaps, this little man was a little too big for me, and felt discouraged; but before turning to my other neighbour I was determined to make an effort. Pulling myself together, I said with a smile:

"I do think you can convince me of your intimacy with this great man if you manage to make him."

Two days after this—on March 25th—our Ambassador came to my room to tell me that Mussolini's secretary had rung up to say he would be here at six-thirty that evening.

I put on a black hat and black cloak and went to the Foreign Office—a building called Palazzo Chigi—with a card of our Ambassador and the name of the Ministerial Secretary I was to ask for upon my arrival written upon it.

I was taken up in a lift and asked to wait, as Signor Mussolini had a string of people, some of whom he was obliged to see. I was ten minutes before my time, and sat down in a high room with a fine roof and moderate Old Masters hung upon the marble walls. Among those who were waiting I observed an elderly gentleman walking restlessly about with his hands folded behind him, clasping large envelopes in his hands and taking himself very seriously. He glanced at me over his shoulder with suspicion and resentment, and continued his circular walk, looking first up at the ceiling with an expression of hope and then down at the floor with a frown.

Messengers came in and out, and at six-thirty the secretary—a man of charming manners and perfectly dressed—pulled up a row of the white Empire chairs covered with orange leather (which were placed at intervals round the walls) and sat down beside me. He and his chief apologized, but as he allowed anyone to engage his attention for more than two minutes he would surely quarrel with me immediately.

We had an excellent talk—after the old gentleman had left the room—and at his request I explained, ■ well ■ I could, the ■■■■ of affairs in the country and in the House of Commons at home.

When ultimately the door opened and I ■■■ ushered into the presence of Signor Mussolini, I confess to a feeling of ■■■■ trepidation. I express myself well in English, moderately in French, and do not understand a single word of Italian.

The ■■■■ ■■■ large and endlessly dark except for two brilliant lights on ■ huge writing table, which was littered with mountains of papers. Signor Mussolini ■■■ sitting on the edge of the table reading a newspaper; he put it down ■ once and came forward to meet me. Pulling up two chairs, we both ■■■ down opposite ■■■ another. He wore grey whipcord knee-breeches and black top-boots, and has ■ well-knit, muscular figure. His eyes ■■■ very fine, and every part of him—from his hair to his hands—expresses life, added to which he has one of the most beautiful voices I have ever heard. I ■■■ surprised to find him ■ un-selfconscious, easy and humorous, and above all ■ courteous.

Great men are often lacking in this, and, if not very great, cultivate rudeness, hoping to impose upon small fry and give an impression that bad ■■■■ and genius go hand in hand and must ultimately make them a Napoleon. Poor Napoleon! He has been responsible for the failure of many of the ■■■■ promising young ■■■■ of my time.

(L'Abbé Mugnier said ■ ■■ ■■■ :

“Alas, Madame, too many people, both ■ the time and afterwards, wanted to be like Napoleon

—one might almost say he shared the view himself, and it ■■■ this that finally destroyed him.")

Signor Mussolini asked me many searching questions about our General Election and Ministry, and said he had only been in London four days for "the malheureux Conference" in which Mr. Bonar Law gave his blessing while withholding his approval of the French policy in the Ruhr. I felt I also could say something about the Italian policy ■ this time, but thought it would be wiser for me not to pursue the topic.

We explored with caution and frankness the susceptibilities and ambitions of different nations, and their various policies since the Armistice. He asked ■■ if ■■ in England understood what had been happening in Italy. I said possibly ■■ might, but that, not being in Downing Street, I only knew by what I read in the newspapers, and these were seldom informing. After praising with great sincerity the ■■■■■■ improvements he had effected in his own country, I added :

"I am afraid, Signor Mussolini, that, however well informed I might be about your country, I shall find myself in total disagreement with you when I say I have both ■ horror and ■ contempt for all rule by force. Imprisoning and terrorizing people is not a sign of power ; it is a confession of failure, unless, of course, it is a painful expedient necessitated by a temporary upheaval."

I am not ■■■ he understood my French, but he defended himself, and ■■■ it was not a personal matter. I answered :

■ Although you and ■ may have little self-know-



Myers

ledge, ■■■ all *have* ■ Self, and ■■■ actions are the outcome and issue of that Self, and you cannot repudiate your responsibility."

I could see he ■■■ not listening. He became eloquent in his views of what ■■■ most likely to develop nations, and pointed out to me, with youthful energy and unquestioning belief, that Italy ■■■ ■ its greatest when there ■■■ perpetual internal feuds—family fighting against family, State against State, quartier against quartier, but that he ■■■ not really fond of force. In his view it could only be morally justifiable subject to three conditions.

I pulled my chair closer to his and felt sure I should hear theories of profound and Machiavellian sophistry to justify some of the violent and foolish actions of the Italian Government, but with the kindest of ■■■ prepressions—and I thought a slight twinkle in his eye—he asked ■■■ searchingly if our Government had always been guiltless of using force. Remembering "Official Reprisals in Ireland," and feeling profoundly uncomfortable, I hastily urged him to give ■■■ his three conditions.

"Well," he said, "my first condition is important; it must be chivalresque—nothing under-hand, all done in the open. (2) It must be like good surgery—*pour guérir et ■■■ pas pour détruire*. (3) Above all, force must be used at the right moment, neither too ■■■ ■ too late."

Machiavelli faded away, and I saw in front of ■■■ ■ vital, energetic man, full of belief in himself, and not impervious to the opinion of other people.

I pointed out that ■■■ first condition was one of ■■■■■■■■; that if you were drowning a cat, whether

the water was cold it was a matter of indifference to the victim. The second no doubt was moral, but the third was pure expediency.

His answers were full of humour and resource, and he was pedantic and copious.

Turning the conversation abruptly, he asked me if I had enjoyed being in America. I told him how amazingly hospitable the American people had been to me, and was moved to their inelastic Constitution and self-scanned and suburban outlook upon affairs other than their own. He asked me if I thought American people were passionate and courted death much. I said they were always at the end of a telephone, otherwise I imagined they were much like the rest of mankind.

He told me he loved animals and children and hated Society. We discussed the gallantry of the various nations, and then I observed him turn his head and look at something in the dark end of the room.

"What are you looking at?" I asked.

Signor Mussolini: "Oh, only the door."

"It is better than looking at your watch," I said; realizing I had been talking for nearly an hour, I added: "Perhaps there is a clock in the door."

He told me he was in no hurry and asked me to stay, but, fearing to bore him, I said I had kept him too long already and got up. He accompanied me down the long hall talking, laughing, and loitering on the way. We parted with no idea of meeting him before I left Rome, but I did not see him again.

I have ■ unbecomingly mind, and have ■ ■ ■ many pocket Napoleons and public favourites ■ be easily imposed upon; but I left the Palazzo Chigi feeling I had ■ ■ very rare ■ ■

No ■ ■ doubt that Mussolini, in spite of fundamental defects, has done great things for Italy. My fear for him would be that like all converts, ■ ■ perverts, his ■ ■ Faith may make him forgetful of his old, and this is ■ great danger. Repression is not power.

Liberty without order can never be freedom ; but order without liberty is demoralizing, and it remains to be seen whether force does not defeat its own ends and ultimately produce the ■ ■ state of affairs in Italy that Fascism was created to destroy.

CHAPTER IV

I

*Paris—Lord Crewe—Comments ■ French and American politics—
■ King and Queen of Roumania.*

Our foreign holiday was drawing to an end when ■ arrived in Paris ; we stayed ■ the British Embassy.

I do not propose to write what I think about Lord Crewe, but in ■ I am killed in the Place de la Concorde—where motors, 'buses, char-à-bancs, and taxis cross, meet, pass, and aim at each other with incredible speed—I would like to say he is the wisest man I have ever met. It does not matter what subject you may discuss—whether literature, politics, manners, or persons—he sees things from every angle, and expresses in perfect English, with knowledge, humour and insight, ■ balanced and penetrating opinion.

When ■ alone, ■ had many discussions upon old and current politics. His belief in the future of Liberalism, and its uncollected power in England to-day, ■ of the deepest interest to ■. For ■ of rank and culture, it is remarkable that neither ■ Ambassador ■ Lady Crewe have swerved in their political faith. There is nothing ■ fashionable

to-day in England than ■ abuse the Liberal Party ; but before taking this attitude too seriously, it is obvious that both the Labour and Conservative Parties have strong motives for desiring that the Liberals shall fail. Over four and ■ half million people voted for ■ ■ the General Election of December 1923, and if we had ■ representative system which gave the three Parties a fair chance, the prospects of the Liberal party in the country would be quite ■ good as those of the other two. Except in Italy, there has been ■ reaction from the Right all ■■■ Europe, and I should not be surprised if it does not ultimately affect France.

When we arrived, M. Poincaré had reformed his government, and the whole talk turned on the coming elections and his personal position. In 1923, a clever professor in Granada said to me :

" I see, madame, you think the whole of France is behind M. Poincaré. I rather doubt this. In Paris ■ doubt it is true, but do you think the large capitals of any nations reflect true opinions? Here in Spain, ■ have no public opinion that can be expressed—why, I do not know, but I myself think there is a great deal of silence behind M. Poincaré in France, and that nursing and pursuing a policy of such obstinate revenge will lose him many friends."

I told him that I loathed force ■ much as I despised fear, and that ■ had had a very good example of both in ■■■ country. The futility—apart from the immorality—of it in " Official Reprisals " in Ireland lost us many friends. I said that Lord Hugh Cecil had written ■ excellent letter to *The Times* in which he said : " One must not even murder a

murderer"; that the French were Tories and militarists at heart, and that in the case of Poincaré they had found a man after their own hearts (added which the Germans had shown a lack of wisdom, foresight, and honour that was deplorable). He maintained his point, and said he was convinced that the French were—though unreasonable—a much more sensible nation at heart than was generally supposed; that he felt certain that when the franc fell they would blame Poincaré, and that there were duties to nations as well as to individuals; and wondered which was the easier to perform, the first or the second.

It takes a discerning person to distinguish between what is one's duty and what is one's interest in keeping on good terms with neighbours. Lady Dorchester—a very clever old lady—said:

"Of course, we should never have been told to love our neighbours in the Bible if they had not always been odious."

The Dowager Lady Aylesbury was staying with me at Althorp, where I was hunting with the Pytchley hounds—a guest of Lord Spencer's—and in the course of conversation with her, I said I had observed with admiration how sweet she always was to young girls when they came out in London Society.

"I find it much easier to get on with boys of that age, Lady Aylesbury," I said. "They are busier and gayer, and play games, and love rough country life, and don't think so much about who likes them or who does not. It is better to know whom you like in life than who likes you. Women take their degree in society—men don't."

"You are wrong, my dear," she answered. 'Always be nice to girls; you know who they will become.'

I did not dilate on this to the Spanish Professor, but turned the subject of our talk from France to America, and her conception of her duty to her neighbour.

I had been interested in a letter I had read in the *New York Evening Post*. Whether rightly or wrongly, it was reported in the Press that our late American Ambassador—Colonel Harvey—*apropos* of the Græco-Italian situation in the autumn of 1922, had said his countrymen were "damned well out of it." This provoked an answer signed "Van Tassel Sutphen, Morristown, New Jersey":

" 'Damned well out of it' is a trenchant phrase, and naturally Mr. Harvey believes that the utterance is entirely original with him. Not so, however. Here is a distinct case of unconscious mental cerebration, for two thousand years ago a certain man went down from Jerusalem to Jericho, and fell among thieves who stripped him of his raiment and wounded him and departed, leaving him half dead. And by chance there came down a certain priest that way, and when he saw him he passed by on the other side. (And as he went, he doubtless murmured into his beard: 'Damned well out of it.') And likewise a Levite, when he was at the place, saw him and looked at him, and passed by on the other side. (And as he goes he can hear him echoing the familiar sentiment: 'Damned well out of it.') Nearly twenty centuries have

passed away, and the poor painted shades of priest and Levite have long since vanished into the limbo of departed spirits—damned well out of it. But the radiant presence of the Good Samaritan, clothed with its glorious heritage of eternal life, abides with ■ for ever.

“ ‘ Which ■ of these three, thinkest thou, was neighbour unto him that fell among the thieves ? ’ asked Jesus.

“ ‘ He that shewed mercy ■ him,’ was the reply of the lawyer.

“ ‘ Then said Jesus unto him, ‘ Go and do likewise.’ ”

America is going through a critical period, and needs another Lincoln to guide her out of the stagnation of self-interest if she is ever to make real progress.

Every European nation is interested in France, nor ■ they in ■ position to be severe upon her. (She had the misfortune to have three ■ representing her and her Allies who were incapable of working together for any right idea, and the Versailles Treaty showed every trace of selfishness, confusion, confiscation and blindness of heart.) I shall be interested to see if in the coming election my Granada professor ■ right when he said there ■ a good deal of silence behind the French Prime Minister.*

Lord Crewe said to ■ that in discussing the merits and the faults of various nations, Sir Walter Raleigh

* Since writing this and early ■ arrival in England, Poincaré was beaten, Mussolini shaken and every Government and every nation ■ in ■ minority to-day (1924).

told him that an American staying with him in Oxford had said :

" D'you know what differentiates you from other nations ? I guess you are the only people in the world who say, ' Keep the change.' "

In view of the coming elections, the whole time I was in Paris I heard nothing but politics discussed. Mr. McKenna and Mr. Dawes had arrived from Germany and speculation was rife over their Report. I would much like to have known about it, but the Ambassador—restrained in matters of gossip whether upon people or affairs—merely told me that he thought the Report was thorough, and that he was sanguine enough to think it would meet with agreement. I gather that our man, Sir Josiah Stamp, was the true author of its contents.

Before we left Paris, the King and Queen of Roumania arrived for their first State visit since the War.

Most towns are ruined by street decorations. Too many policemen, too little music, and an ill-assortment of coloured bunting on balconies and moderate rewards for the fatigue you go through before finding your place on a hard chair in a crowded window. But a défilé in the Champs Elysees is worth all the fatigue. I stood on the balcony of the Princesse de Polignac's beautiful house and watched the crowd, the soldiers, and the horses, and listened to the Roumanian National Anthem and the Marseillaise as the King and Queen, the President, M. Poincaré, and the Government, passed in a hurricane of cheers.

The Queen of Roumania is not only beautiful, gracious and kind, but she is alive and interested. She enjoys everything and carries her ■■■■ happiness with her. Beautifully dressed she turned her little head with circulating smiles to the delight of an enraptured crowd and waved her bouquet ■ them.

I sat next to the King of Roumania ■ Princess George Bibesco's one night at dinner, and had an excellent talk with him. He is ■ great gentleman ■ well ■ a man of sense and simplicity. We ■■■■ ■ small party—the daughter of the house and her English governess and M. Duca—the Minister of Foreign Affairs to the King. After dinner, we went to see ■ conjurer at the Marquis de Castellane's house, where an Oriental called "Gilly Gilly" made ■■■■ ■■■■ out of chickens and chickens out of eggs, and allowed such of the company who fancied it to pull yards and yards of flags and ribbons out of his mouth. The little chickens fluttered at our feet bringing a feeling of freshness and Spring in marked contrast to the dirty cotton clothes and solitaire-board complexion of the conjurer.

I watched the semi-stupid, highly fashionable audience—mostly English—and need hardly say most of them thought they knew how many of the tricks ■■■■ done, but after watching their faces I felt pretty ■■■■ that not one of them could have put a single chicken into their pockets without wounding it, ■ any of the flags into their mouths without being discovered.

The King ■■ beside Marthe Bibesco in ■ central position, and took the chickens in his hands.

Before making my final curtsy, I told him ■■ ■■■■ looking forward ■ his visit ■ us in London, and he



H.M. THE QUEEN ■ ROMANIA.

said he hoped he would be able to have a talk with my husband.

Our holiday was over, and I was glad that Lady Crewe—who had been away recuperating from an illness—returned in time for us to express our gratitude to her and her husband for an unforgettable visit.

**REFLECTIONS UPON
LIFE AS I SEE IT, 1925**

REFLECTIONS UPON LIFE AS I SEE IT,

1925

CHAPTER I

FAMILY LIFE

The London Season—"Glen" and "The Wharf"—Drink Control — Birth Control—London—The Problem of Life.

It is a long time ago—or it is so—since my holiday was over, and events have shaped themselves strangely.

It is a mistake to suppose that time passes slowly in the country and quickly in a London town. Nothing devours time like regularity of life. August, September, and October—when they are all together in the holidays—pass like a flash, whereas in London it is not an exaggeration to say you can live a lifetime in a few weeks. So many things happen and of such a varied kind that you hardly remember whom you met to at dinner, or with whom you afterwards played bridge. You say to your husband while you are dressing :

"It was fun last night ! I was lucky to be to Birrell ; he was in great form. Who did you have ! "

He replies: "I had a capital talk ■ racing with Lady —, who is ■ expert, but I caught her out in the dates of Rosebery's ■ Derbys."

"Who ■ on the other side?" I ask.

"That I couldn't tell you. I think it ■ your American friend, Mrs. —. Oh, no; she ■ here at lunch. How did you get ■ bridge? Who ■ your four?"

I ■ vaguely:

"Ava and I ■ the women; we began with Sir Hamilton Grant and Mr. Foster. Another man cut in—I can't remember who it ■ . . . How I wish you had been ■ Wimbledon! The best man's four you ■ saw! Williams and Washburn against Borotra and Lacoste in the Centre Court . . . Don't forget Watty and Williams come to the Wharf on Sunday. A man we ■ know helped me to find the motor and said your speech on the salary of the Minister for Labour was the most brilliant thing he ■ heard . . . What? . . . We shall be late for dinner? . . . All right, Bella! . . . Someone wants to speak to me? . . . Take ■ off the telephone . . . Say I'm in my bath . . . Ask who it is—Very important—to ■ me about Mr. Lloyd George's speech? . . . You've got it wrong! . . . Who? . . . You can't hear? . . . Tell him to spell it . . ."

We ■ rung off.

No. Time passes when you are leading ■ country life. And when the tulips ■ taken up, the cuckoo is hoarse, and the may fades ■ the thorns, I ■ torn between London and The Wharf, and count the hours till my daughter Elizabeth will

be ■ the *Aquitania* and my second holiday will have begun.

Much ■ I had enjoyed myself travelling under perfect conditions, chaperoned by my son and entertained by such hosts ■ our Ambassadors in Paris and Rome, I ■ ■ of exhilaration on arriving in England.

I ■ ■ the pale shadows and chalk cliffs of Dover with their blue skies and white clouds above them, without thinking of the thousand eyes from the incoming ships, and all the thoughts—too deep for tears—that are behind those eyes.

I have had many experiences in a life more lived than spent. Happiness in girlhood, apprehension ■ becoming ■ stepmother, gratitude when I became ■ mother, excitement when my husband kissed hands,* joy when my son got his scholarship, misery over the War, despair over the Peace, and a gnawing feeling all the time that what Tennyson wrote in "Ulysses" is true :

" All experience is ■ arch where-thro'
Gleams that untravell'd world whose margin fades
For ■ and for ■ when ■ move."

But the permanent happiness of my life—of which no man ■ rob me—has been my two homes—Glen, before marriage, and The Wharf, after. Ever since I ■ remember, we were ■ of ■ happy ■ any entertainment till ■ had found one another, and ■ my first garden party ■ Marlborough House I was

* When he became Prime Minister in 1908.



REFLECTIONS UPON LIFE

so exhausted trying to Ribblesdale and Charty that when did meet we voted would home.

Families may quarrel like cats, but if any of your relations turn up in any quarter of the globe, you feel a sort of happiness difficult account for. I can only think it is because you are reminded of your home. You say clever things about almost anything but home, and to describe this there is language. Its structure is laid on sure and early foundations, and depends upon the mother for its more than upon the view or the elevation. You may it in slums, cottages, or castles, but, in spite of the fashionable science of eugenics or birth control, you are most likely to find it—after struggle and separation—in the large families.

When people say there are too many children born, I reply that the joy and hope of life lie at the feet of the children. If the population of countries depended the rich, every country would be clamouring like France is, for Security, and I think it safe to say the selfishness of the rich be depended upon not to produce the large families of past generations. It is through children and children alone that men and enabled to fight every inch of the way to despair.

If instead of birth control every one would preach drink control, you would have little poverty, less crime, and fewer illegitimate children. It is not crimes of fraud so much crimes of violence that fill the prisons, I speak feelingly; for as my brother Harold John Tennant and I were the of twelve children, it more than probable should have existed had

the fashion of birth control been prevalent in the eighties. Sickly children bring out the best qualities in love and science, and ■ it is a question of poverty let anyone out of kindness of heart offer to take ■ child from ■ overburdened mother and ■ what the mother will say. It may be bad to have too many children, but it is worse to have too few, and an only child has nothing like the ■ chance in life as ■ who has brothers and sisters. The happiest marriages I have ever known have been those where love, nature, and common ■ were in control; and the unhappiest where both the man and the woman knew too much.

I returned to London which people say is so large that it is in the end the most interesting place to live in. They do not say it is interesting for other reasons. They might, for instance, say with truth—that there are fewer bad pictures in our National Gallery than in any other in Europe; that ■ have fine trees in our parks and squares; that ■ have ancient and historical buildings; imposing but badly-constructed Law Courts; interesting Houses of Parliament; a beautiful river—described by Mr. John Burns in a fine phrase ■ “liquid history”; that in Rotten Row every ■ can ■ the riders and horses ■ close range (and form their own opinions on British horsemanship); that in spite of the journalistic reproduction of Nurse Cavell, a dumpy transformation of Florence Nightingale, and many dingy and ridiculous statues, we have Charles the First, Sydney Herbert, and the Quadriga by Captain Adrian Jones;

that in modern architecture ■ have the Piccadilly Res-
 ■■■ and Automobile Club ; that Windsor Castle,
 Kew Gardens, Richmond Park, and Hampton Court
 ■■■ within easy distance of every Londoner. (You
 need not add that large vehicles of Premier Salt Co.,
 Prime Beef Co., Schweppes Table Waters, Standard
 Bakeries, Ideal Laundries, Great Northern, Great
 Western and Midland ■■■ plus pleasure lorries,
 block every street that has not been taken up for
 mending purposes in the height of every season.)
 No : nothing is said about the interesting things in
 London ; all they say is, it is the best place to live in
 because it is big.

You visit Venice, you pass through Edinburgh,
 you retire to Florence, you sight-see in Rome, you
 Easter in Spain, you shoot in Scotland, you fish in
 Canada, you go up to the Highlands, you go down to
 Cornwall, you stop ■ Didcot, you change at Swindon ;
 but you live in London.

Why does the size of the town give you ■ better
 chance of leading an interesting life ? I imagine it
 is because people of every occupation and all pro-
 fessions ■ into London society, and in little towns
 you cannot avoid meeting the same people every day
 of your life. Unconnected by love, but fettered
 by custom, in ■ fit of exhaustion you say—what a
 famous relation of my son-in-law, Antoine Bibesco,
 said :

“ Décidément je n'aime pas les autres.”

Familiarity without intimacy does not make for
 Love—the only bridge by which ■ ■ escape the
 estranging conclusion that perhaps, after all, we have
 been given incommunicable lives.

It is a difficult problem ~~life~~ ~~of~~ of life, but I am ~~you~~ you must face ideals and not fidget with them. People should be ■ study, Pleasure ■ interruption, Work a consolation, and Hope ■ duty.

Tolstoy warned "the Gropers"—as Countess Tolstoy called her husband's admirers—that it was always ■ danger to live a life that ■ higher than ■ conscience. I do not agree with him. When you consider how much of one's short time is spent in anxious pursuit of pleasure, in eating, drinking, sleeping, and bearing false witness, I should say the danger is of leading ■ life lower than our conscience. Rest, work and happiness make life, and many people never achieve any of these, but fluctuate without success between the three. It is a perpetual problem how to be in the world and not of it. The Roman Catholics think that by going into convents they can shirk their responsibilities. I do not want to die, but to live ; and no muttering of charms could make me believe that my prayers, or the prayers of anyone else, will placate ■ loving God, ■ save the soul of a single sinner. You cannot separate life from God ■ from love, and it is a fatal conception of either if you think you can serve them by running away.

CHAPTER II

POLITICS, ORATORY AND CONVERSATION

*Words without Ideas—Free Trade—Lord Carson—Bishop Magee
—Wordsworth's humour—Talk and Talkers.*

Resuming my normal London life, I found the House of Commons immensely dull. A lot of talking and thumping and nothing done, and the Opposition Front Bench full of Ministerial duds, whose names it would be heartless to mention. I had imagined that there were a few questions that Liberals would have assisted Labour to settle, and that after the speeches made all over the country by the Government, Labour had not only been thinking, but had got immediate schemes to remedy unemployment and other evils. I find I was wrong; they probably had many desires in their hearts, but had few ideas in their heads, and most of the things accomplished that Session were done by Mr. It does not much matter whether Smith or Brown do the things, but Jones and Robinson do not like it.

Words without ideas remain separate and leave no impress. The speeches of the Prime Minister only made little impression, they left a sense

of noise and evasion in strange contrast to his speaking of former days. Vanity is a dangerous guide to learning, and I do not think the last Government teachable. This, of course, is confined to the Labour Party. The Tories have shown a curious lack of progress—not only individually, but collectively. No one really believes that they are not Protectionists at heart. When they say to me “Free Trade was all very well in the old days before there were so many people in these Islands, and before we depended so much on trade; when there was less competition, etc., etc.,” a feeling of despair comes over me; it seems as if a gulf—not only intellectual but moral—separates our Party from this kind of ignorance.

I ask them if they read Lord Inchcape's letter of December 15th, 1923 (which probably had so much to do in influencing people's votes in the ensuing Election as any speech). They say, “No.” And I show them this passage:

“Ours was the only trading system that stood the racket of the War. Alone among the European belligerents, we paid a large part of the cost of the War out of revenue.

“But besides this positive demonstration of the power of Free Trade, a negative proof was supplied by the complete collapse in all countries of the Protectionist scheme of finance. At the first touch of war all the elaborate tariff walls that our European Allies, as well as our enemies, had erected, were laid in ruins. Of agrarian Protection in Europe, the key-stone of the whole structure, scarcely a vestige remained when the War ended. All the

Protectionist belligerents proceeded **■** once to scrap their tariffs and **■** throw their ports open.

" If two-thirds of **■** population decided to emigrate, **■** might be able **■** support existence from the **■** of our **■** soil. But in that **■** Great Britain would be **■** shrunken and impotent nation of barely 15,000,000 people, and her old place in international **■** would have vanished for ever. We made **■** sounder choice when we decided to **■** out and build up trade with every **■** of the globe on a smaller margin of domestic foodstuffs than I suppose has ever been known in history. We took **■** risks, but time has justified them. We sacrificed security in the matter of home-raised food for the sake of **■** world-wide commerce. Had **■** not made that sacrifice **■** could never have grown to our greatness, size and wealth.

" The price we pay for our boldness in rearing a population three times as large as we can feed from **■** own soil is that we depend upon other lands for two-thirds of our food supplies. No other nation in the world is in anything like this position. None draws its **■** of sustenance from such varied sources **■** do. None lives **■** do by what it exports. None has staked so much **■** the ability of its manufacturers and merchants to get ahead of all rivals in all quarters of the globe by virtue of the quality and cheapness of their goods and services. None is anything **■** dependent as we **■** the smooth working of those processes of international trade by **■** of which, for instance, **■** from New Zealand is paid for by the export of cotton goods to China."

To take in this last conception of fiscal policy is quite impossible to the mind of the hardened Tariff reformer, and I am sure that neither Lord Inchcape nor any human being in trade or in Heaven can teach the Tories anything.

When people say there is no difference between a Liberal and a Tory, I think they are more divided than Labour and Tory, for both these believe in Force and both are Protectionists at heart.

Sitting in the Speaker's gallery and observing how little progress is made and how easily the House is amused, I wonder that Members of Parliament do not take more pains to make their hearers laugh. But their chief object when they catch the Speaker's eye seems to be to propound in loud voices and at inordinate length commonplaces that might be expressed in a few sentences.

Talking to Lord Carson about this, he said the best speeches he ever heard were made by Magee. I told him that I had never heard him in the House of Lords, but that when I was a girl I went to hear him preach at St. Margaret's, Westminster. I was walking alone down St. James's Street one Sunday, when I met Mr. Gladstone. I told him where I was going, and he said I could sit in his pew. He was Prime Minister at the time, and we walked down the street talking together. He said he had asked Magee to preach on a subject which was dear to his heart. He thought we should give much more money in their lifetime and not wait till they died to benefit their homes or their hospitals.

I said there was a text in 1 Samuel xxiv, 24:—

“Neither will I offer burnt offerings unto the Lord my God of that which doth cost me nothing.”

We arrived ■ St. Margaret's, and I felt happy sitting next to my splendid chief and watching the amazingly vital, powerful face of the preacher.

Lord Carson told ■ he knew the Bishop well, and that he was a ■ not only of eloquence, but of wit. He ■ ordered to Bournemouth for change and rest, and after a week ■ presented with his hotel bill, which he thought excessive.

After paying the head waiter, the proprietor approached him with ■ circulating smile, and said :

"It is our custom, your grace, to ask all visitors of distinction to write something in our visitors' book. May we hope you will confer a similar honour upon ■ ? "

At which Magee sat down and wrote "I ■ down here for rest and change: the waiter's got the change and the proprietor the rest."

Wandering from this to parsons and preachings, I asked him if he knew what my old friend, J. K. Steven had said when invited to discuss future life in an afternoon assembly of country curates.

After listening for ■ time to a lot of foolish vapourings, he said :

"Gentlemen, it is true what Wordsworth says : ' Heaven lies about ■ in ■ infancy,' but is that a reason why ■ should lie about Heaven in our middle age ? "

Good stories are told, but seldom printed, and such collections as I have read have been disappointing. The ■ of conversation, when it degenerates from discussion to story-telling, depends largely upon the comment made after the story. It takes ■ very clever person to carry on in the disturbing silence which falls upon the company when it has been amused by a



LADY VIOLET BONHAM-CARTER AND HER SON MARK

good story. It ■■■ said of Malibran, " Sa conversation avoit des lendemains delicieux " : this is ■■■ than can be said of ■■■ raconteurs. People ■■■ separated ■■■ than they think by ■ different ■■■ in jokes ; but nothing makes me ■■■ shy than listening to ■ certain sort of story. I forgive the people who do ■■■ laugh, but the explosions ■ of ■ sense of humour taken by surprise when ■ moderately funny story is told, has ■ depressing effect upon me.

Mr. Gladstone interested me by telling me that Wordsworth had said he did not suppose he had ■ good sense of humour, but that he had ■■■ said ■ funny thing :

" I shall be curious to see whether you find it amusing, and will relate it to you, my dear Margaret, ■ it ■■ told to me," said Mr. Gladstone. " Wordsworth was walking in a country lane pondering over serious matters, when a labourer came up to him, and said in an excited ■■■ : ' Have you seen my wife ? ' To which he replied : ' I did not know you were married.' "

I confessed that ■ the acid test of a man's claim to a ■■■ of humour I thought the Wordsworth remark far from satisfying.

I ■■ ■■■ listener, and enjoy the accidental flashes that come into good conversation more than any set story. My friend Lady Islington, my niece Barbara Wilson, my daughter Elizabeth Bibesco, and my stepdaughter Violet Bonham-Carter, always ■■■ me ; but by nature I have ■ lingering sense of laughter ■■■ when I ■■ amused. Sometimes I wish I had known the English King who ■■■ smiled again. Gravity ■■■ charm than looks

for me in people, and some of the wittiest men I have ■■■ known seldom laughed—Lord Rosebery, Godfrey Webb, Sir Charles Bowen, the Marquis de Soveral, Raymond Asquith, Teixeira de Mattos, and others I could mention. You can imitate almost anything but laughter, and I do not know a greater social drawback than to be born with a free-flowering smile. Prompted by “that Kruschen feeling,” the possessors of such ■ smile go about hoping to pick up ■ joke, or convey to others a friendly approach, but meaningless brightness leaves me cold, much in the same way as over-emphasis distracts my attention. I have never forgotten Mrs. Aubrey Herbert’s little girl saying of my dear friend, Countess Benckendorff:

“Who is the lady with the brown smile?”

Smiling and laughing are very different. If Lord Rosebery seldom laughs, he has the most beautiful smile I ever saw, and Sir Charles Bowen’s sleek manner and cautious smile gave point to his rapier remarks. There ■■■ some smiles that ■■■ danger signals, and others that are disarming. It is said of Napoleon that he seldom smiled, but Miss Viola Tree writes that his “Empire-destroying mind kept him at his maps,” and these are never very funny. Catherine of Russia, writing about her cousin Marie Antoinette said: “I hear she laughs too much.” Laurence Oliphant—who ■■■ ■ great friend of mine said he divided his world “into life-givers and life-takers,” and there is truth in this.

A noisy mind is ■ tiring as a loud voice, and you need something ■■■■ than high spirits to give other people vitality.



Chas Jones
Robert Louis Stevenson.

Good conversation depends more upon keeping it general, and no ■■■ should be allowed to harangue. To be uninterruptible has a deadening effect, and ■■■ ■■■■ phrases ■■■ apt to cut off the heads of interesting topics. Mr. John Burns is ■■■ of the best talkers I have ever met, and ■■■ ■■■ put forward ■ fanciful conception with more picturesque and original expression than Mr. Winston Churchill.

It is a fine art to subordinate the interest you are taking in how you express yourself to the subject under discussion ; and if you can add to that a desire to know what the listeners ■■■ thinking you will probably become a good talker. Lord Moulton, Lord Morley, Robert Louis Stevenson, and John Addington Symonds ■■■ among the best conversationalists I ■■■ talked to, and the Master of Balliol (Jowett) made the most appreciative and caustic comments on what ■■■ said. Unless we ■■■ good writers or great thinkers, ■■■ shall in all probability talk too much ; therefore it is ■■■ well ■■■ should learn how to do it.

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